The Outlook

Vol. 71 July 5, 1902 No. 10

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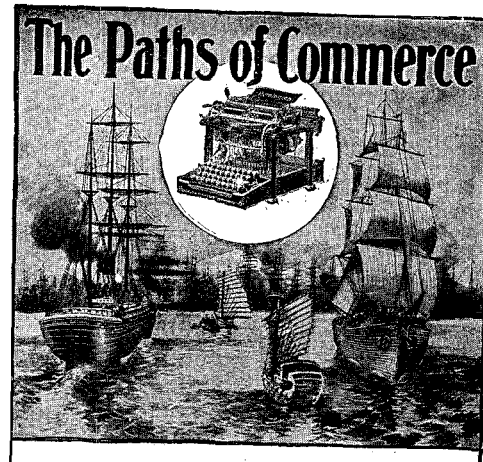

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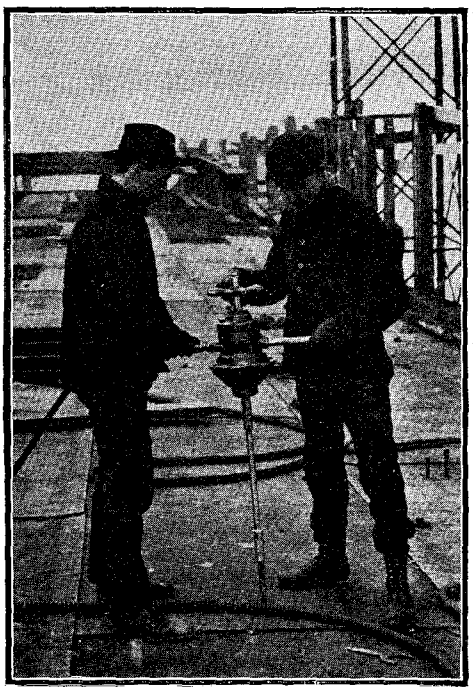

ON THE DECK OF THE SEVEN-MASTER
Working the Pneumatic Reamer.

HOWEVER we may discuss the question among ourselves, the whole world outside of the United States understands that America has her part to play in world-politics and in world-industry. Peace will result in a fleet of American ships carrying the flag wherever there is commerce worth our while. War will mean an American navy as powerful as any with which it may be called upon to measure strength and skill.

Far-sighted men have seen this, and even the near-sighted must now confess it. What has been opened by our little navy must be kept open at any cost.

Americans are above all a practical people. They have refused to build more ships than they have thought necessary. They are now ready to build all that may be required—in peace for commerce or in war for honor and safety. The change in view has enormously stimulated American ship-building, but we are only at the beginning of the inevitable growth.

Twenty years ago, at Weymouth Landing, near Quincy, Massachusetts, six men began to build small marine engines. Good workmanship brought reputation, reputation brought business. From engines they advanced to launches, to yachts; and when the Nation awoke to its needs some four or five years ago, the Fore River Ship and Engine Company was called upon to supply at first small vessels, then larger vessels, until, passing rapidly through an ascending scale, they were at work upon the largest battleships in the American navy, and were under contract to furnish a product aggregating nearly $9,000,000, with more in prospect.

Of course the original six men and their little engine-building plant had grown with the demands upon them. Two years ago the Company removed to a great tract near the mouth of the Fore River, in Quincy, and the enormous buildings required for their work stand in a shipyard covering ninety acres. In two years nearly eleven acres have been put under roof, $1,500,000 have been invested in buildings and equipment, and millions of dollars' worth of work has been completed.

The same skill in workmanship and wise economy in methods that established the Company's early reputation has directed the growth of the plant. The same foresight that caused the Company to keep pace with its opportunities has planned the new shipyard. Modern methods have been adopted wherever they were advantageous.

There are no steps backward, no waste in time, space, or material. The steel ingots enter the great gate and find themselves at the forge, a building 200 feet long, where they take shape under the persuasion of hammers capable of a 250-ton blow, but equally capable of a love-tap. Next, in location and in the process, comes the annealing-tower, because it is the next step. The great machine-shop —400 feet by 118 feet—stands next, for here the forged pieces are planed, smoothed, and burnished. But where are the wheels and belts that transmit the power? There are none—they are wasteful. Each machine has its electric motor or its compressed-air motor. These are

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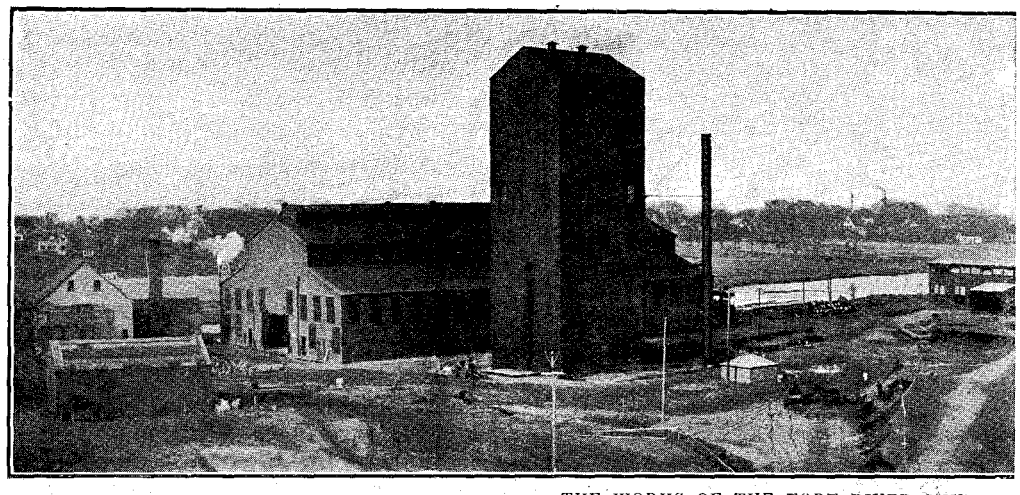

THE WORKS OF THE FORE RIVER SHIP

more effective, and more economical, by one-third, since each is turned on when needed, shut off when not needed. Power is taken to the work, not the work to the power.

When parts are ready, they go to the great ship-house, and are assembled, having never retraced a step in the evolution from ingot to battleship. Perfection was possible in this plant because the yard was plain open country, and every building could be placed precisely where the best results demanded.

With a wise prevision, space has been left for the extension of every part of the works, and the future shipyard can be not only increased in quantity of output, but likewise expanded in scope so as to provide for an almost unlimited growth.

On the river edge of the old town of Quincy has grown this great shipyard. So quickly has it risen that people of near-by Boston are hardly yet aware of its rank; but it is safe to say the Fore River Ship and Engine Company is destined to play a large part in the rebuilding of the United States navy and the American merchant marine.

For the Government, the Company has been working on a progressive scale; first a light-ship, then 27-knot torpedo-destroyers ("Lawrence" and "Macdonough"), then a cruiser, the "Des Moines," and now two 15,000-ton battleships, the "New Jersey" and the "Rhode Island," have been under construction over a year. Uncle Sam is a very careful buyer, and unless the very highest qualifications are proved, his patience is of the shortest. Rarely before in the history of the navy has a contract been awarded to one company for two first-class battleships. The "Rhode Island" and "New Jersey" are the largest vessels ever ordered by the United States of any company, and the fact that sister ships were ordered at the same time, as well as a cruiser and two torpedo-boat destroyers, proved that the Fore River Ship and Engine Company is fully qualified to undertake any Government work, no matter how exacting and momentous.

The "Macdonough" and "Lawrence," the two torpedo-boat destroyers, are rated by the Government as 98 and 99 per cent., respectively, completed, and will within a few weeks be delivered to the navy.

Another product of this shipyard is the famous seven-masted schooner, the largest sailing vessel ever constructed, and the only vessel of its type. It carries 7,000 tons of cargo, and requires a crew of only eighteen men, who operate its sails by steam-power.

The Company is still looking forward. The faith that led to its present works now foresees greater things, and is preparing for them. One of their plans is the construction of a great dry-dock, which will cost half a million. Clark & Stanchfield, the English firm that designed the famous dock at Havana (now owned by our Government), and the dock at Algiers near New Orleans, have already prepared the plans. This dry-dock also will take its power from the power-house at the

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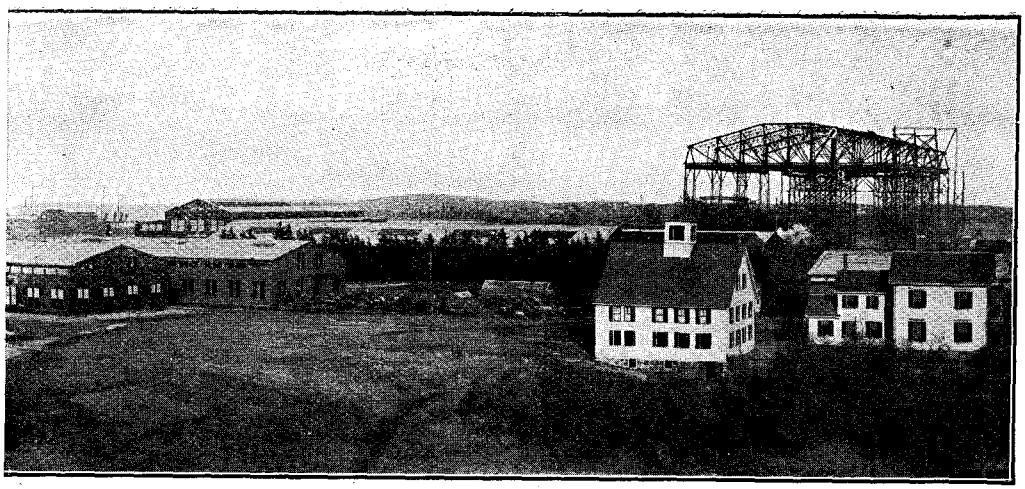

AND ENGINE COMPANY AT QUINCY, MASS.

shipyard, and will become an integral part of the plant, sharing in the economy and efficiency of its methods.

Another plan provides for a fitting-out wharf, 1,200 feet in length, along which a 75-ton crane will travel, placing each gun and fitting in the ship, that need not be moved an inch to receive them.

That the methods adopted in this shipyard are the best is proved by its selection for the practical training of the Annapolis cadets, who for many years were sent abroad to secure the advantages denied them in their own country. So much for the Government's opinion of the work and the way in which it is carried on.

A recent achievement of the Fore River Company in securing by competition a piece of work calling for the utmost skill, economy, and despatch, throws a strong light upon its business efficiency and its relative standing in the business world.

In December, 1901, the British ship "Isle of Kent" ran into and sank the Spanish steamship "Amesti," cutting her almost in two. The British ship, being laden with cotton, escaped with a smashed bow, and reached Boston. Her injuries involved thirty plates and five pairs of frames. Bids for permanent repairs were invited and opened December 30.

Here is the list:

Bertelsen & Peterson.....	$18,950,	time 55 days
Lockwood Manufacturing Co.....	24,985 "	40 "
Atlantic Works.....	22,450 "	40 "
Fore River Ship & Engine Co.....	23,250 "	25 "

The last was accepted, with a penalty of $250 a day for failure to complete within the specified time. The contract being signed, the steel forging for the stem—62 feet long and 10 × 2¾ in. section—was complete in *three days*, and although the work was done at East Boston, ten miles from the Fore River plant, the work was completed in 20 days—half the time thought necessary by other companies. On the evening of the twenty-fifth day the vessel was ready to leave port with her cargo. The "Marine Review" refers to it as "a record job."

Work of this kind is the severest test of a company and its workmen. It proves the good will and the capacity of the men behind the machines. The attitude of employees toward the company is a fair index of the spirit in which that company is run. The workmen at the Fore River Works are always busy; there is a hearty vim to their work that proves interest, for they heartily appreciate the Company's provisions for their comfort.

But this thriving shipyard is itself only a beginning. The Company's development has kept pace with the growth of America's maritime spirit, and that spirit is not yet at its maturity. The patriotic American foresees the day when his country's ships will dot every ocean highway. Those ships will be built in our own land, and the evidence of the past years is proof that the Fore River Company will send forth many of these vessels carrying the American flag.

To keep pace with the demands upon its resources, to provide for the expansion that even a conservative business policy

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must recognize as inevitable, the Fore River Ship and Engine Company sees opportunities for the wise and profitable investment of large sums. In the past two years $1,500,000 have been expended upon the improvement of its plant; another million dollars will more than double the earning capacity.

Contracts now in hand amount to $8,907,000, and the Company has under consideration tenders amounting to several million more.

The Company has offered 10,000 shares of its preferred stock, and 3,850 shares remain unsold. This remaining stock is offered for sale prior to July 10, 1902, at par, $100 per share, with a bonus of 50% in common stock, and full participation in the dividend of $3.50 per share, payable July 14. *The books close July 10, and this offer cannot be extended.*

The preferred stock has a non-cumulative first preference upon the net profits up to 7 per cent. per annum, and there is provision for a sinking-fund for redeeming the preferred stock at $125 per share.

The earnings of the Company for five months to January 1, 1902, were $101,574.36, in accordance with the certificate of the Eastern Audit Company.

The entire $2,000,000 preferred stock requires but $140,000 for its 7 per cent. dividends. The Company earned at the rate of over $100,000 in excess of the amount required to pay the dividends on the entire $2,000,000 preferred stock, this while construction of the works was under way.

By the operation of the sinking-fund the earnings applicable to the common stock will naturally increase, and with the Company earning from $400,000 to $500,000 per annum in the future, which is quite possible with the yard filled with work, it will be seen that, owing to the small capitalization, the common stock is likely to earn very large dividends in the future.

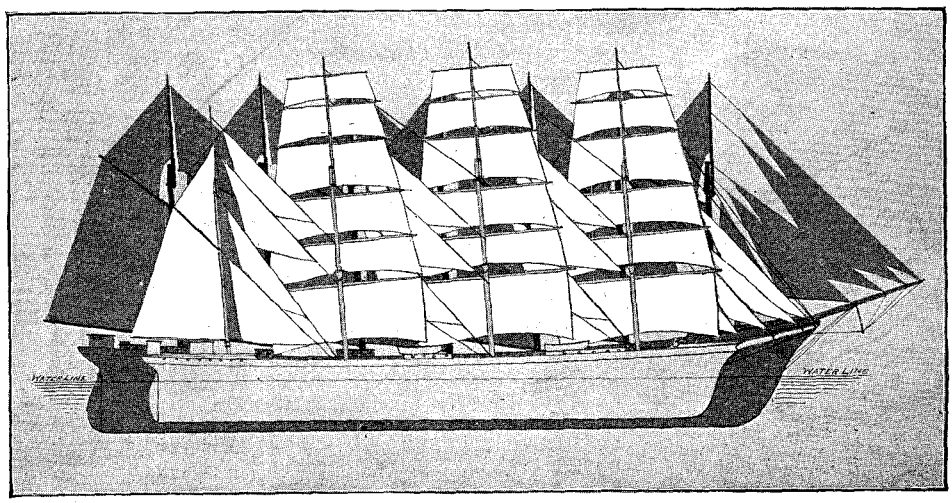
By the terms of the charter, a dividend on the preferred stock of 3½ per cent. will be paid on July 14, 1902, out of accrued earnings.

Enough has been said here to give a general idea of the value of the Company's stock. The details of the plan here outlined, together with a full statement of the Company's condition, Commercial Agency and Bank references, and an illustrated description of the plant, will be sent to those interested. Address

THE FORE RIVER SHIP AND ENGINE COMPANY, 157 Federal Street, Boston.

DIRECTORS:

THOMAS A. WATSON, President; D. H. ANDREWS, President Boston Bridge Works; CHARLES S. DENNIS, President Dennis & Lovejoy Wharf and Warehouse Co.; JAMES B. DILL, Attorney-at-Law, Author of "Dill on New Jersey Corporations;" GEORGE W. DAVENPORT, Secretary and Treasurer; FRANK O. WELLINGTON, General Manager; HOWARD P. ELWELL, General Superintendent; WILLIAM C. HABBERLEY, Auditor.



DRAWN BY C. M'KNIGHT SMITH

THE OLD AND THE NEW

A comparison of the old style four-masted schooner with the new seven-masted schooner built by the Fore River Company.

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King Edward's Illness

The great beacon fires stretching from hilltop to hilltop, and from Land's End to the northern extremity of Great Britain, were lighted on Monday night of this week, not to announce the coronation of the King, but to herald the joy of the people in his rapid progress toward recovery. This has been for centuries a most picturesque method of expressing national rejoicing, and the joy was not less hearty because of the change in its immediate object. In some other respects the ceremonies of coronation week have not been abandoned, notably the inspection of the colonial contingent of troops, in which the Prince of Wales takes the King's place, the brilliant hospital ball at the Crystal Palace, and the free coronation dinner to London's poor, in which the guests are numbered by the hundred thousand. If the King's recovery becomes an assured fact, a great national thanksgiving service will be held, and the London people are earnestly desirous that the central figure should be Lord Kitchener, whose aversion to public display, however, may render this impossible. On Sunday last services of special prayer for the King's welfare, usually called intercession services, were held at St. Paul's, in the great Roman Catholic churches, and in important churches all over Great Britain, while the non-Christian contingents of colonial troops and delegates also held similar services, after their own rites and in their own languages. At St. Paul's the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and other members of the royal family were present, while the Prince and Princess of Wales attended the services in the chapel at Marlborough House. A rather striking and unexpected utterance was that of the Bishop of Stepney in his sermon at St. Paul's, when he said: "We have been giving ourselves too much to the pride of Europe, to the reddening of the map, and to the command of the seas. Could it not be that the Lord has sent us this signal manifestation to remind us that we are giving ourselves too much to the things of this world?" It is an unquestioned fact that the danger of the King has brought him nearer to his people than before, possibly even nearer than the pomp and ceremony of the coronation days would have done. It is reported that the King's first remark on recovering his consciousness was, "Will my people ever forgive me?" And this is thought to be typical of Edward VII.'s constant anxiety to keep faith with the people in all that relates to the outward manifestations of the duties of royalty, as he understands them. The answer to his question is found in the universal expression of sympathy, with the emphasis laid, not on the disappointment and really serious loss of money caused by the abandonment of the coronation, but in the constantly iterated question, Will the King recover?

❀

The King's Condition

While it must be remembered that so serious an attack, followed by such an operation as was necessary, must leave the royal patient in a condition of weakness for some time, and while it is equally true that under the circumstances it would be rash to assert that danger is past, yet the progress of the King from the medical point of view has been remarkable; from the time of the operation there has arisen no serious complication, and the gain has been continuous, without setback of any kind. The presence at the King's bedside of such eminent men as Lord Lister and Sir Frederick Treves, the first the man who led the way in the application to surgery of the aseptic treatment, the second perhaps the most distinguished operating surgeon in Great

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Britain, has made certain that everything would be done possible under the most advanced modern ideas. Rumors that the King was suffering from other afflictions than the particular disease which made an operation necessary have been contradicted, upon what appears to be good authority. It is now thought possible that the coronation may take place in October.

❀

The Coronation Honors

One of the first acts of King Edward after the immediate effect of the operation was over was to express a wish that the bestowal of titles and special honors determined upon for coronation week should be announced at once. The announcement is of more than usual interest, because it includes the institution of a new Order of Merit; indeed, it would not be remarkable if the idea of founding this Order were to prove one of the most noteworthy events of the present reign. The names of those chosen for distinction under the Order of Merit show very clearly that it is the design to confer this honor only upon those who stand for actual achievement in some branch of science, art, literature, or military and naval accomplishment. These names are as follows: Earl Roberts, Lord Wolseley, General Kitchener, Lord Kelvin, Lord Lister, Admiral Barry Keppel, John Morley, William E. H. Lecky, Admiral Sir Edward E. H. Seymour, Sir William Huggins, the astronomer, and G. F. Watts. It is worthy of note that the list includes one great name of a Liberal leader, Mr. John Morley. The bestowals of peerages and councilorships, the making of Knights of the Garter and Knights of the Order of the Bath, and the bestowal of knighthoods, are less interesting to American readers than the establishing of the Order of Merit. Special interest, however, attaches to the fact that among the new knights are Gilbert Parker and Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. F. C. Burnand, editor of "Punch," and Charles Wyndham, the actor. The King's brother, the Duke of Connaught, is created a Field-Marshal. It is said with apparent authority that the title of Viscount was offered to Sir William Vernon Harcourt and declined, because the Liberal leader preferred to stay in the House of Commons. Two or three other members of the Liberal party are in the list of honors, and thus it is quite evident that Edward VII. is not to be in any sense a partisan.

❀

The House Philippine Bill

The Philippine Bill which has passed the House differs in several important particulars from that which passed the Senate. In the first place, it provides for a legislature with two houses, one of which shall be elected by the educated and propertied classes among the Filipinos. The Senate bill merely makes provision for a census to ascertain to what extent the people of the Philippines are prepared for representative institutions. Upon this point the House bill represents the wishes of the Philippine Commission and of all Americans in sympathy with Filipino aspirations for self-government. In the second place, the House bill provides that the coinage of the Philippines shall be based upon the gold standard, while the Senate bill continues the free coinage of silver. Here, again, the House bill represents the wishes of the Philippine Commission, but the partisans of the Senate bill claim that it represents the wishes of the Filipino people. In this country the division of opinion upon this point follows closely party lines, though many Republicans favor the Senate bill. The matter is not very important, as the common coin in the Philippines, under either bill, will be silver for a long time to come. The House bill merely requires a gold reserve for the redemption of this silver on demand. The third important point of difference between the two bills relates to the granting of Philippine land to corporations. The Senate bill as finally amended merely prescribed that natives may take up public lands in plots of forty acres, and left the question of corporation land grants to future legislation. The House bill contains the Senate provision regarding homestead allotments to natives, but provides that corporations may immediately take up tracts of public land not exceeding five thousand acres on condition that they at once operate the land thus obtained. Upon this point also the difference between the two bills is not great, since the future legislation required by the Senate bill as a prerequisite to corporation land grants may be drafted by the Philippine Commission and go

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into effect when approved by the President, provided that both Houses of Congress do not interpose a veto. Those who believe with President Schurman that no public lands or public franchises should be granted to corporations without the consent of a legislative body representing the Filipino people are urging that all provisions for corporation grants be omitted from both bills. A less important point of difference between the two measures is that the Senate bill provides that the lands of the friars shall be paid for by Philippine bonds bearing four and a half per cent. interest, while the House bill stipulates that the bonds for this purpose shall bear five per cent. interest.

❀

The House Philippine Debate

Though the House debate of the Philippine Government Bill covered the same ground that has been gone over for weeks in the Senate, the discussion was as heated as if the ground had all been new. The debate upon the conduct of the army in the Philippines was peculiarly bitter, General Grosvenor declaring that it was as humane as that of the armies of either Grant or Lee, and his Democratic critics retorting that this declaration was a slander upon both the Union and Confederate forces. The Democrats, however, as a rule, tried to avoid the appearance of criticising the army by putting the responsibility for cruelties, not upon the soldiers who found them necessary, but upon the Administration, which, they said, had made them necessary by ordering the subjugation of our allies in violation of the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and their government in violation of the principles of the Constitution. The most effective reply to the Democratic criticisms was that made by Congressman Hamilton, of Michigan, who read amid Republican applause such passages as these from the Democratic National Platform of 1868:

> We arraign the Radical party for its disregard of right, and the unparalleled oppression and tyranny which have marked its career. . . . Under its repeated assaults the pillars of the government are rocking on their base, and should it succeed in November next and inaugurate its President, we will meet as a subjected and conquered people amid the ruins of liberty and the scattered fragments of the Constitution.

Before the final vote was taken, Mr. Patterson, of Tennessee, on behalf of the Democrats, offered an amendment prohibiting slavery or involuntary servitude in the Philippines or any other territory over which the United States should obtain jurisdiction. He said that the United States was the only civilized power in the world which protected slavery. There were to-day 300,000 slaves in the Jolo group. Mr. Cooper, of Wisconsin, replying on behalf of the Republicans, said that, according to the testimony of Governor Taft, there were about 250,000 slaves. In the course of time slavery would be abolished, but it would take time. It could not be abolished by statute. Mr. Patterson's amendment was defeated by a strict party vote, 58 to 104. Mr. McCall (Rep., Mass.) then offered the following amendment:

> In this first organic act, creating a civil government for the Philippine Islands, it is hereby solemnly declared to be the settled purpose of the Congress to extend to the inhabitants of those islands every aid in enabling them to develop their capacity for self-government, and when such capacity shall have been developed we pledge the faith of the Republic to confer upon them the right of self-government after the fashion of the really free nations.

Mr. McCall, in support of his amendment, pointed out that the Treaty of Paris did not confer upon the President the power to fix the status of the people of the Philippine Islands, but imposed that duty upon Congress, and urged that Congress, in passing an organic act for the government of the islands, ought to perform this duty by declaring what the policy of this people should be. General Grosvenor opposed the amendment on the ground that it was unwise "to mortgage the future," and when the vote was taken Mr. Littlefield, of Maine, was the only other Republican to support Mr. McCall. The Democrats, however, supported the McCall amendment without division, and they also voted as a unit against the final passage of the Philippine Bill, which was adopted by a vote of 141 to 97—Mr. McCall alone breaking away from party ranks.

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Admiral Dewey on the Philippines

The public interest in the investigation of Philippine affairs by the Senate's Committee, which has lately been somewhat on the wane, was revived

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last week by the appearance of Admiral Dewey as a witness. His story of the surrender of Manila and his relations with Aguinaldo contained some points not before made public. Admiral Dewey said that he never gave the Filipino republic the slightest recognition; he had no authority to do so and did not consider it an organized government. He denied emphatically that he had ever saluted Aguinaldo's flag; he did not even address Aguinaldo as "General." He said the Spaniards feared the Filipinos would enter Manila, and therefore surrendered to him in advance. There was no need for the loss of a man in the capture of the city. No gun would have been fired except for the desire of the Governor, who said his honor demanded that a few shots be fired. "So I had to kill a few men," Admiral Dewey added. Practically, the Admiral claimed, Manila was surrendered (or offered for surrender) to him the day of the naval engagement. The first intimation Admiral Dewey received of the aspiration of the Philippine people for an independent government was, he said, Aguinaldo's proclamation of July 15, and he thought it of such little importance that he did not even cable it to Washington. Aguinaldo, when he first reached Luzon, was discouraged and wanted to go to Japan, but Admiral Dewey encouraged him to organize his people and aid the Americans, but without giving any pledges as to the future relations of Americans and Filipinos. Later he said to Aguinaldo: "There is the enemy; you pursue your course and we will pursue ours." Admiral Dewey added: "I think that is the wisest thing I ever said. They were assisting us, and at the same time fighting their own battles. I had in mind in dealing with the Filipinos the assistance that the negroes had given the Federal forces during the Civil War. We availed ourselves of that assistance, and I thought we could accept the aid of the Filipinos in the same way. Their one idea was to get rid of the Spaniards." Of Aguinaldo the Admiral said he thought too much had been made; he was a mere figurehead, surrounded by stronger men like Mabini and Luna; the opinion was also expressed that Aguinaldo was bent on loot and personal gain. Of Consul-General Pratt's suggestions and letters the Admiral made small account, saying that he regarded Pratt as a mere busybody. In answer to a question as to why he took possession of Subig Bay, the Admiral said that he "didn't want any other power to interfere." When asked if he had not repeated his original statement to the Navy Department that the Filipinos were more capable of independent government than the Cubans, Admiral Dewey replied: "I did, and I still think so." Later he qualified this by saying that neither Cubans nor Filipinos were capable of self-government.

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Canal and Statehood Bills

With less friction than was expected, the House accepted the Senate amendment substituting the Panama for the Nicaragua route, and accepted it without a single change. It was thought at first that the House would stipulate that a satisfactory title to the Panama property and franchise must be obtained within one year, or else that the route be abandoned for Nicaragua; but Senator Morgan told the House conferees that they must accept the Senate bill just as it stood, or abandon the hope of canal legislation at this session. As Senator Morgan has been an indefatigable partisan of Nicaragua, and as it had to be conceded that the insistence upon a year's limit to the Panama negotiations would enable a minority to defeat them by holding up the necessary treaty, the House conferees, with Colonel Hepburn at their head, soon yielded to the Senate's position. When the bill was reported to the House, nearly all the speeches made were by partisans of Nicaragua, who explained their acceptance of Panama. Most of them profess still to believe that the Nicaragua route will be the one finally developed, as they claim that the President will be unable to secure satisfactory titles at Panama. Inasmuch as the time required to construct the Panama Canal after work is rebegun is estimated by the Commission at ten years, and the possible delays are numerous, there are many who believe that another score of years will elapse before the work begun by De Lesseps in 1879 is completed. Apart from this canal bill, the most important matter agreed upon in Congress last

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week was that the Senate should take up the omnibus Statehood bill on December 10, and give it precedence until a vote was taken. This unexpected agreement was reached through the insistence of Senator Quay, who declared that until there was a unanimous agreement that a vote should be taken upon this bill, nothing should be done by unanimous agreement. A vote on the bill is believed to insure its passage, as it has already passed the House with little open opposition, and is sure of the support of all the Democrats and a good many Republicans in the Senate.

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Democratic and Populist Conventions

Complete fusion was finally effected by the Democratic and Populist Conventions held last week in Kansas, Nebraska, and South Dakota. Among the Kansas Populists there was a sharp contest over the proposition to fuse, but the fusionists finally won by a vote of 496 to 119. An attempt will be made to have both party names printed on the official ballot, despite the anti-fusion law passed by the Republican Legislature; but if this attempt fails, the Secretary of State will apparently be allowed to determine under which party name the ticket agreed upon shall appear. In South Dakota the same difficulty confronted the Conventions, and here the Populists consented to have the joint ticket appear on the official ballots as the Democratic ticket. It seems possible that the statutes passed to prevent the fusion of the two minority parties may result at last in their more perfect fusion. In Nebraska an attempt was made, at the instance of ex-Senator Allen, the Populist leader, to make Mr. Bryan the fusion candidate for Governor, but Mr. Bryan absolutely declined to receive the nomination. After prolonged balloting the Democrats at one time accepted the candidate urged by the Populists, but he withdrew his name, and then there was a prolonged deadlock until the Populists finally accepted a new candidate put forward by the Democrats. In all these States the platforms of the two parties are substantially identical—both indorsing the National platforms of 1900; both urging the right of the people of the Philippines to the government of their choice; both demanding the removal of the tariff on goods controlled by trusts, and the criminal prosecution of combinations to restrict production or advance prices; both condemning the Ship Subsidy Bill and the Fowler Currency Bill; and both, as a rule, demanding the direct election of United States Senators and further extensions of the principle of popular control through direct legislation or direct primaries. The identity of purpose of the two parties is so complete that their union seems inevitable unless the "reorganizers" in the East and South wrest the control of the National Democratic organization from the supporters of Mr. Bryan and the radical tendencies he represents. In Minnesota also the Democratic Convention last week adopted substantially the fusion platform outlined above, and went out of its way to indorse the leadership of Mr. Bryan. In Pennsylvania, on the other hand, the Democratic Convention distinctly waived "all expression of opinion on questions of National policy that might divert attention from the pressing problems that confront the people of our own State, or that might distract or divide the army of reform." Ex-Governor Pattison, who in 1882 and in 1890 was elected Governor by the votes of independent Republicans, was again put in nomination, and his re-election would hardly be in doubt had not Senator Quay conciliated the independents by the nomination of a candidate acceptable to them and the adoption of a platform containing no indorsement of the recent State administration. These concessions, however, seem likely to check the Republican revolt this year.

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Mr. Bryan's Statement

The Outlook reported two weeks ago the substance of Mr. Cleveland's speech at the Tilden Club dinner in this city, which defined more sharply than ever the differences between his conception of what the Democratic party stands for and what its policy should be and the principles which it represents to Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan has responded by a statement which is quite as definite as that made by Mr. Cleveland, and very much more violent in tone. He declares that there can be no harmony between men like Mr. Cleveland and those who believe in Democratic

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principles, and that it is quite idle to look for a middle ground between the two elements; that Mr. Cleveland's speech shows that "the reorganizers do not want harmony, but control, and that their control means the abandonment of the party's position and a return to the policies and practices of Mr. Cleveland's second administration." Mr. Bryan does not grow wiser as he grows older; he does not gain in weight, poise, and judicial temper. His charges that Mr. Cleveland secured his nomination in 1892 by a secret bargain with financiers, that he filled his Cabinet with corporation agents, placed railroad attorneys on the United States bench to look after the interests of their former clients, and that he turned the Treasury over to a Wall Street syndicate, are charges which would not be made by a responsible statesman; for, however one may differ from Mr. Cleveland in policy, his character and his achievements would command from a man who weighs his words (and a man in Mr. Bryan's position ought to weigh his words) a different form of statement. The charge that Mr. Cleveland "refused to sign the only tariff reform measure passed since the war" is wholly misleading. It was the failure of the Democratic party to live up to its principles when the time came for tariff reform that alienated many lifelong Democrats, while Mr. Cleveland uncompromisingly set himself on the side of tariff reform. It grows more and more evident that the same party cannot hold Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bryan; that the differences between the two men and the elements which they represent are irreconcilable, and that no reorganization can be effected which shall include them both.

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Governor Aycock Defends Negro Rights

Governor Charles B. Aycock, of North Carolina, whose sincere friendship for the negroes made him an ideal candidate for his party the year it carried through the negro disfranchisement amendment, continues to demonstrate his sincerity as a defender of the politically helpless race. During the past fortnight he has offered a reward for the arrest of persons taking part in lynchings which promises to make that form of outlawry less safe than it has been in the past. According to a North Carolina correspondent, the fund made available for the detection of lynchers is about forty thousand dollars. During the past session of the Legislature Governor Aycock showed the same spirit in resisting the attempt to divide the school funds so that the poorer race should only get the benefit of the school taxes paid by its own members. The Governor informed the supporters of this reactionary step that if their bill passed the Legislature he would veto it, and if it repassed the bill over his veto he would resign and make a campaign for re-election on the issue so raised. The determination that he showed carried the day, and the bill was not passed. In both these matters the Governor's attitude in favor of the rights of the negroes is an attitude in favor of the honor of the whites. The lynching of negroes, as we remarked last week, is incomparably more degrading to the race which inflicts than to the one which suffers the wrong. And the starvation of negro public schools would in the long run create negro class schools, which would educate in the negroes the very spirit the South wishes to eradicate. Indeed, the closed schoolhouses would, from the very outset, prove the most effective of all educators in this spirit. Governor Aycock's position, therefore, is not merely that of humanity, but of statesmanship as well.

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Cheap Fuel Gas Assured in Cleveland

A dramatic disclosure was made in the Council Chamber of the city of Cleveland on Monday evening of last week. For some time an ordinance has been pending before that body granting a franchise to the East Ohio Gas Company for the laying of mains and the distribution of natural gas to the city. The Company contemplates laying its pipes from West Virginia and supplying gas for fuel purposes at a cost of thirty-one cents per thousand cubic feet, the gas to be used for fuel purposes only. Provision was made in the ordinance that, should natural gas fail, the Company should supply artificial gas at the rate of forty-one cents per thousand cubic feet. Rumors of corruption have been rife about the City Hall since the introduction of the original ordinance, the opposition coming largely from

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the existing artificial gas companies, who are now supplying gas at the rate of seventy-five cents per thousand cubic feet. Many influences have been brought to bear in opposition to the ordinance, and subterranean forces seem to have been at work within the Council itself looking to the defeat of the ordinance by the imposition of amendments which would not be acceptable to the natural gas company. The ordinance came on for final passage on Monday of last week, and before a vote was taken Councilman Kohl arose and drew from his pocket a roll of twenty one-hundred-dollar bills, which he deposited with the Clerk, and stated that they had been given to him on condition that he support an amendment which would kill the ordinance. In addition, he stated that this money had been given him with the assurance that $3,000 more would be paid after the ordinance had been killed. Several other Councilmen are reported to have been approached in the same way. The person alleged to have given the bribe was apprehended by the police on leaving the Council Chamber and committed to jail on bail. After the above disclosure the opposition was reduced to five or six Councilmen, and the ordinance was finally passed by a substantial majority.

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Cheap Car-Fares Retarded in Cleveland

The efforts of Cleveland to secure a three-cent-fare street railway have received a temporary check by a decision of the Circuit Court that certain proceedings on the part of the city were illegally taken. Under the Ohio law it is provided that whenever new street railway routes are to be established application shall be made to the City Council for the privilege, and that public advertisement shall then be made for bids, and that the party agreeing to carry passengers at the lowest rate of fare shall be awarded the privilege. In addition to this, consents must be secured from more than one-half of the abutting property owners before the railway shall be built. It would seem that these provisions were in the interest of the protection of the public, but thus far they have proved an intrenchment for the established companies, rendering it almost impossible for competing lines to be built. In establishing the routes, the Council attempted to impose further regulations upon the successful bidder, by which the city was empowered to acquire the lines at any time it might be authorized to do so by the Legislature. In addition to this, provision was made for a division of the earnings of the road when they exceeded eight per cent. upon the actual cost; for the arbitration of labor disputes, as well as for limiting the hours of labor which might be required from motormen and conductors. The ordinance also called for bids upon something over fifty miles of routes, while the granting ordinance awarded only thirteen miles. These precautions were held by the Court to be in excess of the authority conferred by the Legislature, and to be a limitation upon the grant which seriously affected the bidding. The Court further held that, had they not been inserted, a better bid might have been secured than three cents for the carrying of passengers. The setback thus secured is but temporary, for within two days after the rendering of the decision ordinances conforming to the rules laid down by the Court were introduced into the Council, and new routes laid out upon which proposals will again be received. The project has been bitterly contested by the existing companies, who are the real parties in interest behind the litigation enjoining the city and the new company, although the action itself was brought in the name of an apparently disinterested taxpayer.

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The Smoke Nuisance in New York

A considerable improvement has been noted the past week in the condition of the atmosphere in and about New York City. While soft coal continues to be burned, and the nuisance of the smoke has not by any means been done away with, it has at least been decreased, and it is evident that the soft coal is being used with greater care for the conditions of its consumption. This is undoubtedly largely due to the fact that the courts have ruled very decisively that the nuisance is one of which the Health Department has perfect right to take cognizance, and that the law must be enforced just as far as possible, and without regard to the expense incurred by the consumers of coal. Judge Joseph, in one

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of the district municipal courts, declared positively that there is no question that the nuisance is a subject of municipal control and regulation. He said: "A quantity of smoke discharged into the air is most objectionable and offensive, and ordinances aimed at this evil have been frequently upheld." Complaints were made against several large consumers of soft coal, and in some instances fines were inflicted, while in others the prosecution was suspended on condition that the nuisance would be abated. The courts are evidently in earnest, and they have public sentiment behind them. The law does not forbid the burning of soft coal, but the burning of any kind of coal in such a way as to create a public nuisance. It is at least an open question whether a fair trial has been made of smoke-consumers; it is a fact that the New York Post-Office has burned soft coal for years without creating a nuisance, and other similar cases are cited.

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The President at Harvard

There was no lack of enthusiasm in the reception which Harvard University gave President Roosevelt on Wednesday of last week, when the whole University seemed intent upon expressing admiration for his career and regard for his person. The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws conferred by the University on the President was a fitting recognition of the extraordinary career which brought Mr. Roosevelt back, twenty-two years after graduation, as the President of the United States to receive the highest honor from his Alma Mater. The usual Commencement exercises were held in Sanders Theater; and among those who were made Doctors of Divinity was Dr. Morgan Dix, of this city; the Doctorate of Laws was conferred on Secretary Hay, Judge Addison Brown, of New York, and on Thomas Jefferson Coolidge. In conferring the degree on Mr. Roosevelt President Eliot used this phrase: "Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, from his youth a member of this society of scholars, now in his prime, a true type of the sturdy gentleman and high-minded public servant in a democracy." The President attended various social functions, among others a reception at the house of the Alpha Delta Phi Society, where he presented a gold medal to Dr. Edward Everett Hale on behalf of the Society. At the alumni luncheon the President made a thoroughly characteristic speech, chiefly devoted to a laudation of four or five men who are dividing with him the heaviest responsibilities of public life, including Secretary Hay, Secretary Root, General Wood, and Governor Taft. The President believes in recognizing good work when it is done, and rewarding men while they are still in active service; and his tributes to his co-workers were not only characteristically generous and outspoken, but in each case amply deserved.

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Inauguration of President Hopkins

The notable event in connection with the Commencement at Williamstown was the inauguration of President Henry Hopkins on Tuesday. Never was the beautiful town more beautiful than during the four days of the Commencement season, and never, with the possible exception of the centennial of eight years ago, was there such a large attendance of graduates, especially from the older classes. It was estimated that more than eight hundred men were in line in the procession on Tuesday, and again in the Commencement procession on Wednesday. Dr. Hopkins was received with something more than cordiality, the charm of his personality and the associations of his name evoking a welcome which seemed to predict an eminently successful administration. The inauguration exercises were brief and simple. At the very height of the Commencement season, there was no attempt to secure the representatives of the older New England colleges; but the presence of Presidents Seelye, Taylor, Lefavour, Raymond, and many other representatives of colleges from within and without the borders of New England was expressive of the fraternity which more and more exists between American institutions of learning. Editorial comment is made elsewhere on Dr. Hopkins's address. Among the most interesting incidents of the Commencement were the appointment of Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson to fill the new professorship to be known as the David A. Wells Professorship of Political Science, and a

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generous gift by Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson, the income of which is to be applied to the increase of the salaries of the professors of the College. Mr. Stetson's example was contagious, and a number of classes pledged themselves in amounts varying from $2,500 to $5,000 to carry further the work so greatly needed of increasing the salaries of the teaching force at Williams. The friends of the College most ardently devoted to its advance are hoping that the movement will enlist the co-operation of the entire alumni, and that the time is not distant when the salaries attached to the professorships at Williams will constitute a great attraction for men who desire a quiet life and freedom from financial care in order that they may pursue their studies in various departments. The conferring of the Doctorate of Laws on General Wood was the occasion of an enthusiastic greeting on the part of a great audience; not less cordial was the recognition on the part of the same audience of the eminent appropriateness of conferring the Doctorate of Laws on President Lefavour, of Simmons College, and of the Doctorate of Letters on Bliss Perry, editor of the "Atlantic Monthly."

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The Bowdoin Centennial

On Wednesday of last week Bowdoin College celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its opening. Though founded in 1794, it was not opened until 1802. The celebration of this year, therefore, was supplementary to the centennial celebration of eight years ago. The orator of the day was ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed, a graduate of the class of 1860. The burden of his speech was the rule of the multitude, not only in politics, but in science, philosophy, religion, art, and even language. "The comparatively uneducated," he maintained, "have an influence which is out of proportion to their numbers." Self-interest, which he described as a constant and untiring motive, demands that the mass of men should be educated. The centennial ode, written by the Rev. S. V. Cole, of the class of 1874, was read by its author. After the centennial ceremonies came the formal presentation by Mr. William J. Curtis, of New York, of the beautiful Memorial Gates, the gift of the class of 1875. These gates are of massive granite; they are situated on the west side of the campus, near the Art Building, flanking the Main Street entrance, which looks straight to the doors of King Chapel. A large number of alumni contributed to the occasion their loyal enthusiasm, which was not lessened by the rain that interfered with some of the exercises. On Commencement Day, Thursday, President Hyde announced many gifts to the College. Bowdoin is rich not so much in material possessions—though it has a science building of the best type, an art building probably not equaled for beauty by any building of its kind in America, and a chapel as quaint as it is unique in New England—but in what is called academic atmosphere. In another column we speak more at length of the American College of which Bowdoin is a type.

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Other Colleges

Yale's two hundred and first Commencement was the last to be held in Battell Chapel, as the beautiful new Auditorium will soon be completed. President Hadley announced gifts and promises of gifts to Yale last year amounting to a little over a million dollars. Another announcement of special interest was that of the plan of a group of Yale men to establish a mission in North China under the direction of the Rev. H. P. Beach, and the raising of an installation fund of about twenty thousand dollars for the purpose; about twenty Yale men will engage in this work. Among the honorary degrees conferred was that of Doctor of Laws on Senator Lodge, Professor Lanman, of Harvard, and President Butler, of Columbia; of Doctor of Letters on Professor Dexter, for many years Secretary of Yale University; of Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. William R. Huntington, of New York, and the Rev. Samuel Hart; and of Master of Arts on Mr. Robert C. Ogden, the President of the Board of Trustees of Hampton Institute and of the Southern Educational Conference (whose work in the general cause of Southern education is well known to our readers), Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, and others. It is announced that Mr. John Hays Hammond, whose name is so well known in connection with South Africa, will hereafter be Professor of Mining

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Engineering in the Sheffield Scientific School.——At Amherst the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred, among others, on the Rev. Howard S. Bliss, President-elect of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, and upon Professor Henry M. Tyler, of Smith College, while President Henry Hopkins, of Williams College, received the Doctorate of Laws.——At Trinity Professor Richard Burton was made Doctor of Literature.——The one hundred and first Commencement of the University of Georgia, one of the foremost of the Southern universities, was notable by reason of the announcement of the gift, already reported in these columns, of a library, and also of a practice school which is to be used in connection with the State Normal School, under the direction of the University. The Commencement oration was delivered by Mr. Edward M. Shepard, of this city.——One of the most important announcements of the Commencement season was made by President Remsen when he made public the fact that the Johns Hopkins University had been able to secure the endowment of one million dollars, of which it has stood in such great need. This endowment, which is entirely distinct from recent great gifts of land, will enable the University not only to continue its great service to American education, but to make that service more effective.

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College Athletics

Not less important in the undergraduate mind than the formal and intellectual exercises of Commencement week are the great inter-university athletic contests at the oar and the bat. It is pleasant to record of the regatta at Poughkeepsie, in which six colleges took part, of the Yale-Harvard races at New London, and of the unusually keenly contested struggle for the base-ball college championship (won in a final game at New York last Saturday by Harvard) that not a ripple of dispute, disagreement, or bad feeling appeared in any quarter. Of late years this has been almost invariably the case, but graduates of a decade or two ago know that this was not always so, and rejoice that improved methods of arranging the races and the sensible and moderate views of undergraduate athletic officers and graduate advisory committees have made serious disagreements now practically unknown. Features of these contests still open to criticism are the excessive secrecy about the condition and work of the crews, the "jockeying" in giving out wrong impressions to the press, and the indulgence in betting. Some critics also find fault with the extremes to which the college athletes go in providing an imposing public spectacle, expending and receiving immense sums of money, and getting too far away, it is urged, from the simplicity of the earlier purely inter-college sports. However, criticisms aside, it is certain that enthusiasm and enjoyment have never been higher than in the events of this season. At Poughkeepsie Cornell had the extraordinary honor of winning all three of the races (university eight and four oared and freshmen), with a decisive victory in each case—surely a remarkable showing in view of the number of contestants. At New London Yale easily won the university eight-oared race in the excellent time of 20 minutes 20 seconds, which has only once before been exceeded; Harvard won the four-oared race, while the freshmen's race, rowed when it was almost dark, to every one's surprise proved the most exciting and hard-fought rowing event of the year, the crews fighting side by side all the way, and crossing the line so evenly that the race was declared a dead heat. The university eight-oared race was the twenty-third of its kind rowed over a four-mile course by the two universities against each other only; of this number Yale has won fifteen.

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American Exports to Asia

The latest reports of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics at Washington reveal the astonishing rate of increase of American exports to Asia and Oceania. In 1892 our exports were $35,000,000; in 1902, $120,000,000. To us the most interesting items in this total are the exports to China, Japan, and British Australasia, because these are the most promising fields for the future, and, owing to political expansion and our position in the Philippines, of which Manila is believed by experts to be a great emporium for future trade with the East, the prospect

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of increased exports to Asia and Oceania is much brighter than it was before the recent enlargement of our political horizon. To China in 1892 we sent $5,663,497 worth of exports; in 1902 they will be nearly $25,000,000, supposing the present rate to be maintained. To Japan the increase has been from $3,290,111 to $23,000,000. To British Australasia the increase has been from $11,386,677 to $30,000,000. These are astonishing figures, considering that only a few years have elapsed since the attention of our producers and manufacturers, as a class, has been turned from the richest of domestic markets to the development of exports abroad. At the present rate of increase the record of the next ten years will far surpass what has been already achieved.

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King and People

Now that the immediate peril to the King appears to be past, the dramatic contrast brought to light by recent events stands out with great impressiveness. Probably not before in modern times has so magnificent a pageant been arranged as that which would have taken place in London, with its culmination in Westminster Abbey, on Thursday of last week, if, at the last moment, the mortality of the ruler had not suddenly asserted itself. And even if other pageants may have been more splendid, in world-wide, representative character, as well as in its historical dignity and its religious significance, no modern ceremonial would have surpassed the coronation. For months preparations have been made in all parts of the English-speaking world, and that means every part of the globe. Every detail had been studied in advance, ancient ceremonies revived, antique customs reproduced, and every care taken to secure, not only great impressiveness of general effect, but absolute historical accuracy. From all parts of the world men of English blood had gone to London as the center of that world. The great city was thronged. The Empire, in the modern sense, was present at the capital, and the King was the incarnation of the Empire. Suddenly, at the last moment, the irony which Shakespeare felt so deeply, and which constantly appears in the historical plays, was felt once more; and the central figure of this magnificent pomp, this world-wide power, was smitten like any ordinary mortal. It is a new rendering of a great truth, magnificently staged, at which the whole world looks, and from which the whole world may well learn a lesson.

The elaboration of the coronation services has seemed to Americans and to many Englishmen somewhat overdone; and the King's well-known love of detail, and of magnificence as well, carried him too far in his endeavor to reproduce in a modern coronation mediæval ceremonies. But it must not be forgotten that the ceremony would not have been a mere piece of picturesque splendor; it would have had two great roots. The English are gifted with one of the most useful qualities in a nation—historical imagination. They feel keenly the continuity of their history; they understand how generation is knitted to generation, and the England of to-day to the England of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The coronation would have been a visible representation of the continuity, not only of English sovereignty, but pre-eminently of the English people whose representative the sovereign is, and by whose consent he holds his position and wields his power. This studied reproduction of antique forms would have given the coronation ceremony immense interest to the imagination, and it would not have been without its effect as a symbol of the unity of the English race, of its long-sustained historical energy, and of its great achievements.

More than this, the coronation ceremony, if it had been carried out, would have been profoundly religious; a solemn dedication of the ruler to the execution of the will of God, and a solemn invocation for the blessing of God upon his reign. At every point in all its elaborate symbolism the coronation service would have been a recognition of the fact that all earthly power is derived from the Infinite; that to Him all earthly rulers are not only responsible, but subservient, and that all that men hold of majesty, dominion, and glory they hold subject to His will, and for spiritual uses. It would have been impossible for any ruler to pass through such a service and to receive such a consecration without, for the moment at least, recognizing both his mortality and the

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derivation of his office and his opportunity from Heaven. This is a very different conception of the divine right of kings from that which was once preached throughout Europe; it would have been rather a recognition of the dependence of kings.

Every great national experience, like the death of President McKinley and the sudden illness of the King on the eve of his coronation, not only evokes the ancient race-feeling in both countries, but brings into sudden light the common destiny of man, and makes us aware of those great ties that bind us together under all differences of national organization. The interest of Americans in the recovery of the King has hardly been less general than that of the English, and in no other country will there be greater rejoicing at his recovery. Sixty years ago and more Emerson declared, in a striking speech, that the English were never so great as when they were buffeted by storms and environed by perils. The reserve force of the English people was never more strikingly shown than last week, when, from universal jubilation on the very eve of a ceremonial of world-wide significance, with the whole world within its doors, the English people suddenly passed to the contemplation of the possible death of their ruler and the complete eclipse of all the hopes that are centered in him. The steadiness with which the shock was borne, the quietness with which people waited upon the bulletins of the physicians, proved again the immense secret power of a race which, despite its faults, still holds a primacy among modern nations. The event has brought out also very strikingly the universal good will and affection in which the King is held. Whatever may have been the failings of his earlier life, there is universal recognition of his great kindliness of nature, his unassuming and unfailing courtesy, his remarkable tact, and his generous culture. It has been said of him that he is the best judge of pictures in England; it has also been said of him that he is, in his thoughtfulness, urbanity, and tact, the first gentleman in his country; and it is now added that he has, with the most conscientious industry and care, discharged the great responsibilities which came upon him at the death of his mother. Americans will not forget his studied courtesy to their representatives on all occasions, and his habitual readiness to use every opportunity of expressing his good will toward this country.

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The American College

More attention is given every year by the press to reports of College Commencements because every year the American college becomes more important and the interest in it becomes more widespread. From the early colonial days the college has been the feeder of every activity of life on this continent; and as time goes on and the standards of skill in all departments are advanced, the trained man will become more important. This is a democracy, and is likely to become more rather than less democratic; but democracy does not mean a dead level of mediocrity—equality of capacity between man and man, the equal claims of all men to bear the responsibilities of public place and public leadership; it means the freest possible opportunity for every man to rise to his own place, the most unimpeded play of the principle of selection by which the best are chosen. As America becomes more mature, the demagogue, who is always the half-educated man, will steadily lose influence. He has perceptibly lost it in the last ten years, and the trained man, though not necessarily the college-bred man—the man who is specifically fitted to do the special work which the public wants done—will be more frequently chosen and more constantly recognized in public life. The American doctrine is not that one man is as good as another; it is that each man shall have a chance to become as good as every other man. If American life means anything worth while, it means the development of the best, and, in the long run, the recognition of the best, and the government of the best by a principle of free selection.

President Roosevelt's speech at Cambridge last week, in the little group of personal references which it contained, was significant of the great place which the highly educated man holds in the public life of to-day. The President outlined briefly, but very happily, the characteristic services of Senator Hoar, Senator Lodge, Secretary Hay, Secretary Root, Governor Taft, and General Wood,

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all men trained at the colleges and universities, and all representing the very best preparation for the more difficult duties of public life, and conspicuous among their contemporaries for the very highest achievements in public life. The discussion as to the value of a college education, which is one of the resources of what is very appropriately called the "silly season" in the newspapers, can hardly be seriously carried on when such men as Secretary Hay, who has given diplomacy the noblest interpretation which it has ever received in the history of the world; General Wood, who has directed military rule to the highest ends of peace and liberty; Governor Taft, who, in a cloud of misrepresentation and misunderstanding, and amid the caviling of men of narrow minds, is rendering services which breathe the highest spirit of statesmanship; and President Roosevelt himself, the incarnation of honesty, truthfulness, and integrity, are managing public affairs in and for this country. The chief function of the American college is not the training which it gives for practical life, or the contribution which it makes to the material prosperity of the country; it is revealed in the fact that almost every American college is a fountain of inspiration, and that in the American college the old ideals of personal character and of the higher life are religiously preserved.

The inauguration of President Henry Hopkins at Williamstown last week brought together what was probably the largest attendance of the alumni in the history of the institution, and the exercises throughout were characterized by the greatest enthusiasm; but the real significance of the occasion was to be found in the interpretation of the function of the college by every man who had any part in the exercises, from the new President to the undergraduate whose notable speech breathed the very spirit of the noblest young manhood. Dr. Hopkins's inaugural address was an ardent exposition of the truth which the New England college has always taught, that the college stands for the harmonious development of the whole man, for the liberation of his energy, for the freeing of the personal force in him, for the supremacy of the mind over the body and of the spirit over the mind, for the imagination as much as the faculty of fact-gathering, for the religious nature as truly as for the capacity for practical affairs. It was a noble plea that men should be trained, not only to make a living, but to make a life; and the intimacy of relation between the American college and the American State was admirably put in a few closing sentences:

> The scholar in politics in this democratic age is more worthy of admiration than the scholar in his cloister. To be able to bring his trained intelligence to the guidance of the affairs of the municipality is better than to be simply an expert among the forms of grammar and rhetoric; to be familiar with the needs and possibilities for the human race—for the educated man to-day is a citizen of the world—is higher than to be only a critic of style and speech. To know the careers of the great races upon our planet in the past, and be unaware of the vast changes present and impending in the social, economic, and industrial world of to-day, is surely unworthy. The scholar who has had no vision of the glorious possibilities of the common action for the common good—the next great discovery of our century—is in darkness; his minors and majors and his theses have left him ignorant that the co-operative man of the future is marching on to take the place of the competitive man of the past, bringing with him the better day to men. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, wrote fifty years ago, "I hold with Algernon Sidney that there are but two things of vital importance—those which he calls religion and politics, but which I would rather call our duties and affections toward God and our duties and feelings toward our fellow-men; science and literature are but a poor make-up for the want of these." The spirit of service is gaining possession of our entire education. At every meeting of the representative educators this note is sounded out clear and strong. We add our voice to-day to swell the growing acclaim: Scholarship and service—scholarship for service—the service of the republic and the service of man.

Not less significant of the high conception of life for the individual and for the citizen which the New England college has always taught was the interpretation which Bowdoin College put upon its hundred years of history at its centennial exercises. A small college, without large means, Bowdoin has been the mother of great men, the home of thorough teaching, the breeding-place of those choice spirits who grasp life with a vigorous grasp, look beyond the immediate rewards, and hold all things subservient to the uses of the spirit. Taking its name, as do almost all the New England colleges, from a man of exceptionally high ideals and noble generosity, Bowdoin had a long line of able presidents and teachers, and has gradu-

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ated an unusual number of men of distinction. The country has not forgotten that, from the quiet college at Brunswick, with its noble grove of pines, have come Hawthorne and Longfellow into literature, Henry B. Smith and Samuel Harris into theology, Fordyce Barker into medicine, Sargent Prentiss, John A. Andrew, William Pitt Fessenden, and Thomas B. Reed into public life, and that at the head of the college stands one of those men who best interpret to American youth the ideals of American manhood. No one has better expressed the spirit and function of the American college than President Hyde in these words:

> For combining sound scholarship with solid character, for making men both intellectually and spiritually free, for uniting the pursuit of truth with reverence for duty, the small college, open to the worthy graduate of every good high school, presenting a course sufficiently rigid to give symmetrical development and sufficiently elastic to encourage individuality along congenial lines, taught by professors who are men first and scholars afterward, governed by kindly personal influence, and secluded from too frequent contact with social distractions, has a mission which no change of educational conditions can take away, and a policy which no sentiment of vanity or jealousy should be permitted to turn aside.

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A Notable Address

In the range of Commencement addresses delivered during the present season there was not one, perhaps, which was so significant as that spoken by General Leonard Wood at the Williams College Alumni dinner. Nothing could have been more direct, simple, unpretentious, and modest; nothing more striking in its disclosure of the American spirit and of the revolution which has been wrought in military aims and methods. The speech was so direct, compact, and forceful in style that it reminded one of Cæsar's Commentaries and of Tacitus; but the spirit of it was as far removed from the records of the old historians as the spirit of the New Testament is from the spirit of Cæsar and Napoleon. Over his uniform General Wood wore the scholar's gown, for he had just received the degree of Doctor of Laws; that simple fact seemed significant of the vast revolution which he represented. It was as an educator rather than as a soldier that he spoke, although his whole bearing, his style, and his attitude were those of the soldier.

A Military Governor, fresh from the country which he had ruled almost with unlimited authority, there was not a touch of militarism in his speech, from his statement of the brief and informal commission given to him by President McKinley so to manage affairs in Cuba as to establish an independent government as rapidly as possible and to withdraw from the island at the earliest date, to the end, when, in a few forceful words, he emphasized the final duty of the United States to the new country. This story of the Colonel of the Rough Riders and the Military Governor of Cuba was purely a story of reconstruction. It was the report of conquest, not over a people, but over disease, foul conditions, disorganized courts, ignorance, and poverty. It was a record of the mastery of yellow fever—one of the great scourges of humanity—of the cleansing of cities, of the reorganization of courts, of the establishment of a sound money system, of the opening of schools, of the cordial recognition of a people struggling for independence by placing the government in their hands, of a rigorous and economical expenditure of their moneys for their good, of the complete payment of the vast expenses of freeing them by the Government which sent its armies to accomplish that result, and, finally, of the lowering of the flag borne by the conquering armies, the quiet withdrawal of those armies without leaving an obligation of any kind unsatisfied behind them, and of the establishment of a new Government without debt. There was not a touch of antagonism, a breath of hostility, in the speech. It contained the most cordial recognition of Cuban character, ability, and patriotism which has been made by any American, and it was pervaded by generous appreciation of Spanish courage, courtesy, and integrity.

Never, perhaps, in the history of the world has such a disinterested story of conquest been told. Its unpretending simplicity must not disguise the greatness of the achievement which it narrated. As President Roosevelt said in his speech at Harvard, it was an achievement which, if rendered centuries ago, would have made General Wood one of the heroes of mythology. It has made him one of the

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heroes of modern times; and only those cavilers who are unable to recognize a noble person or a noble achievement in their own time can be blind to its significance. It was a true interpretation of the spirit of the American soldier, who is first of all a citizen, and who remains in all things the servant of free institutions, the preserver and builder of the free State.

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The President and Cuban Relief

There is apparently no hope that the President will secure from Congress at this session the relief for Cuba upon which he has set his heart, and which the Republican party is pledged to give. The opposition to a just and proper measure of reciprocity appears to come from three sources: First, the beet-sugar interest, which is of more importance to a small group of Republican Senators than the pledges of the country, the needs of Cuba, or the sentiments of the American people; second, those ultra-protectionists who regard the whole system as sacred and to be preserved intact, and who are afraid to make the slightest concession to the new needs of the times; and, third, a small group of Senators who are intent upon the laudable object of making President Roosevelt's administration a failure. There is probably no city in the country in which public opinion is less understood than Washington, and no group of men who are more thoroughly blind to what is going on in the country than a certain class of politicians in that city. The servants of the beet-sugar interest are defeating what the best-informed men believe to be the will of the country; and in the long run nothing is more disastrous for a politician. The men who are defeating the reciprocity measures because they involve a modification of the tariff are misreading the signs of the times and are misreading the long record of history. If they saw what was going on about them, or were familiar with the past, they would have understood that the tariff system can be preserved only, as Mr. McKinley foresaw, by accommodation to changed conditions and concession to changed opinions; while the gentlemen who are engaged in discrediting President Roosevelt are making the very stupid blunder of creating political capital for him by endearing him to the voters of the Republican party as a courageous, honorable, and frank man, who has both the strength and the skill to fight a battle to the death with the politicians and defeat them by his command of popular confidence and affection.

The representatives of the Sugar Trust in Congress, whose attitude has placed them in the position of attorneys rather than of representatives of the people of the country, are declaring that Cuba does not need this measure of help. Whether she needs it or not is in one sense immaterial, since the Government of the United States has promised to give it to her. The Cubans are paralyzed by the failure of the Government to keep its pledge—a pledge the performance of which they had naturally taken for granted. That pledge the President of the United States, a vast majority of the party which he represents, and an overwhelming majority of the people of the United States, are demanding shall be kept; and the country is dishonored and Cuba is thrown into confusion by the action of a small minority. As a matter of fact, so far as Cuban industries are concerned, there is no sharp crisis, but there is absolute stagnation, a withering of the entire industrial life of the island; it is as if a simoon had blown over it. The United States has organized a Government there, and President Palma has accepted the Presidency. A group of Congressmen are now proposing to ruin the island, to make President Palma's task an impossibility, and to dishonor their own country. If, as is alleged, a few men have it in their mind to prostrate Cuban finances, to render the sugar plantations practically valueless, to buy them up at a low price, and then, by sheer force of their necessities, to drive the Cubans to apply for admission into the American Union, they are planning a scheme as dishonorable as any in the history of international relations, and one which the people of the United States will find some way of defeating. The issue is a very plain one. It is not only the issue of honor or dishonor on the part of the country, but it is also an issue between a small minority of Republicans in Congress on the one hand, and the President,

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a vast majority of the party, and an overwhelming majority of the people of the country on the other. The United States means to keep faith; it is only a small group of men who are standing in the way of a determination that is practically universal.

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An Evil Habit

It is the habit of self-consciousness. You are not a very important member of the universe; you are not even a very important member of your own world. There are other much more important subjects for you to be thinking about than yourself. It is not well to put much thought on the question whether you are sick or well, whether you are miserable or happy, whether you are plain or handsome, whether you are stupid or quick, whether you are awkward or graceful, whether you are sinful or virtuous. The habit of self-examination is generally a pernicious habit. If you conclude that you are well, or handsome, or able, or virtuous, you become self-conceited and a Pharisee. If you conclude that you are sick, or plain, or stupid, or sinful, you become morbid, melancholy, a hypochondriac, an object of pity to your friends and of contempt or detestation to yourself. Do not be perpetually asking yourself the questions, What shall I eat to be strong and well? what wear to look handsome? how behave to appear graceful? how act to be virtuous? That is not the way to be well, or handsome, or graceful, or even virtuous. Who by much thinking can add one cubit to his stature?

What then? Why, think of others, not of yourself. I was taking a lesson in golf one day. "Do not look at your club," said the teacher; "look at your ball." I got from him a lesson in life. Do not look at your club; look at your ball. Think of your food, not of your digestion; of your book, not of your improvement; of the friend you are helping, not of the help you are giving to him. Sydney Smith I think it is who has somewhere said that he was always uncomfortable in society until he came to two conclusions: first, that everybody was not looking at him; second, that he could not be any one but Sydney Smith, no matter how hard he tried. Be yourself; you cannot be some one else if you try. Are you awkward? It is less awkward to be awkward naturally than to be graceful unnaturally. Are you homely? You cannot shorten your nose or lengthen your chin, nor perfect your complexion, by thinking about them. Self-consciousness only makes the homely features homelier; but he who forgets that he is homely makes others forget it also. Do you lack some virtue? Selfishness is the sum of all sin, and selfishness is thinking about self; love is the sum of all virtues, and love is thinking about others. Render such service as you can to whomsoever you can—not because it is your duty, but because it is a service. Make whomsoever you can happy—not because *you* ought, but because *he* will be happy. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Grow without thinking about it. That is the secret of a happy and a useful life.

Parents make a great mistake when they tell the child his fault in order to cure him of it. He ought to be cured of it without knowing that he has it. In continually chiding your child for his faults you develop one of the most serious of faults, that of self-consciousness. Has he a slouching gait? Do not tell him so; do not bid him stand up straight. Give him a military drill, or start him in athletics. Is he slovenly and does he come to dinner with uncombed hair? Dress for dinner yourself and buy him a handsome necktie—one that appeals to his fancy, not to yours. Is he selfish? Do not let him guess that he is so. Contrive a Christmas celebration for the happiness of others, and take him into your confidence in preparing for it. Then, when he does what he knows to be wrong, your rebuke will be more significant, and your punishment, if punishment is needed, as it sometimes is, will be more effectual. Punishments always, rebukes generally, should be reserved for the sins of which the sinner is conscious. Faults of which he is not conscious should be concealed if possible, without his being conscious of either the fault or the correction. Overcome evil with good. That requires skill. Any fool can point out a fault; only a wise man can correct it. L. A.

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THE TRAGEDY OF PELÉE[1]

BY GEORGE KENNAN

II.

Our Ride to Mont Pelée

ALTHOUGH the servants in Bediat's Hotel had been strictly enjoined to get us up at four o'clock, and a carriage with a span of mules had been ordered for five, we were allowed to sleep peacefully until a quarter of six, when the increasing light and the crowing of cocks in the hotel courtyard made it impossible for any one but a native to sleep longer. From the point of view of the proprietor it was unreasonable, of course, to order or expect breakfast in a Martinique hotel at 6 A.M. The servants did not begin to clear the tables in the dining-room and wash the dishes left there from the previous night's dinner until seven, and the regular hour for breakfast was eleven. We proceeded, therefore, to get breakfast for ourselves on a bare, dirty table in the bar-room. We had taken the precaution to bring a small quantity of elementary nutriment ashore with us from the Dixie; and as we munched dry hardtack and drank malted milk mixed with vichy water over that dirty bar-room table, we felt as if we had reason to congratulate ourselves upon our prevision, if not our provision. Hardtack and slab-chocolate, eaten in alternate bites and washed down with a mixture of malted-milk powder and tepid vichy water, make a fine, wholesome breakfast—for the tropics.

After breakfast, Mr. Jaccaci had to go in search of the carriage and mules, and from the volcanic expression of his face when he left the bar-room I felt sure that the tardy driver would shortly be overwhelmed by a verbal eruption in several languages—and he was! We got under way at last, and, rolling past the "Savane," or city park, with its mango-trees, tamarinds, and palm-encircled statue of Josephine, we began the ascent of the long, flower-fringed road which leads up to Fort Desaix, and thence, across mountains and valleys innumerable, to the eastern coast of the island at Trinité.

Before we were fairly out of the city we began to meet long lines, or single files, of barefooted negro women, in turbans and bright-colored calico gowns, carrying on their heads shallow wooden trays piled high with mangoes, pineapples, green cocoanuts, bananas, sweet potatoes, yams, manioc roots, and other fruits and vegetables for the Fort de France market. Most of these women and girls had risen before daylight and come in from distances of ten or twelve miles with loads weighing from thirty to fifty pounds; but they walked swiftly, with a long, easy, elastic stride, and showed no signs whatever of suffering from heat, breathlessness, or fatigue.

The heights above Fort de France are occupied largely by suburban villas; and for twenty minutes or half an hour we rode between front yards and gardens filled with beautiful flowering trees or shrubs, and bordered along the road by high hedges of oleander and hibiscus-bushes, whose brilliant blossoms of pink or crimson shone vividly, like spots of fire, in a dark, dew-wet tangle of moonflower and morning-glory vines. Of the villas that stood behind these hedges and gardens we could see little or nothing. They were buried in masses of foliage and bloom.

As we passed the gate of Fort Desaix, near the top of the hill, we met a squad of French buglers, who were marching slowly and solemnly around the outside of the fort, tooting in unison what I presumed to be the Martinique reveillé.

Emerging at last from the narrow, winding, flower-bordered road and reaching the crest of the great divide that separates the Rivière Monsieur from the Rivière

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Madame, we looked out over a wonderfully beautiful panorama of wooded foothills, deep misty valleys, sunlit plains, and shimmering water, that seemed to extend from the cloud-capped peaks of Carbet on the north to the low purple mountains that bound the Bay of Fort de France on the south. An extensive tract of level land, covered with sugar-cane, could be seen near the head of the bay, but everywhere else the island was a billowy sea of mountains, with here and there the glimmer of a stream, a few patchwork squares of cultivation, or a cluster of red-roofed houses to light up the deep shadowy valleys or break the dark-green masses of foliage on the forested slopes. Over the crests of these huge green mountain billows and down into the valleys that separated them ran the white macadamized road in a series of long loops and curves, now sweeping in deep shadow around the head of a wild ravine and crossing a foaming torrent on a stone bridge, then climbing a long smooth grade to the crest of a sunny divide, then plunging into a dark valley where the horizon-line was a silhouette of palms against the sky a thousand feet overhead, and finally doubling on itself in a narrow horseshoe curve and ascending to a breezy *morne*, or dome-shaped mound, from which we could see the ocean, the bay, and almost the whole southern half of the island. The road was so sinuous, and changed direction so rapidly, that even with the aid of the sun and the steady trade-wind it was almost impossible to keep ourselves accurately oriented. In the course of a short half-hour that road would run north, south, east, and west by turns; and when, upon coming up out of a deep ravine, we looked ahead for the peaks of Carbet, we were sure to find ourselves facing in the opposite direction, with the peaks at our backs. Two or three times at least I mistook the Bay of Fort de France for the ocean on the other side of the island, and prominent landmarks seemed to be constantly shifting from place to place, as if some superhuman power rearranged them every time we went down into a deep valley and lost sight of them. The highways in Martinique are almost as smooth and perfect as roads can be made; but their loops and curves are as eccentric as the tracings of a seismograph in a Lisbon earthquake.

An hour and a half from Fort de France we passed at a short distance the picturesque village of St. Joseph; two hours later we watered our mules in a little hamlet half-way across the island; and just before noon, from the eastern slope of a great mountain dome known as Gros Morne, we caught sight of the Atlantic.

After leaving the Gros Morne we began to meet long lines of women and girls carrying roofing-tiles from Trinité to a sugar plantation a few miles back in the interior, and had an opportunity to see what the "porteuses" of Martinique are like, and what they are able to do and endure in the blazing sunshine of the tropics. Freight of all sorts is carried and distributed throughout the interior of Martinique by women and young girls. Ox-carts are used for the transportation of cane from the fields to the sugar-mills, and little donkeys bring into the villages sacks of charcoal, or loads of green forage that are big enough sometimes to hide them completely from sight; but all kinds of merchandise, including dry goods, groceries, hardware, kerosene, farm products, and even such things as building-stones, bricks, cement, and roofing-tiles, are carried from place to place on the heads of women and girls. I cannot remember to have seen, at any time or in any part of the island, a pack-train of mules, or a wagon or cart of any kind loaded with freight; but you cannot go a mile on any country road without meeting at least one line of straight, vigorous, barefooted women, walking swiftly, with a long, free, swaying stride, and balancing without effort on their head loads weighing from fifty to eighty pounds. If we three travelers could have had ourselves divided and made into six packages, I am perfectly sure that six of those women might have carried us in wooden trays on their heads from Fort de France to Trinité much more rapidly than we were drawn over that distance by a span of able-bodied mules, and that they would have shown less fatigue and distress than the mules did upon arrival. The colored women of Martinique are not attractive, as a rule, in feature; but the habit of carrying heavy loads, for hours at a time, on their heads has given them superb erectness and grace of figure, together with an

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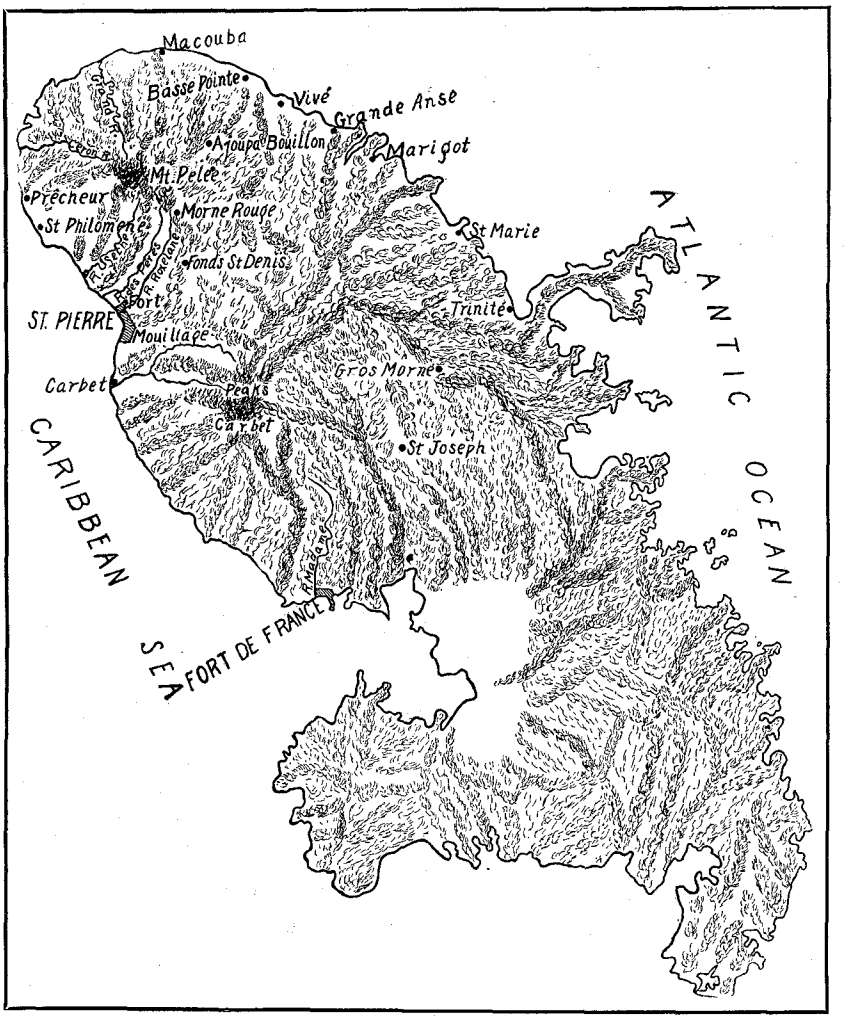

MARTINIQUE

elasticity of step and a freedom of movement that I have never seen equaled.

As we left the Gros Morne and went down toward the seacoast in the direction of Trinité, there was a complete change in the scenery and vegetation. The mountains gradually became lower; cocoanut palms, bananas, bamboos, and other distinctively tropical trees and shrubs disappeared altogether; vast fields of young cane, which, at a distance, looked like green grass, clothed the slopes of the hills; the few trees that remained stood here and there in groups or ran in straight lines through the sugar plantations; and the scenery, in general, suggested the north temperate zone.

We reached Trinité about 1 P.M., and drove to the "Hotel des Voyageurs"—a queer place kept by a Frenchified Yankee, forty-five or fifty years of age, named Frost. Mr. Frost wore iron-rimmed spectacles and looked and dressed like a New England deacon; but he could not speak his father's language, and had married a corpulent negro woman, who managed, apparently, both the hotel and its nominal proprietor.

After refreshing ourselves with a good lunch, we obtained fresh mules and started northward, up the eastern coast of the island, toward the plantation of Vivé (Vevay)—a sugar estate at the foot of the volcano, owned by a wealthy French planter named Fernand Clerc (Claire). Mr. Clerc had not invited us to make him a visit; but as it was absolutely necessary that we should stay somewhere in the

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vicinity of the mountain, and as we could not hear of any "Volcano Hotel" in that neighborhood, we intended to throw ourselves upon Mr. Clerc's hospitality and take the consequences. I felt some misgivings with regard to the reception that we should get—especially if we should arrive late at night—but Mr. Jaccaci seemed hopeful and confident, and as he would have to do all the talking and explaining, I was satisfied to leave the matter in his hands.

Up to the time of our arrival at Trinité, we had seen little or nothing to suggest the proximity of an active volcano. I had picked up a few small black volcanic stones on the balcony of Bediat's Hotel, and a thin film of bluish-gray ashes covered undisturbed parts of the road between Fort de France and St. Joseph; but the vegetation everywhere looked fresh and green; there was no smoke or dust in the air; the country people seemed to be attending to their work and going about their business as usual; Mont Pelée was hidden most of the time behind the peaks and mornes of Carbet; and there was absolutely nothing to suggest danger or excite apprehension. Beyond Trinité, however, all this was changed. From the crests of the long, sloping mountain buttresses that the road crossed as it followed northward the sweeping curves of the surf-beaten coast, we could see the black mantle of storm-clouds in which the volcano was wrapped and the huge column of steam that rose into the clearer air above it. The film of ashes on the road grew thicker and thicker, and the leaves of the trees were covered with a gray deposit which looked like finely powdered Portland cement that had been sifted over the foliage after a rain and had then dried. Beyond Marigot the volcanic dust lay two inches deep on the road, and the trees—especially the breadfruit trees—had been so plastered with wet, clinging ashes that limbs three or four inches in thickness had been broken by the weight. In certain parts of the road the country looked almost as desolate as if it had been swept by a sleet-storm of Portland cement, which had poisoned the foliage, broken down the branches of the trees, and covered the whole earth with a thin sheet of fine grayish powder.

After leaving Marigot we began to meet long lines of men, women, and children flying from the volcano, with their household goods and furniture on their heads. The great eruption of May 20 and the threatening appearance of the volcano on the two subsequent days had frightened the whole population in the northern part of the island, and hundreds of fugitives from Vivé, Basse Pointe, Macouba, Morne Rouge, and Ajoupa Bouillon were streaming along the road to Trinité, carrying on their heads everything that it was possible to carry from their abandoned homes. Every member of a family, from the father to the youngest child that could walk, had a load of some sort. The man of the house usually marched in front, leading a cow or a goat, and balancing on his head a cheap yellow trunk. Then came the wife and mother, carrying a baby on one arm, and steadying with the other a big inverted kitchen-table, the bottom of which she had filled with pots, pans, and dishes. The oldest boy carried a wooden trayful of yams, mangoes, caladium roots, and two-tailed loaves of bread; his sister followed in his footsteps with a handkerchief bundle of clothing crowned with a big straw hat; and last of all toddled a five-year-old girl holding a chicken by the wings in one hand and cuddling to her breast with the other a small, fluffy gray kitten.

It was curious and interesting to see what things different families had selected and brought away from their abandoned homes. Some were carrying pillows and mattresses tied up with ropes, while others preferred food to bedding, and were loaded down with bread, mangoes, and edible roots. Some had provided themselves with extra clothing wrapped in big bandanna handkerchiefs, others had left their spare clothing behind and brought away furniture. One woman was carrying three or four chickens in a wide-mouthed earthenware pot; another had on her head a large razor-backed pig, lashed securely with rawhide thongs in a shallow wooden tray. I presume the pig refused to be led or driven away from the volcano, and the woman was forced to carry him. When we saw him, he had given up the struggle as hopeless, and had even stopped squealing; but his fiery little eyes had an expression of wrathful protest, and if he had been able to increase his weight to

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half a ton, I am quite sure he would have done so. It was really too humiliating, even for a pig, to be lashed in a wooden tray and "toted" away from a volcano on a woman's head!

When we passed through Grande Anse, late in the afternoon, the long street running parallel with the sea was crowded with fugitives; an immense throng of turbaned women and children, in scarlet, purple, lilac, magenta, green, black, and dirty white calico gowns, had assembled in front of the "mairie," where food was being distributed by the municipal authorities, and the shrill clamor of excited voices could be heard a quarter of a mile away. The whole crowd stared at us with curiosity and surprise when they saw that we were going on in the direction from which they had just come, and one woman exclaimed, as she pointed at us with outstretched arm, "Look at the poor unfortunates—going toward the mountain!" She evidently thought that no sane man would approach the volcano unless forced to do so by dire necessity; and she regarded us with sympathy and pity as persons compelled by some imperative duty to take desperate chances of life and death.

Night overtook us between Grande Anse and Vivé, and it grew so dark that we could hardly see the outlines of the road; but still the long line of fugitives passed us, like a procession of shadowy ghosts, never speaking, never making the least noise, and never stopping except to whisper a prayer in front of some candle-lighted roadside shrine. They were flying in terror from a Vision of Sudden Death, and they fled in perfect silence. In some vague, indefinite way, this shadowy, noiseless procession of fugitives, hurrying from the volcano in the blackness of night, made a certain impression upon us all; but it was impossible, nevertheless, to realize that there was any adequate cause for the panic. "These poor ignorant negroes," I said to myself, "don't know anything about volcanoes, and of course when ashes begin to sift down on them they get frightened and run away, although there's really very little danger." That we ourselves might get frightened and run away was a possibility that never once occurred to me; and if I had happened to experience suddenly then the feeling of nervous dread with which that infernal volcano eventually inspired me, I should certainly have thought that I must be ill, and should have proceeded to dose myself with quinine, strychnine, and iron.

Our tired mules were going very slowly and could hardly be lashed into a trot even on the descending slopes, when, about eight o'clock, our attention was attracted by a bright light which suddenly appeared on the other side of a gulf of blackness that we took to be an intervening valley. When we reached the spot, we found that the light came from a wayside shrine, where, behind a little glass door, two or three candles were burning in front of a small plaster crucifix. A group of fugitives had gathered about it, and when we asked one of them how far it was to the house of Mr. Clerc, he replied, "It is here."

Driving through a long avenue shaded by large mango-trees and bordered by dense hedges, we drew up at last before the spacious mansion of the Vivé sugar estate. Mr. Clerc—good-looking, frank-faced gentleman about forty years of age—came out with a lighted candle to meet us, gave us a most cordial greeting, said that he had heard of our coming, that our rooms were ready, and that dinner was waiting. Twenty minutes later we were all seated around the dining-table, drinking "cyclone" wine (the vintage of the Martinique cyclone year) and discussing that all-absorbing topic of conversation, the volcano.

The eruption of the 20th, Mr. Clerc said, had completed the destruction of St. Pierre, and had thrown thousands of tons of ashes over the Vivé plantation; but since that time nothing had happened. A new crater had opened in the gorge of the river Falaise, about three miles from Vivé, but its activity had been intermittent and it had done nothing so far but send an occasional flood of boiling water and mud down into the Capot—the river on which Vivé is situated. Mr. Clerc gave us a graphic account of the destruction of St. Pierre, which he had witnessed from the heights of Mont Parnasse, just back of the city, and said that although his own house was not on the most dangerous side of the mountain, he did not regard it as a very safe place to stay, and

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he was therefore himself sleeping every night in the house of a friend who owned a plantation on one of the high spurs of the Carbet group, two or three kilometers east of Vivé. Morne Rouge, he said, was still accessible, but, owing to its close proximity to the main crater, it was regarded as a dangerous place, and most of its inhabitants had fled. Basse Pointe, a village on the northeastern coast, about two miles and a half from Vivé, had just been partially destroyed by a sudden flood of mud, water, and stones, but had not yet been wholly abandoned. Many people had fled from Ajoupa Bouillon, a village higher up on the volcano than Vivé and nearer to the Falaise crater; but the priest and the mayor were still there, and gendarmes patrolled the road as far as Morne Rouge.

After a general discussion of the situation, we decided to begin our study of the volcano by making an inspection of Basse Point, where one phase of Pelée's destructive activity was well shown, and where we could get an idea, Mr. Clerc said, of the floods of water, mud, and stones that had swept away the Guerin sugar-mill, destroyed Prêcheur, and devastated the whole western slope of the mountain. If the weather should then prove to be favorable, we intended to cross the southeastern flank of Pelée, visit Morne Rouge, and go down as far as possible in the track of the hot tornado that rushed across the valley of the Roxelane on the 8th of May and destroyed the city of St. Pierre. In this way we should get views of the volcano from three sides, and see the results of its activity in several widely separated places.

It was so dark when we went out-of-doors and looked in the direction of Pelée before going to bed that night that we could see little or nothing. The sky was overcast, and the volcano seemed to be hidden from base to summit in a black mantle of clouds. Not a sound could be heard except a faint rush of water from the river Capot and the regular pounding of the trade-wind surf on the beach.

Soon after daylight Saturday morning we were awakened by the ringing of a bell in the adjacent sugar-mill, and, dressing hastily, we went out to take a look at the Vivé plantation. Before the rain of ashes from Pelée began, the estate of Mr. Clerc, with its mango-trees, blossoming shrubs, scarlet flamboyants, hibiscus hedges, vine-draped walls, climbing roses, gardens, and geometrical flower-beds, must have made a striking and beautiful tropical picture. It had the ocean, with a long line of snowy surf, on one side, and the high, forest-clad peaks of Carbet and Pelée on the other; cool streams from the hills ran through it; cane-fields gave it a setting of vivid green; and between the two-story house, with its broad shady veranda, and the avenue of hibiscus-bushes that led through the grove of mango-trees to the main road there was a flower-garden of formal beds which must once have been a mass of rich and glowing color. When we first saw the place, however, everything had been ruined. The walls of the house looked as if they had been splashed and spattered with a mixture of mucilage and Portland cement which had trickled down in muddy lines and then dried; volcanic dust had been shoveled, like snow, off the veranda and lay in heaps beside the walks; the ground under the mango-trees was covered with branches broken from the trunks by the weight of volcanic sleet; the flower-beds were buried in grayish mud which had the appearance and consistency of half-dried clay; the vines were scorched and blackened as if they had been subjected to a zero frost; nearly half the leaves had fallen from the breadfruit-trees, those that still clung to the twigs being so plastered with the Portland-cement mixture that they looked withered and half dead; and the whole landscape had an appearance of gray ruin and desolation that it is hard to describe, and must be even harder for the reader to imagine. It is probably not an exaggeration to say that upon every square mile of the Vivé plantation there had fallen thousands of tons of pulverized rock in the form of fine, gray, powdery dust—and yet Vivé was five miles from the main crater of the volcano, and in the outer penumbra of the deadly shadow cast by its ash-laden clouds.

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Princeton's New President

The Outlook has already recorded the election of Professor Woodrow Wilson as President of Princeton University, within a very few minutes after the announcement of the resignation of President Patton. Of the new President's qualifications and his career as a teacher and as a writer we have also spoken. Dr. Wilson has been Professor of Jurisprudence and Politics at Princeton for twelve years. He was graduated from Princeton, studied law at the University of Virginia, took a post-graduate course at the Johns Hopkins, and holds degrees from the last-named University and two or three others. Before he came to Princeton he had been Professor of History and Political Economy at Bryn Mawr College and at Wesleyan University. Among the best known of his books are: "The State," "Congressional Government," "A Study in American Politics," "George Washington," and "Colonies and Nation," a short history of the United States. It is not too much to say that in these volumes and in his articles in the best reviews and magazines Professor Wilson has made a substantial and important contribution to the history of the political life of the country, and has popularized historical and economic discussion while preserving accuracy and philosophical method.

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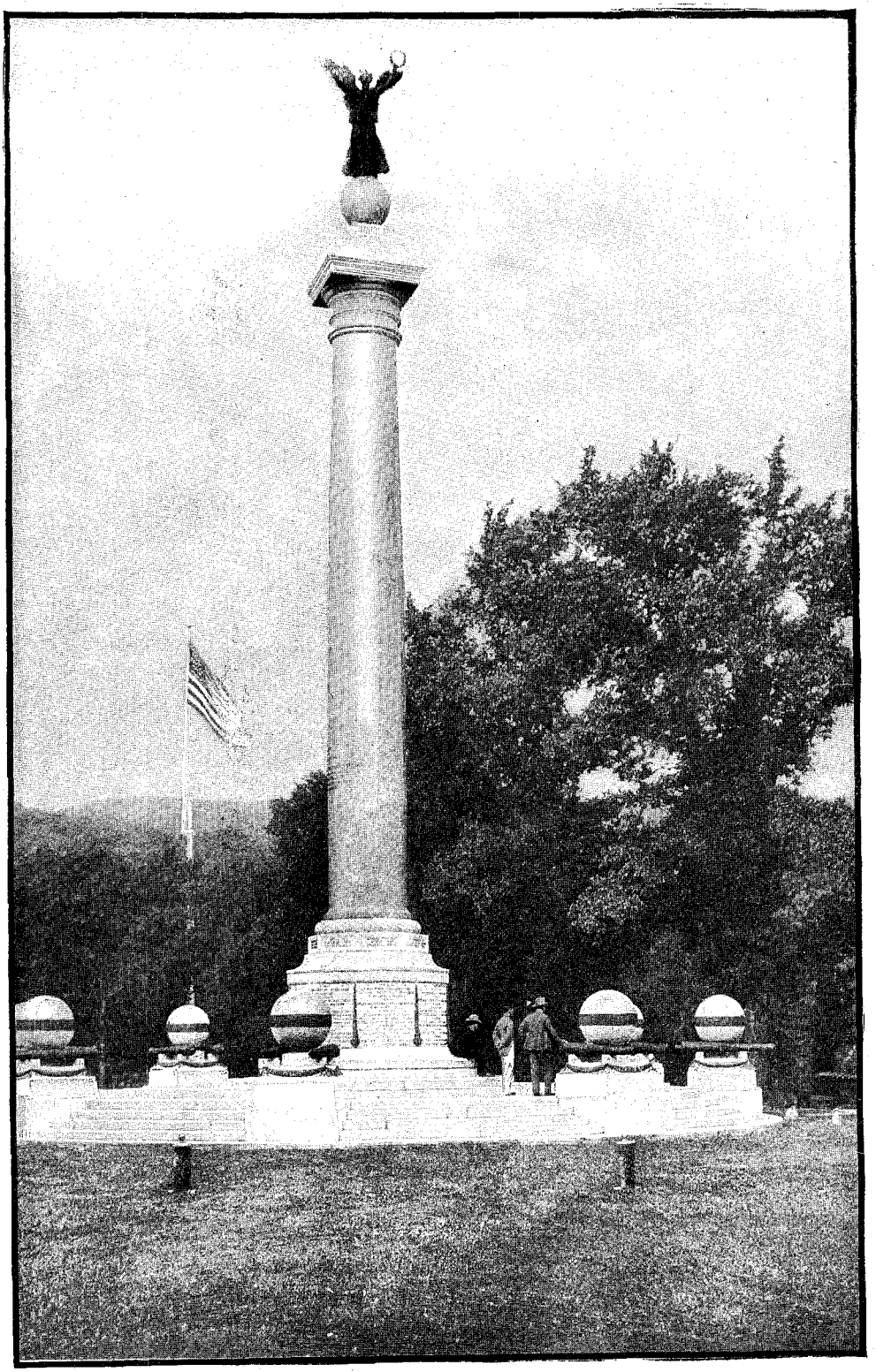

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT WEST POINT

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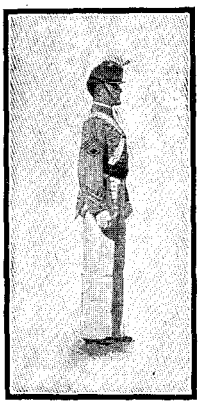

1902

A HUNDRED YEARS OF WEST POINT

BY JAMES BARNES

1802

THE United States Military Academy, which has just celebrated its one hundredth anniversary, holds in the minds of Americans a place alone. Around the spot it occupies cluster historical memories, from out its doors have come men who have builded and preserved the Nation, and every year there come forth more men like those that have gone before, soldiers hall-marked with the word "efficiency," trained for a special purpose and devoted to their chosen profession. Their vista of life-work is service to their country; that they are prepared for this life-work is the result of their education; long years have proved the value of the system that has produced them. The records of our history have preserved their names.

On March 16, 1802, the act of Congress creating the Academy was approved. This act authorized the President to organize and establish a corps of engineers to consist of five officers and ten cadets, provided that it should be stationed at West Point in the State of New York, and should constitute a military academy. With the required number of cadets present, the institution was formally opened July 4 of that year. It was intended, upon their completing their course, that the cadets should be eligible for promotion and commission as second lieutenants in any arm or corps of the army in which there might be vacancies and the duties of which they might have been judged competent to fulfill. Subsequent to this, in 1803 and 1808, Congress authorized forty cadets from the artillery and twenty from the light artillery, one hundred from the infantry, sixteen from the cavalry, and twenty from the riflemen. There were few appointments, however, and no provision was made for them at the Academy. In 1810 the institution was deprived of nearly all the means of instruction, and officers and cadets obtained their pay with difficulty. In the next two years, although it was evident that war with England was bound to come, the Academy was without instructors or students. There had entered, up to this date, but very few candidates, and but seventy-one cadets had been graduated. By an act of Congress, April 29, 1812, the Academy was completely reorganized, and the general principles laid down upon which it has since been conducted. A maximun of two hundred and fifty cadets was decided upon, and also a preliminary examination was required and an age limit was settled upon.

It was in 1817, however, that the real life of the Academy began and its future dawned at last brightly. Cadets still were appointed without regard to their legal residences, and there was no settled rule concerning appointments until 1843. In this year the law was passed prescribing that the Corps of Cadets should consist of one from each Congressional District, one from each Territory, one from the District of Columbia, and ten from the United States at large, to be appointed by the President. On June 6, 1900, these numbers were enlarged, and the rule now is that there shall be one from each Territory including Hawaii, one from the District of Columbia, two from each State, and thirty from the United States at large, these to be appointed by the President, and, with the exception of the thirty appointed from the United States at large,

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all to be residents of Congressional or Territorial districts or of the District of Columbia, or of the respective States from which they are supposed to be appointed. At present, under this act, the maximum number of cadets is 482, but in 1903, when the membership of Congress shall be increased, the number will be 511.

Since the beginning of the institution 4,121 graduates have gone out of the Academy, to follow their calling as soldiers or to take up civil life after their period of service.

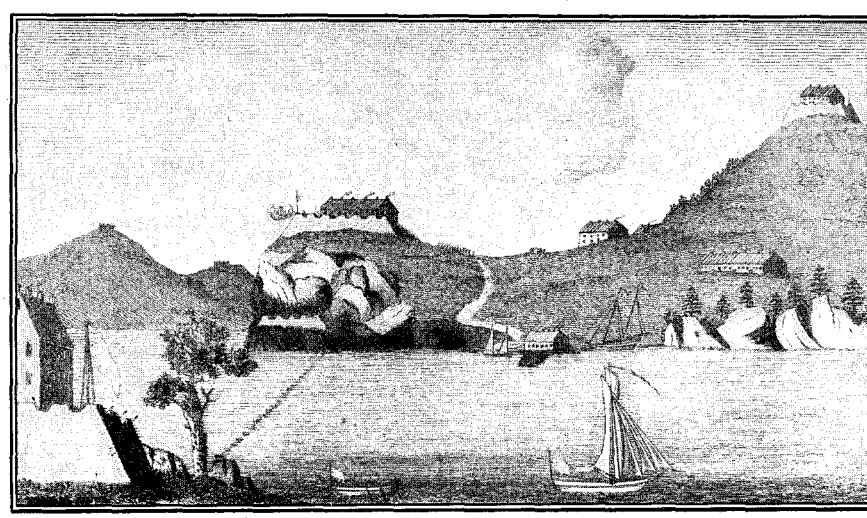
The very word "soldier" has always meant a special class of men, whose creed and characteristics are supposedly the same the world over. But the latent possibilities of the soldier lie, not only in the knowledge of his science and his special calling, but in something more.

Accurate knowledge tends to self-reliance, steadfastness of purpose. Habits of obedience come from constant training. But the spirit of an institution of learning or instruction is the inheritance of its traditions, and it is not the result of a well-ordered curriculum nor the reflex of an exacting discipline that is the keynote to West Point. It is that nameless something handed down from man to man, from class to class, from generation to generation, that first resolves itself into a manner of thought and then grows into the soul of service to an ever-present ideal. It is visible and tangible in the every-day life of the place itself.

People who have been under the influence of a concentrated idea during the formative period of their lives never escape its abiding presence. The spirit is ever with them. They may drift away from the paths to which their teachings have directed them. They may forget the formula of instruction, but they are different from other men. So the term "West Pointer" means a being in some senses apart from the general world. To the West Pointer himself the name means a brotherhood of ideas, a community of understanding. The father who shares in this inheritance with his son feels knit more closely to him from this very knowledge. The son who possesses it feels in a measure separated from the parent who does not know its influence.

The epitome of it all lies in the three words on the scroll of the West Point shield: "Duty, Honor, Country." The result of living with these words as the motto of existence brings to them the reverence of a personal religion.

When the South broke away and the war was fairly on, four-fifths of the students of the Military Academy remained faithful to the old flag. One-half of those from the South gave up friends and families, severing themselves, for all that they knew, forever, from what is dearest to all men—home; choosing of their own free will to obey the dictates of the spirit that had been bred in them. One-fifth of all those who went out from the portals



WEST POINT AT THE CLOSE OF THE REVOLUTION
From a rare engraving loaned by Captain W. C. Rivers, Adjutant at West Point.

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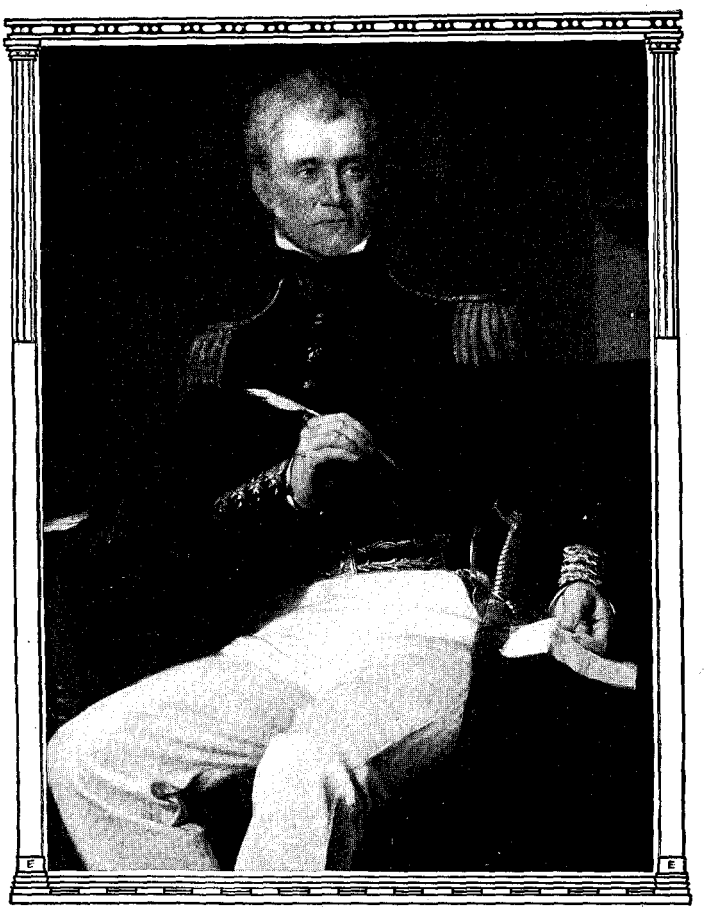

PHOTOGRAPH PACH BROS.

COLONEL SYLVANUS THAYER

"The Father of the United States Military Academy"

From the original painting at West Point.

of their Alma Mater to active service were killed on Southern battlefields; one-third were wounded.

As against this at the Northern colleges the Southerners almost to a man declared for the Confederacy. But we are far enough away to-day to sink all sectional bitterness. It is no longer a blot on the escutcheon that some men's consciences led them to fall from their allegiance, and the West Pointer mentions with pride the names of those who won honor and distinction in fighting for the Lost Cause. The names of living men who wore the gray appear in the rolls of the honorable alumni of the institution with those who wore the blue. In sixty of the most important battles of the war, from Bull Run to Petersburg, the commanding generals of the Union and Confederate armies were West Point graduates; and when General E. Porter Alexander, of the Class of '57, an ex-Confederate, mentioned the name of General Longstreet at the recent centennial exercises, his audience burst into cheers; when he had finished, the West Point band played "Dixie." There were mingled in that audience, in the new Memorial Hall, men who had fought against each other, but, united once more, the old flag was over them. The bitterness of conflict had long been wiped away.

In the army of the North two hundred and eighty graduates attained the rank of general officers. In the army of the South one hundred and fifty-one did the same.

No great undertaking has ever been pushed to a successful issue without bearing the impress and the lasting effect of

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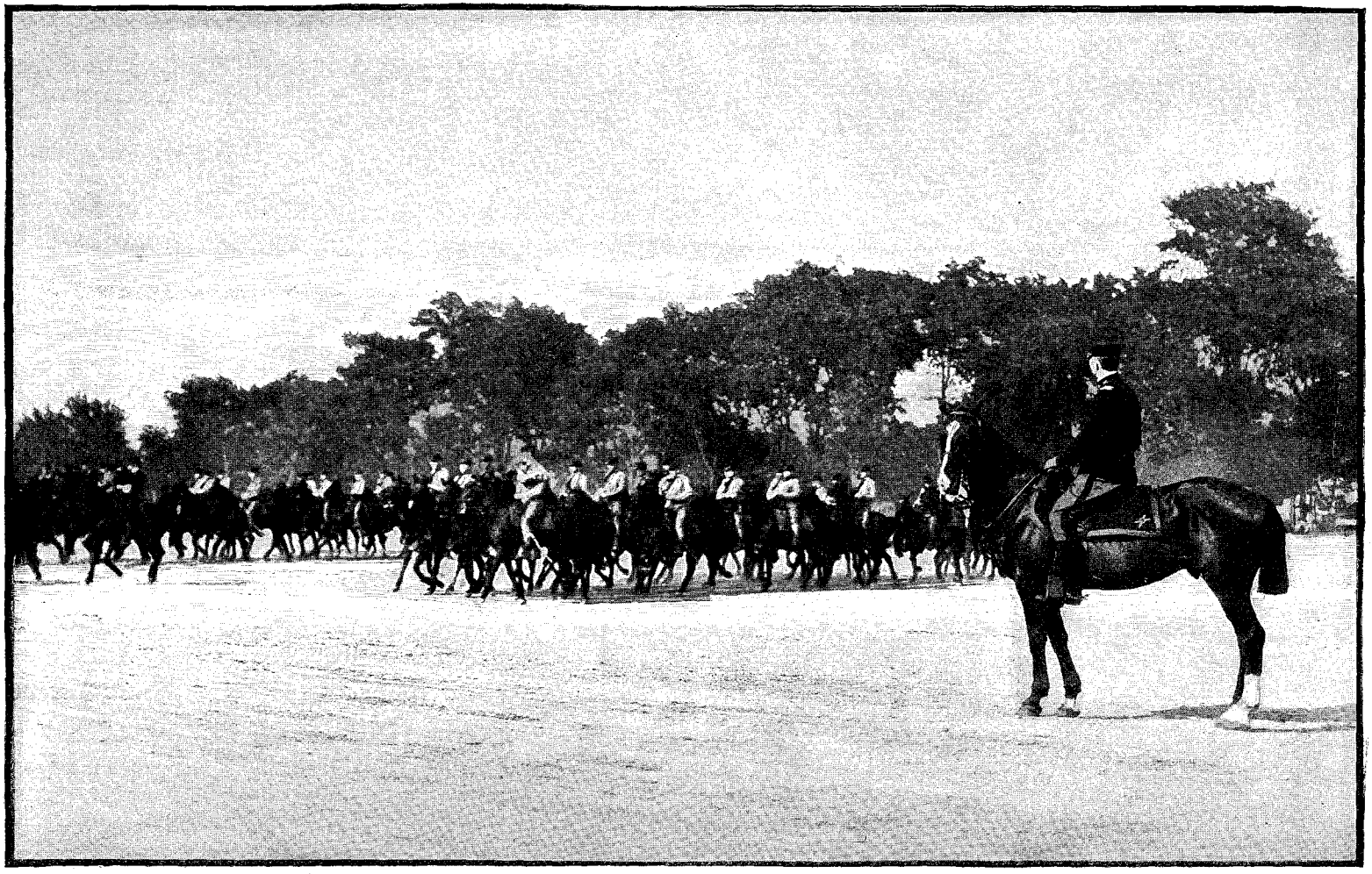

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

CAVALRY DRILL DURING THE 1902 COMMENCEMENT

In the foreground is Lieutenant Colonel Charles G. Treat, Commandant

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one mind, one individuality; thus it is with West Point.

On the southwest corner of the plain, to one side of the shaded walk, there is the grave of the man who is referred to as "The Father of the Military Academy," Sylvanus Thayer; near by stands his statue in full uniform, with a military cloak hanging from his shoulders. He looks out over the green sweep of the parade-ground, and views the fulfillment of his work. He himself, like all of his successors, was a graduate of the Academy, for he left it in 1808, when it had but six years of existence, and, so to speak, had not found itself. Returning shortly after the end of the second war with Great Britain in 1817, he became the Superintendent, a position he held until the year 1833, when, having had some little misunderstanding with Andrew Jackson, then President, he resigned; but all of the present outlines of the system are his. The curriculum has enlarged as science and learning have progressed, but the main idea remains the same. With him the spirit of the Point was born. He lived long enough to see it dominate.

Perhaps the thing that strikes most visiting army officers from other countries is the scope of the instruction. If the term could be used, it is "specialized generalization." Every officer who is graduated from the Academy—besides the education in arts and languages he has received—is an infantryman, a cavalryman, an artilleryman, and something of an engineer. He does not doubt his own knowledge in the least. Although he may have taken up, or been assigned to, a special branch of the service afterwards, the others are not unknown fields to him. He could step from one branch to the other with hardly an effort. It might be against his will, perhaps, but he could do it, for the knowledge lies dormant in his mind, and he can awaken it if opportunity demands.

It was just this lack of adaptability and lack of information that caused so many "regrettable incidents" that happened to the British army in South Africa. But this is no place to make comparisons, no matter how obvious they may be.

The only thing that can be said is that the German Emperor has appointed a commission to examine into the methods

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

A CADET AT STUDY IN HIS QUARTERS

of training at West Point, and the French and English are about to do the same. Whether the visiting officers will miss perceiving the spirit, in their search for the essence and the reason, one cannot say. What they *will* perceive will be the keenness, the simplicity, and—let us say so unguardedly—the pride of position that marks the instructing officers, and is communicated to the cadets under their charge. They will find that among the graduates "shop" is the prevailing subject of conversation. Unlike European officers who dwell in great centers of civilization and see varied phases of social life, the West Pointer lives in a circle of his own. He is one of a great family that is intermarried and held together, and in a measure he has mixed little with the outside world. It is natural that he should talk of family affairs among his relatives, with his work in a circle always before him. It is natural that he is led easily to discourse upon it by outsiders. It is a rather remarkable thing that, if a West Pointer possesses a hobby of any kind, it is generally something in connection with what might be termed his toil—"range-finders and trajectories," "evolutions and organization," "fortifications and bridge-building." Sometimes it may descend to small things, such as neatness and almost over-exactness of deportment, but they are all military. They have

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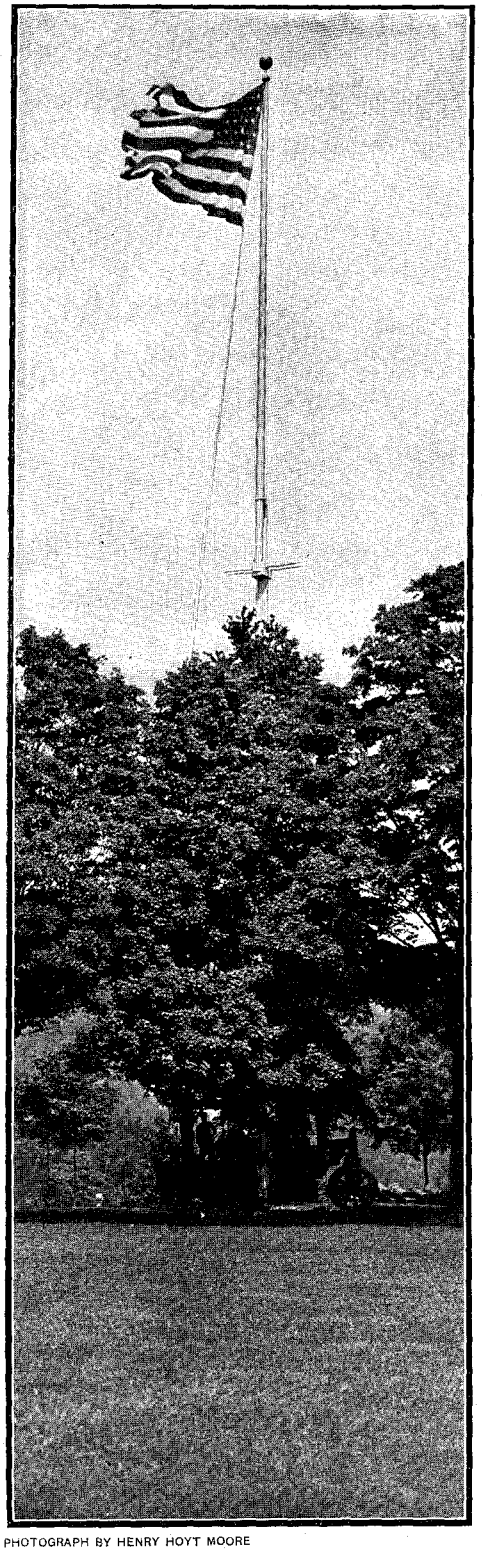

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

THE FLAG AT WEST POINT

something to do with what he does or sees every day.

It would be foolish to suppose that all this has made a machine of him, for he has not learned by rote; he has been taught to adapt himself to circumstances, and, early placed in positions of responsibility, he can think quickly and unerringly. Half of any problem is what one brings to its solving, and the methods of accomplishment prove the individuality of the mind. He is taught to use his mind; he is encouraged to discriminate.

There is no social preferment in the American service, and, to speak in a wider sense, there is no interfering social obligations. The West Pointer belongs not to a club representing a wealthy aristocracy, nor to a caste of overbearing officialdom. He is what the place has made him, and stands for no particular section and no caste. Not a State, not a Territory, of the wide country but is represented at all times in the cadet ranks. Although, very often, army life is a matter of inheritance, and a cadet can point back to three generations that have worn the gray coat and the bell buttons, on the other hand he may show traces of his alien ancestors in his appearance and his name. But, German or Frenchman, Italian or Norse, he is American through and through. His speech may burr with the rolling "r" of the mid-West, drawl languidly with the soft accent of the South, or he may talk with the nasal twang of the New Englander; still, there he is—the same; and if he survives the period of probation, he understands.

I have said before that keenness, simplicity, and pride are parts of his component make-up. Anecdotes could be told to illustrate the effect of his inheritance so far as the spirit, and they might be told to show his possession of these other qualities.

When, during the war, a strike was reported to exist across the river at the foundry that was engaged in making projectiles for the army, and disorder arose there, it was proposed to send up from New York a regiment of home guard militia to quell the disturbance. The Government needed munitions, and it was necessary for the work to proceed. When the rioters heard the news, they laughed. "The stay-at-home militia, pah!" said

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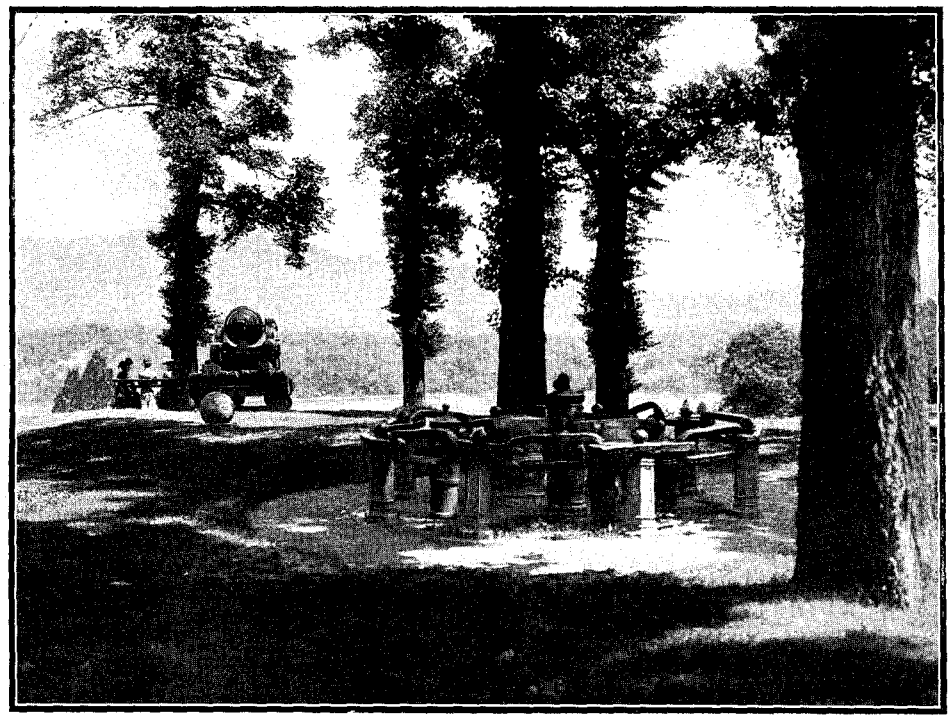


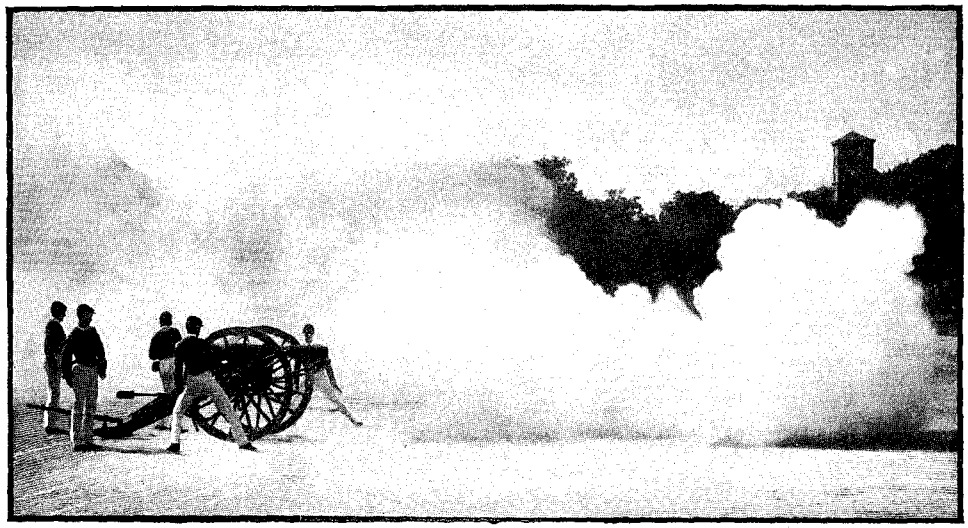
PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

THE HUDSON FROM WEST POINT

Showing links from the chain that stretched across the Hudson in Revolutionary days.

they; and then the authorities at Washington decided to send the cadets, and the news was greeted at the Academy with cheers. They were keen for anything that appertained to active duty; the news was brought across the river to the foundry. There was nothing more to it; the little rebellion waned in an hour and the men went back to work.

During the war a young officer once reported to a volunteer brigade commander that he had orders from division headquarters to take a battery that held the top of a sweeping slope on the front



ARTILLERY PRACTICE

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of the Confederate line, the shells from which were playing havoc with the Union infantry that were deploying through a wooded ravine.

"What!" exclaimed the volunteer brigadier; "are you going to try to take those guns with cavalry? Impossible! You can't do it."

"Oh, yes, I can, sir," was the reply: "I've got the orders in my pocket."

This West Pointer did not doubt in the least what he was going to do, nor his capacity, and, strange to say, he did it, for, advancing at a charge suddenly from the wood across the open ground, he took the battery in the flank before they could change effectually the position of the guns, and he brought them back with him.

There was a regiment of regular troops at a post in Texas just at the time that this State was deciding to secede with the others, but before the first gun had been fired. The temper of the people was ugly; the warlike spirit was rising, the Governor had demanded that all United States troops should leave the confines of his jurisdiction, and so this regiment was ordered to abandon its post and to proceed to the North without delay. They marched toward the nearest point upon the railway, a town of some ten thousand inhabitants. But a few miles out they were met by the Mayor of the place and some influential citizens. The Colonel was seen.

"You will pardon me," began the Mayor, "but I would suggest to you, Colonel, that it might be best not to march your regiment through the town; the people are much excited, and I fear there might be trouble if you did so. I should advise," he added, "that you halt your men here, and I will have the train pull out some four or five miles, where you can board it in safety after a short march across the country. These gentlemen with me all agree that this would be the wiser plan."

"Thank you," said the Colonel, politely. "This is very good of you." He called up his adjutant and questioned him hurriedly. "How far behind are the baggage-wagons, Captain Clark?"

"About fifteen minutes, sir."

"Halt the men and send back and hurry the wagons up at once."

The order was obeyed.

The Mayor here took a hand in the conversation again.

"I am glad that you have acted so sensibly, Colonel," he said. "I am afraid the people would not stand the sight of the flag."

The Colonel nodded but said nothing, and soon the baggage-wagons arrived.

"Order the men to get into their dress uniforms, cross belts and white gloves," he said to the astonished adjutant, who did not know what had taken place.

The wagons were unloaded, and out there on the open plain the bewildered men changed their clothing as rapidly as possible. When all were ready, the lines inspected, and the battalions formed in line of march, the Colonel turned

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

REMAINS OF REVOLUTIONARY FORTIFICATIONS AT FORT PUTNAM

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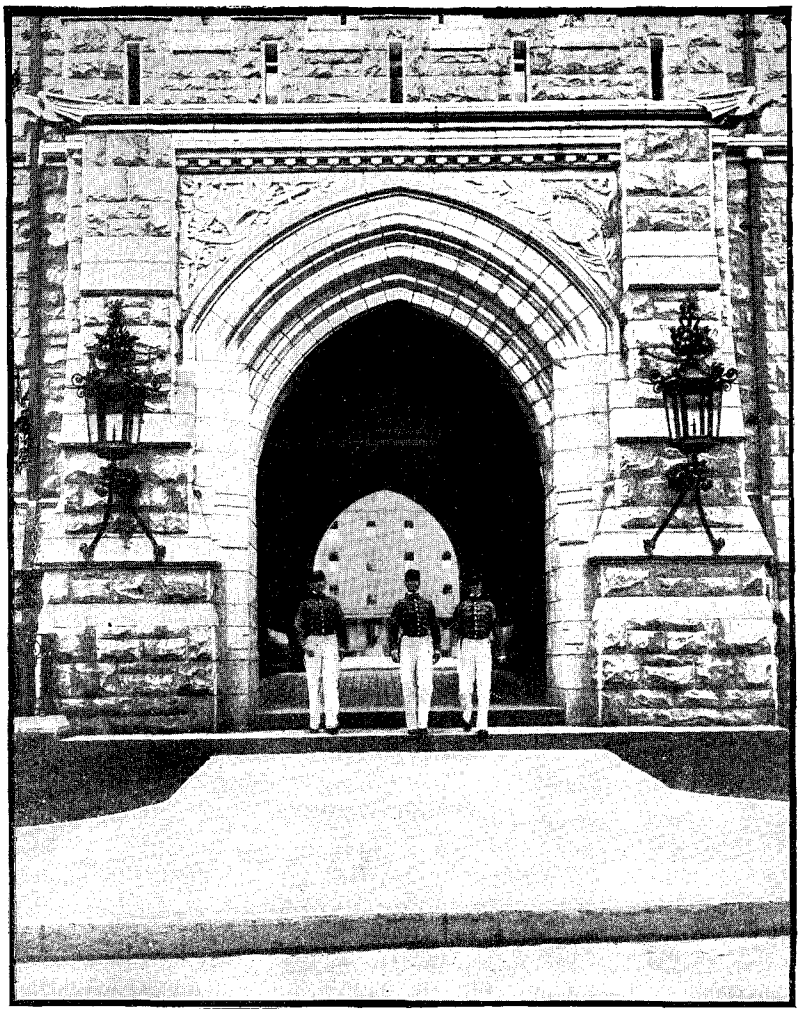

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

THE ARCH OF THE ACADEMIC BUILDING

to the Mayor and influential citizens whom he had detained.

"Now, sir," he said, "we will take the train at the station. Forward, march!"

As they came in sight of the town he sent for the bandmaster and the sergeant of the color guard.

"Uncase your colors," he said to the latter; and to the bandmaster he added, "Can your men play 'The Star-Spangled Banner'?"

"Yes, sir, of course, sir."

"Then play it till you drop."

Into the "dangerous" town swung the regiment, the colors flying and the men perspiring in their heavy full-dress uniforms. Down through it they marched, the band playing the National air in front, and although the square and the corners were crowded, not a word was said. In silence the men with pistols in their pockets and rifles leaning against the fences watched them go by. Almost a cheer rose as they boarded the train that was to take them to the country where the flag excited feelings of another kind.

And that's where pride came in.

But, to come back to the present, we are supposed not to be a warlike nation, but in the short period of our existence, not counting the Indian wars or our fratricidal strife, we have had five conflicts with foreign powers. The Revolution, the quasi-war with France, the war of 1812, the war with Mexico, the war with Spain, and the present long-drawn

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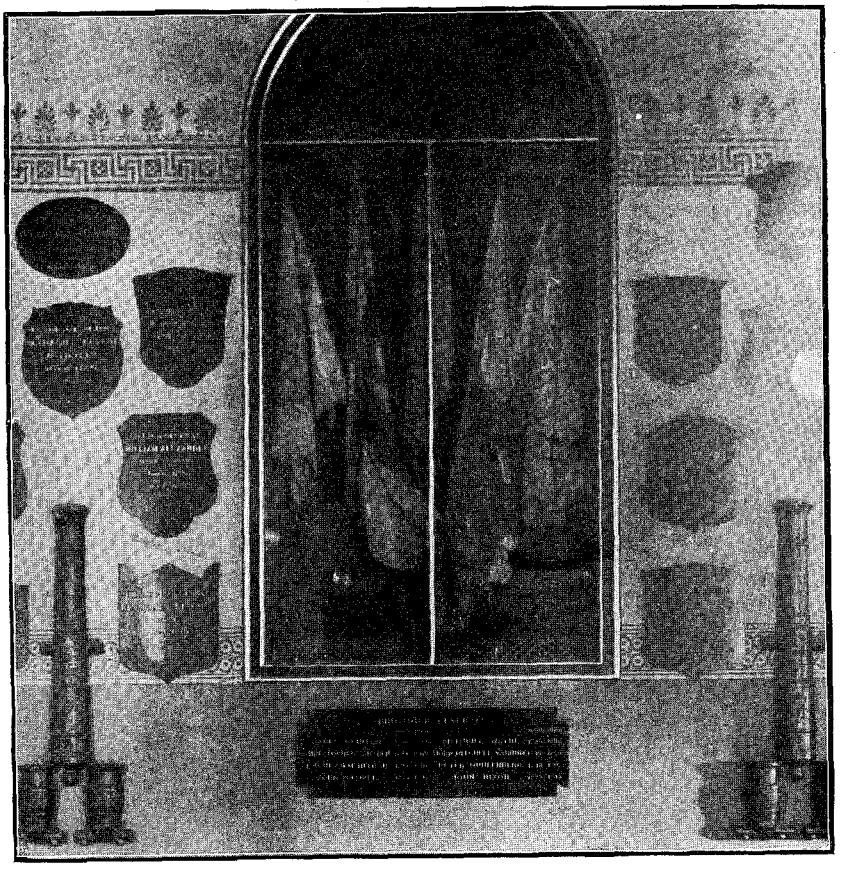
trouble in the Philippines—in all nearly eighteen years of conflict, not counting our troubles here at all.

Strange to say, the war with Spain and the consequent enlargement of our army have been responsible for changes only obvious to the initiated at West Point.

The names on some of the memorial tablets date back but a few years, for it seems only the other day that they were young fellows who were wearing their gray coats about the Academy grounds. A short time ago, say eight or ten years, the instructors and the officers of the troops stationed at West Point were men past middle age, gray-haired first lieutenants and captains slowly approaching the retired list. But how is it now? Captains of twenty-eight and thirty years of age, first lieutenants of twenty-four or twenty-five. Up-to-date, keen and eager, and veterans every one. You meet at the officers' mess a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow of soldierly appearance, but somewhat of the look also of the student about him, and you are informed that he won distinction in the Philippines and was returned wounded on two occasions. He may now be teaching rhetoric or history, but he is just as keen about his work as if he were leading his blue-shirted men through the dismal swamps of Luzon, where, according to all accounts, he was keen enough.

The time, perhaps, to see the Military Academy at its best is not when there is any special function or centennial celebration taking place. It is easy then to get a glimpse of the life of the cadet. It is very simple, hard work and hard play from six o'clock in the morning to nine-thirty at night—that is, between reveillé and tattoo. The recitations begin at eight A.M., continue to one, and then from two to four. How the cadets find time for football practice during the fall months



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

THE CAPTURED BATTLE-FLAGS IN THE CHAPEL

Among them two flags captured from the British.

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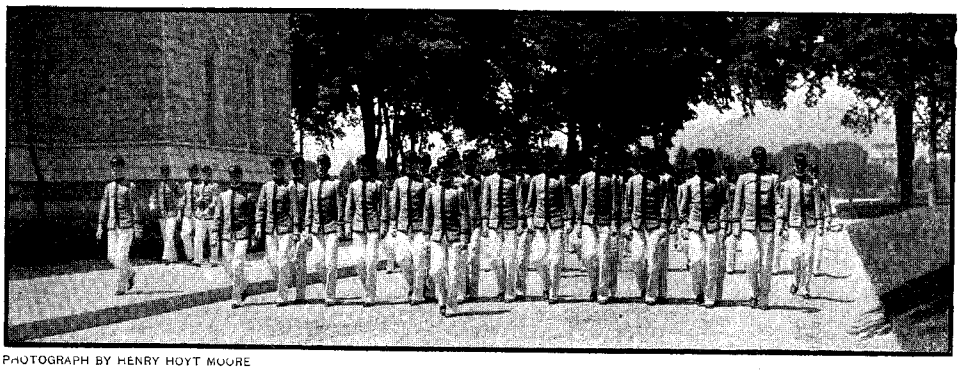

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

WEST POINT CADETS OF 1902

is what puzzles many collegians who consider this the most important part of their undergraduate existence. But they manage to work time in somehow to play one of the best games in the country.

At present the cadet battalion is in camp, and the men are living under the shelter of their brown canvas tents. Every year since 1819 they have done the same during the summer months, and the names given to the encampment are a record of prominent graduates and public officials of the time. Now the place is full of visitors and gay with the brilliant dress of fair women. The cadet takes them the usual round; he shows them the old forts and the old cannon, the captured British battle-flags, the Hessian and Mexican trophies. Next year he may be thousands of miles away at some lonely station in the Philippines, but now from all about him one hundred years of history look down and bid him God-speed.

The United States Military Academy, West Point 1802-1902

By Edward S. Holden

Here, where resistlessly the river runs
Between majestic mountains to the sea,
The patriots' watchfires burned: their constancy
Won freedom as an heritage for their sons.
To keep that freedom pure, inviolate,
Here are the nation's children schooled in arts
Of peace, in disciplines of war; their hearts
Made resolute, their wills subordinate,
To do their utmost duty at the call
Of this their country, whatsoe'er befall.
Broadcast upon our history's ample page
The records of their valiant deeds are strown.
Proudly their alma mater claims her own.
May she have sons like these from age to age!

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His Britannic Majesty

By George W. Smalley

THE King of England is sixty-one years of age, and has been King of England rather less than eighteen months. There lies hid under that simple arithmetical statement the explanation of many things, on most of which I will ask the reader to reflect for himself. Two remarks only I wish to make—first, that the long minority of the Prince of Wales would excuse many shortcomings in the King, and, second, that there are so few shortcomings to excuse. The trite stories of the Prince's freedom of life during all those forty years from early manhood to the Throne are but the variegated background against which the King's fitness for kingship stands out clear. For, in fact, from the first moment of his accession he made it evident that he meant to be King of England. There is a story—true or not, it is characteristic—that, after the Queen's death, landing at Portsmouth on his journey from Osborne in the Isle of Wight to London, he found the union jack flying at half-mast. "Why is the flag lowered?" he asked of the general in command. "In honor of her late Majesty," answered the officer. "I had always thought," retorted the King, "that the accession of a new sovereign was an occasion of joy."

The holding of his first Privy Council was an event. Various ceremonies of importance had then to be transacted. "It was a historical Council," said one of those present, "and it was all impressive, but nothing impressed us so much as the bearing of the King. We had all known him as Prince of Wales. It became evident at once that we had yet to know him as King. His air of authority sat on him as if he had worn it always, and he had plainly come to the Throne to rule."

That first impression has been strengthened ever since, definite as are the limits which the regal authority in England can no longer overpass. Perhaps I ought to dwell rather on the limits than on the authority, for, on some points, the strangest misconceptions of the extent of the King's power find their way into print. We were gravely told some months ago in a despatch from London that the King was considering whom he should designate as Leader of the House of Commons in the event of Mr. Balfour's retirement. Not even in the days of the Tudors would the House have parted with the control of its own proceedings. When the peace negotiations with the Boers began, Ministers were said to have entered upon them in obedience to the King's wish. He wanted Peace as one more jewel to adorn the crown he was to assume in June. That the King had a wish for peace and expressed it is very probable. But that any Prime Minister should suffer his conceptions of public duty to be overruled by the personal desire of the King is inconceivable. He would resign first. It is equally inconceivable that any successor should accept office under a dictation of that kind, or agree that his responsibility as Minister should be put aside in deference to the sovereign.

A King has an influence with his Ministry in proportion to his personal force of character. The Queen had an immense influence of that kind, to which her immense experience lent weight. The King has it, of course, in less degree, but in a much greater degree than was anticipated. If there were in these days a Chatham, he certainly would not kneel at the bedside of Edward Seventh as Chatham did at the bedside of George Third when transacting business. Other times, other manners. But the social superiority of the sovereign is still very much what it was a hundred and fifty years ago. The value of experience is the same, and of character, and, in personal intercourse, of royalty—provided the royalty himself is convinced of it. And there is no doubt that this King is convinced of it; and will convince others. Yet I heard the other day that in a matter so largely one of prerogative as the creation of new Peers his personal wish proved ineffective. Two men—both were named—he desired to raise to the peerage at his coronation. Lord Salisbury told his

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Majesty that he would lay down his office sooner than recommend either of them; and so neither is to get this coveted distinction. In plain words, if the King and the Prime Minister disagree, it is the will of the Prime Minister and not the will of the King that prevails. Lord Salisbury, who is the highest living authority on the subject, said of the late Queen that no Minister ever lightly disregarded her advice. The word "advice" is the very word used to denote the Ministerial decisions which are communicated to the sovereign. But they are decisions, and the sovereign's communications with the Prime Ministers are expressions of opinions or wishes, to be accepted or rejected in his discretion.

This again only emphasizes the importance of the King's character, and, since you ask me for a personal impression, I will give it. I begin by saying that the King himself has defined his own view of his position. When he took his oath before the Privy Council, his Majesty said: "I am fully determined to be a constitutional sovereign in the strictest sense of the word." Those who are most about him and know him best will tell you that he fully understands the meaning of that pledge. Vague as the word constitutional may seem to American eyes accustomed to a written law, the unwritten law on which depend in part the relations between the Crown and the Kingdom is definite, perfectly well understood, acted on with precision, and capable of being enforced against any occupant of the throne who should seek to overstep it. It would be enforced, because he could find no Ministers to carry out an unconstitutional policy, nor, if the Ministers were found, could a Parliament be elected to keep them in office. The whole fabric of government would come tumbling about the ears of a king who sought to transcend his constitutional powers.

All this the King knows, but, whether he knew it or not, he has a loyalty of nature which would make usurpation or oppression impossible to him. That is my belief from what I have seen of Prince and King alike: a belief confirmed by all that is known of him publicly. Loyalty is a word with a reciprocal meaning. It is expected of the subject, and the subject renders it to the King because the King in turn is loyal to him, respects his rights, rules justly, and rules subject to the law. That is not always the royal theory, I admit. It was not the view of the late Queen, admirable as she was in her observance of law and obedient to every constitutional restriction. But when there came that great outpouring of loyal homage at the first Jubilee, a courtier said to her Majesty that it was a tribute to her virtues as ruler and as woman. "Not at all," answered her Majesty; "the only loyalty I recognize is loyalty to the Queen." Whether good or bad Queen was to make no difference. But of course it did make a difference, and it makes a difference with the present King.

It cannot be repeated too often, it is the law and not the sovereign which is supreme. The sovereign is but the creation of the law; in other words, the title to the Throne is a Parliamentary title. All this is elementary, and if I dwell on what is elementary it is because, at the time of the King's accession and since, so much has been said in certain American newspapers implying that the King could do pretty much as he liked. One journal suggested that he could dismiss Lord Salisbury and send for Lord Rosebery because he liked Lord Rosebery best of the two. Well, if his Majesty had done that, he would have had to provide his friend Lord Rosebery with a majority in the House of Commons in order that he might carry on the government. It has not yet been suggested how that was to be done.

If we look over the long period from the death of William of Orange to the accession of the late Queen, we shall find, I think, no English monarch who had in him so many of the essential attributes of kingship as Edward the Seventh has. What all these kings were like we know pretty well from history and memoirs, and it is, in truth, no very great compliment to this Edward to put him far above them all. George the Third, narrow, bigoted, stubborn, blind to the true interests of his kingdom as he was throughout his reign, was the best of them. "He did his duty," says Sir George Trevelyan in his "Early Life of Charles James Fox," "conscientiously, laboriously, indefatigably, and as badly as it could possibly be done." But he was a King having and using authority—

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QUEEN ALEXANDRA

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KING EDWARD VII

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the last English King who imposed his personal will on his Ministers. Edward the Seventh will not do that, but he will do much. Whatever constitutional fetters impede the movements of a king, a strong man remains a strong man; and he is certainly not weaker because he is a king and has behind him the authority of the ages.

Well, I do think this present King a strong man. He had, while Prince of Wales, a force of character which spent itself in other directions. "Half their strength they put not forth," says Emerson of the English generally; and of this particular Englishman it was true during his regal minority. And such strength as he put forth was not primarily political. He held aloof from politics and parties. He broke with the precedents which send a Prince of Wales into opposition. He was politically what Mr. Bagehot called him, "an unemployed youth." To the leaders of both parties he showed the same degree of courtesy. To the Queen he was not the kind of political aide-de-camp she at first desired, and when he at last became aware what opportunities he had missed by withdrawing himself from that share in public business which lay open to him, it was too late. So, at first by inclination and then by necessity, the Prince was thrown upon social life. But social influences are extremely powerful, and to be at the head of English society is a position which gives much and teaches much.

During many years of his earlier life the Prince took easy views of things. Society, the turf, travel, amused him. Yet even in those years his character grew, and when his interests broadened, as they did long before he succeeded his mother, he began to wield an influence perhaps all the greater because it was, at least to the public, invisible, silent, and unsuspected. But Ministers knew. Lord Beaconsfield, whom few things escaped, was the first to perceive of what the Prince was capable, and in what new direction his thoughts and wishes were tending. Mr. Gladstone, who lived much in an atmosphere of his own creation, was less sensitive to new impressions; indeed, when he had once made up his mind on a subject, nothing was more difficult than to get him to reopen it. Perhaps the new bent of the Prince's mind may be traced to Lord Rosebery, so far as it is traceable to any other person than himself.

. . . That moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave

he gave to the Ulysses of modern English politics; and Lord Rosebery handed on the same medicinal herb to the Prince of Wales. Among the group of men whom the Prince admitted to his intimacy, there was none comparable in capacity or character to Lord Rosebery; none other who, directly or indirectly, was likely to present serious affairs to the Prince in an attractive light. Many lighter tastes and pursuits they had in common, and it was because of this sympathy that it was possible for Lord Rosebery to divert his future sovereign's attention from what was at one time an almost exclusive interest in the *agréments* of life. The powers of the Heir to the Throne developed slowly, but they were always there. His own clear perception of things, his contact with the statesmen who were the Queen's associates in affairs, his tact, his natural good sense and good judgment, would, in any case, have led him presently along the path he followed. But I apprehend that the charm with which Lord Rosebery knew how to adorn the driest subject was among the first inducements which led the Prince toward these new fields.

His interest once awakened never flagged. He had, besides his hereditary concern in English politics, a wide connection with those of the Continent. None of the present royal family of Great Britain has ever forgotten his or her German origin. None of them ever forgets that there is a sense in which, with perhaps a single exception, all the reigning families of Europe are allied by blood or marriage, and are therefore one family. The diplomacy of the Continent is therefore a family council. The sense of kinship and of clanship is very strong, and not least strong in that branch which alone has had a foothold both on the Continent and in England. We in America may have a little difficulty in conceiving such a state of things, but we may see clearly how it is if we imagine these royalties writing letters and paying visits to one another, in which they discuss the fortunes of great empires and kingdoms

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as matters personal to themselves. They not only discuss, but often direct. Such an education as that has been the education of the King. Whatever republicans may think of it as affecting the nations concerned, we may readily admit that to a ruler it is a great thing to have been at such a school of statesmanship as this. The history of the last eighteen months shows how Edward the Seventh has profited by such tuition.

We Americans have certain prejudices to get rid of before we can do justice to a king. But we ought to be just to this one, if only because he has approved himself, as did his mother before him, our friend. It has become a commonplace to say so; and the commonplaceness of it is good proof of its truth. Americans of distinction who have been abroad are so many witnesses of the fact. They have been welcomed at Marlboro' House, or at Homburg, or at Sandringham; so have other Americans whose chief claim to distinction was their Americanism—which itself for many years has been a passport across many a social frontier in England. The Queen's real regard for the United States and real wish for a good understanding between England and the United States has descended to her son. I will venture to add, delicate as the ground is to tread, that American women in London have done much to foster this inherited and personal predisposition. From the earliest days of the American invasion, when American women, of whom some are still living, began to enliven London society and to light up certain waste spaces of social life, the Prince showed himself susceptible to these new enchantments. The influence thus gained has never been lost, nor the effect of it diminished. The Prince liked Americans. The King likes them. It may not be amiss to note that two American women whose rank as wives of British husbands would not entitle them to witness the Coronation in Westminster Abbey will witness it as guests of the King. It certainly cannot be amiss to note that the first Ambassador with whom the King has dined is the American Ambassador, Mr. Choate. And when the President appointed Mr. Whitelaw Reid Special Ambassador for the Coronation, the King first intimated through official channels his pleasure in this act of our Government, then sent a private message to say how glad he was that the Ambassador should be Mr. Reid, who had held the same post at the Queen's Jubilee.

Older and better-known instances of this friendship I need not refer to, but they are a multitude. The most recent of all relates to the appointment of Mr. Herbert as British Ambassador at Washington in succession to the late Lord Pauncefote, whose lamented death deprives Great Britain, as Lord Salisbury said in the House of Lords, of a great public servant, and us, as Mr. Hay said, of a valued friend. The King, though I think preferring Mr. Herbert to other diplomatists who had been named, took no strong part until he learned that our Government wanted him. That he thought, as Lord Salisbury and Lord Lansdowne seem to have thought, a decisive reason for Mr. Herbert's appointment. The best Ambassador was the Ambassador we liked best.

This also I must add, from my own knowledge as well as from other sources: It is known how the Queen intervened at two critical moments during our Civil War to soften the asperity with which her Ministers were disposed to handle Anglo-American issues. There were other occasions, not so well known. They were known to the Prince and are remembered by the King, and it is certain that, should the need for it occur, his action would be governed by the same motives as the Queen's—motives of good will to this country and a profound sense of the importance to both countries of a permanent, unbroken, good understanding in all Anglo-American relations.

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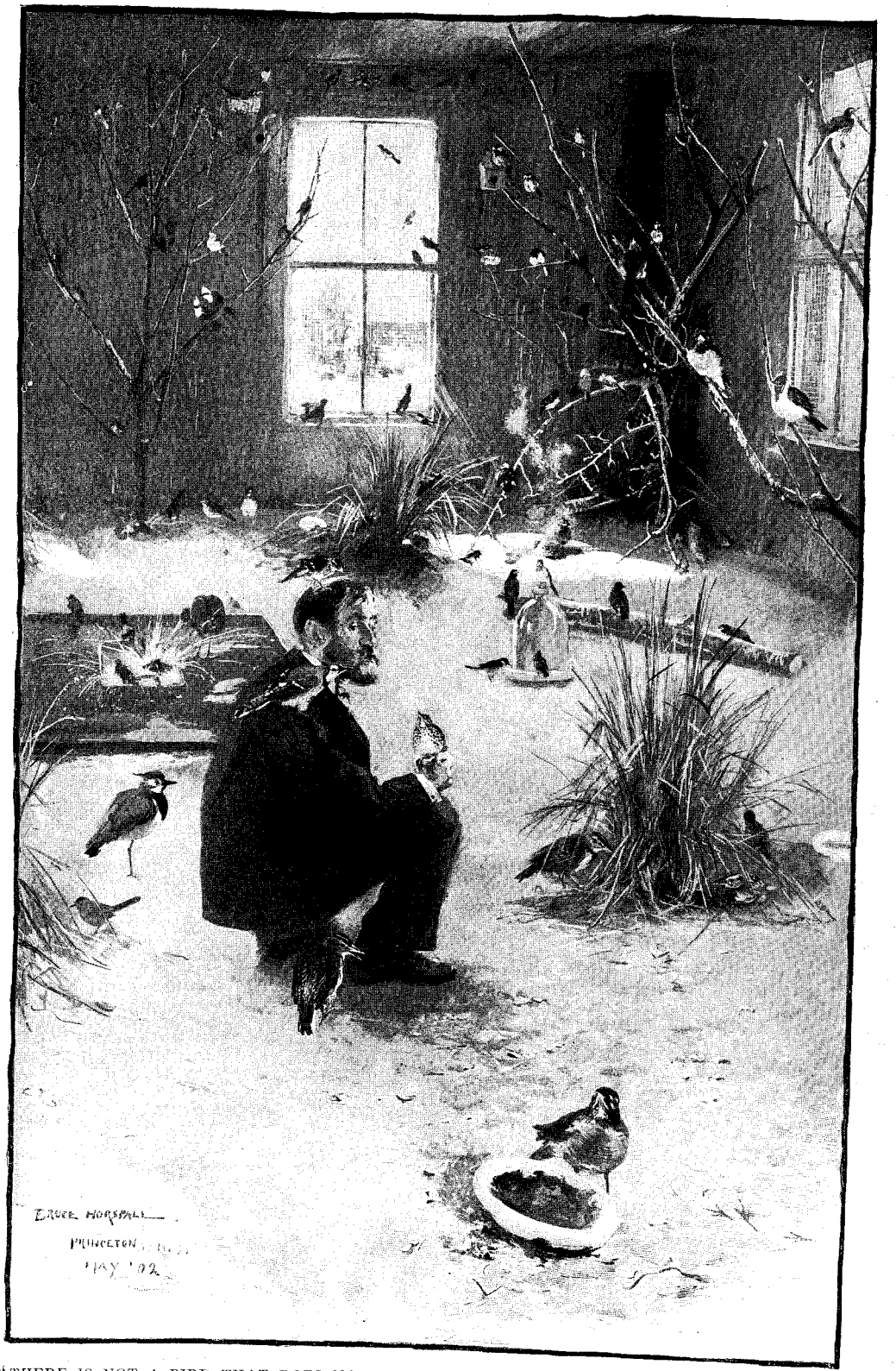

"THERE IS NOT A BIRD THAT DOES NOT ENJOY AND APPRECIATE THE SOCIETY OF PEOPLE"

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A TALK ON BIRDS

BY WILLIAM EARL DODGE SCOTT

Curator of Ornithology, Princeton University

ILLUSTRATED WITH PICTURES BY BRUCE HORSFALL

[At the request of the Editors of The Outlook, Mr. Scott, in an informal talk with one of the staff of The Outlook, here stenographically reported, has given the following account of his remarkable and interesting collection of live birds at Princeton, and his personal relationship with wild song-birds, covering a term of many years—a relationship which has made him one of the foremost experts in this country on the life and habits of song-birds. There are about five hundred live birds, native and foreign, in Mr. Scott's collection. Some of the birds, like the canaries, are caged, but many of them are flying around in the large rooms devoted to them. The laboratory consists of four bird rooms and a kitchen exclusively used for the preparation of the bird food. The collection is primarily for the purpose of conducting investigation that may lead to a better understanding of birds out-of-doors, and the problems which their life presents. Mr. Scott is a graduate of Harvard, where he was a pupil of Louis Agassiz. In spite of a lameness which compels him to walk, even in the house, with caution and with the aid of a cane, he has traveled all over the United States, pursuing his study of the life and character of the bird in its out-of-door, natural surroundings. Not one of the least interesting things about Mr. Scott's achievements is the fact to which he himself refers in his interview—that a physical impediment, which would be considered by many people to be an almost insuperable obstacle in his path as a naturalist, has really turned out to be an advantage and aid. Mr. Scott is the author of numerous scientific papers and of a comprehensive and elaborately printed and illustrated work on birds entitled "Bird Studies."—THE EDITORS.]

I MUST say right in the beginning, before we go in to look at the live birds, that if you want me to encourage any one to maintain a collection of live birds such as I have, or even a much more limited one, you have a wrong impression, and I will tell you why. There are very few people who would willingly give up what they would have to in order to get any results—very inadequate ones they would doubtless seem to most people. There is never a morning in the year when I do not get up at daylight. The first thing, before I eat anything myself, or give any thought to myself whatever, I think of my birds; and when I tell you that I have a man who does nothing but look after these birds—who has no other responsibilities of any kind (except to look out for himself), and that he is busy from daylight until seven at night, you begin to have an idea what it means to keep such a laboratory. Of course five or ten birds would mean less care and work; but even then they would need attention the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night; and there are very few people who are willing to tie themselves down to such an exacting recreation or responsibility. For, when you take the life of any kind of an animal into your hands, you make yourself its special providence; and I do not think you have the right to assume the care of any living thing unless you appreciate this responsibility. It is like a man assuming an obligation at a bank, and much more, because there is the possibility of remedying a mistake at a bank, but when something dies through your neglect it is past remedy.

Out-of-doors, in the province of the great Ruler of the universe, there is no such thing as suffering as we understand it. I mean that the birds and animals that live a free life out-of-doors are never ill; they never have a headache; they scarcely know what pain is; and I will tell you why. When they die, their death is instant; there is no expectation of it. They have nothing to do except what would make any one who did it the happiest in the world—that is, simply to earn their living; but they are not allowed to do just that; they must suffer the penalty of transgression as everything else does, and the reason is evident. The moment any organism, whether an animal or plant, is out of balance in any way, the adjustment of the whole machinery of nature being so fine, that organism must suffer in some way. For instance, if a bird loses the sight of one eye it soon becomes the victim of some bird of prey on the lookout for his dinner, for he will take advantage of the lack of balance in the organism, and the weaker perishes.

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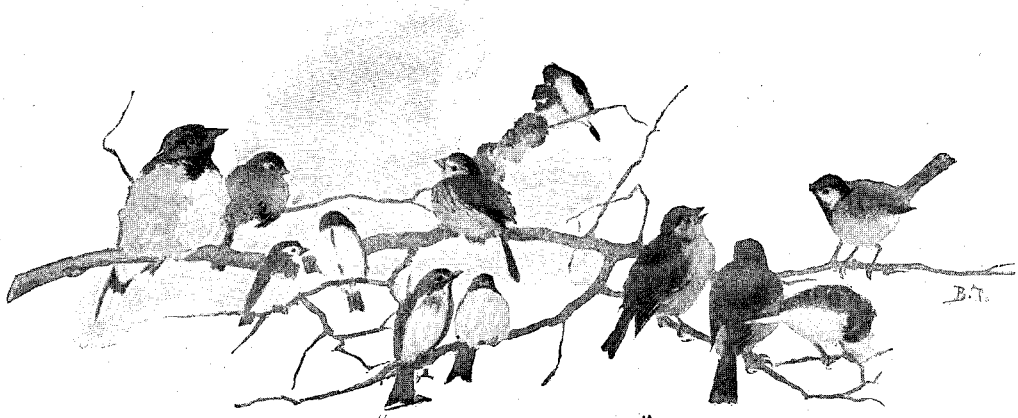

"NO CASTE DISTINCTION"

The birds of the forest and the field are absolutely unconscious of themselves—and that is very beautiful. They simply live for the passing hour, and they live in the very best way—there is no expectation, no anticipation; but the moment they are thrown out of balance in any way, some hawk, cat, weasel, or other enemy kills them.

Now, I have been studying birds for more than thirty-five years. I have studied them in pretty nearly all parts of North America and in other places, and I have collected and catalogued some forty thousand different birds for museums. I have seen them in every conceivable environment you can imagine, and have shot more than any man ought ever to think of shooting; I have never seen a sick, dead, or wounded bird or animal of any kind in the woods. Moreover, my travels have taken me among hunters, trappers, and woodsmen, and I have frequently put to them the question, "Did you ever see a sick animal or a dead animal, except one killed by accident?" and they have always said the same thing, "No." Therefore you will see what I mean when I say that the responsibility you assume in caring for birds in captivity is the responsibility of Providence. Out-of-doors the conditions are fixed, and they are manifestations of the mercy of God; and you must remember that the whole thing is absolutely and entirely in line with the great fundamental thought of evolution which Darwin has laid down, not as his own discovery, but as his philosophical conviction after examining the work which many men had done for many years, and this does not in any way conflict with or attempt to assign a First Cause; Darwin simply gave us a working hypothesis, accounting for the condition of things that exist in the world—that is all he tried to do, although a great many people do not understand this. You will see, therefore, that I do not wish to urge people to keep birds in confinement.

Now, when I take you to my birds, you will be impressed with the fact that they are all happy and in good spirits, and that I have established with them a relation which, while I would not call it anomalous, still might well be called unusual; and, further, that there is not a bird that does not enjoy and appreciate the society of people; not necessarily my society, but any one's. I think if I were to go away, in a little while they would forget me and take up with some one else, though now they know me better than any one. Now, in general, there is nothing of that kind out-of-doors, and for obvious reasons. We have not been very good to the birds (I told you what I have done myself, and other men have done similar things). The instinct of man in relation to birds has been the savage instinct to kill, and this instinct is but a remnant of the time when men *had* to hunt and kill to make a living, just as birds of prey do now. Therefore the attitude of a bird out-of-doors towards men is exactly the attitude of any other wild animal. I firmly believe, however, that a relation can be established out-of-doors similar to that which exists in my bird laboratory. In fact, that is what I have been leading up to; and that is why I said that any one holding this attitude towards birds or other animals stands in the relation of Providence to them; and

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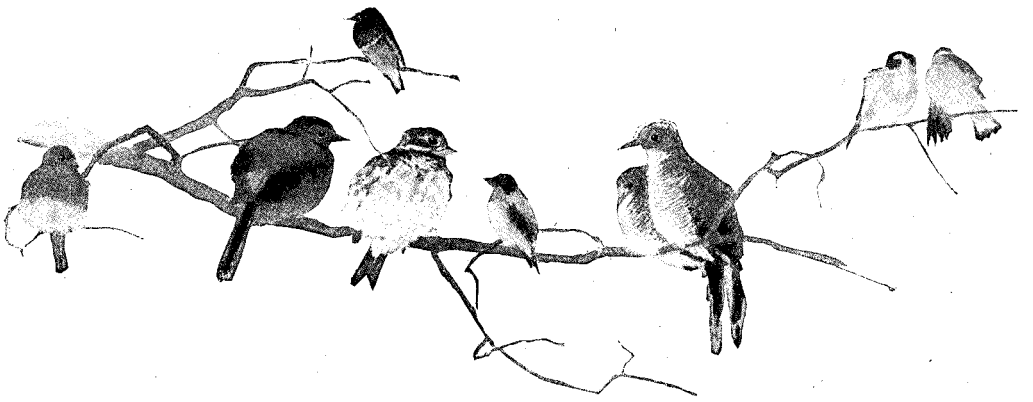

"BIRDS OF A FEATHER"

my birds realize that good things happen when I am about.

Birds out-of-doors in the struggle for existence pretty well appreciate that, as a rule, bad things happen when boys and men are around, and they are fearful and on their guard. In places where birds have not been molested by man, as in deserts, on the islands of the Pacific, and in parts of Arizona where I have been, birds have no fear. In the latter place I remember going to a bird's nest, and, wishing to see the eggs, I had to gently lift the bird off, found out what I wished, and put her back. She did not appear to be disturbed or alarmed by this. Nor do I think that there was anything peculiar and special in my attitude; this bird had never been disturbed by man, and felt no fear; there was nothing occult about it, nor was it because of any peculiar influence which I possessed or exercised. I observed a few simple rules—that is, I did not make a noise or move rapidly, but that is all. For instance, in Central Park, New York, I have seen a policeman, after a few instructions, stand still, holding something in his fingers which birds like, and I have seen a titmouse fly and take it, simply because people there had established such a relation; the man had no special power; he was only a big, burly policeman, who was not particularly in sympathy with nature. He simply put himself into the right attitude towards bird-life, and it responded.

It is easy to establish the right relationship with birds. I remember once an elm-tree blew down in front of our home in which there was a nest of young flickers. I did not wish to bring them into the house, as I did not care to have my birds hear their notes, and so put them into an old bird-cage and left them outside. We fed them with the regular bird food, and they grew up all right. They became so tame that when the door was left open they flew out and went all about, but always came back to the cage, and when the house-door opened and any one appeared they fairly yelled with delight and begged to be fed.

I once had a crow that followed me about like a dog. He would light on my shoulder and go with me to the college, and stay about on the campus until I appeared again, and accompany me home. Some days he would fly off with other birds and come home at night; and he was as strong and able as any of his kind. But he was too innocent and trusting; he was finally poisoned.

Now, what are birds in confinement fed on? Well, a good many things: dried ants' eggs, for one thing, different kinds of seeds, and, for dessert, meal-worms; and here is a case where "good" and "bad" are relative terms; for the meal-worm, which is the despair of millers and housewives, is the daintiest morsel you can give a bird.

Come now and see the live birds.

Each of these birds is to me an individual; you see how tame and fearless they are; I do not believe a blue grosbeak ever ate from any one else's hand as this one does. I want you to see how perfectly tame and happy these birds are, and many of them are birds that were trapped, and nothing frightens a bird more; yet when I get them here, in ten days' time I can have them as tame as they are now.

Do you see that big, beautiful red-

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THE QUAILS SUNNING THEMSELVES

breasted robin over there? He cannot see on one side; he is out of balance, and, if he were in the woods, something would kill him at once; he is perfectly happy here. Some of the birds you see were born and bred here, and in that way I study their inheritance, their habits and disposition. I suppose that birds do thinking of an elementary kind, but not at all in a line which you would call abstract; it is a concrete kind of reasoning. Now listen; do you hear that crowing? Sounds like a young rooster, doesn't it? Well, I'll tell you about that later.

I believe from the study I have made so far that none of these birds—the robin, the wood-thrush, the bobolink, the meadow-lark, etc.—would sing the song which we associate with them unless they were first taught it; and they are taught it by their parents. I can explain this further on another basis. The meadow-larks are birds that range from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They are found as far north as the northern limits of the United States and as far south as Mexico. Meadow-larks are practically non-migratory; they do not take any protracted tours. These birds are in exactly the same condition in which the people of England, France, and Germany were before we had facilities for travel. A hundred and fifty years ago a man who had traveled was looked upon with wonder, and people exclaimed, "Oh, he has traveled!" Most people never traveled farther than fifty or sixty miles from their homes; they were provincial, and they spoke the language which their fathers and forefathers had spoken. It was the same in Germany and France; the people spoke the patois of the region just as they had always heard it. Language is a matter of education; there is no question about that; a child will learn one language as readily as another; it all depends upon what it hears; and so a whole people, if they never travel, will acquire provincialisms in speech and manner. Now, in the same way, birds become provincial in their song. Any ornithologist in this country will tell you that the meadow-lark in Denver, the meadow-lark in Florida, and the meadow-lark in Mexico sing songs so different from meadow-larks about New York that you would hardly realize that they were of the same family; but if you traveled slowly south or west, you could not find out where one song leaves off and another begins; the transition from one dialect of song is gradual and not abrupt. For instance, here the meadow-lark sings a song composed of three notes; in Denver it is much more elaborate—it is more like the oriole song here—a long warbling sound, elaborate and protracted, and yet it is the song of the meadow-lark. It is not a different species; this is proven by the fact that if the meadow-larks from different sections intermate, the offspring will be fertile. This establishes the fact of their being of the same physiological species. We conclude, therefore, that birds learn their songs by association.

A young robin always sings as his father sings. Probably propinquity and imitation are the chief factors. You remember you heard that bird "crow" a while ago; now I'll tell you about it—I wanted you first to see and hear for yourselves. It is a red-winged blackbird brought up by hand. I took him from his parents directly he was born, and put him in a room alone, away from all sounds, as I supposed; but when the time came for him to sing, he crowed like a rooster; and then it devel-

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oped that every morning a bantam rooster had crowed under his window.

There is a curious thing about teaching birds—I must tell you about it. The life of a bird is short in comparison with the life of man. The most receptive period of a man's life is from the time he is two or three weeks old until he is twenty-five; after that impressions come slower, but meditation begins. Imitation is a great educator. The urchins on the street will do just as the college boys do—and no one tells them to do so. The most receptive period of a bird's life is from the time he begins to be fed until he is six weeks old; during that time he learns most of the things, in at least the way of notes, that he ever learns. Then there is a physiological fact which must be taken into consideration. Physiologically, birds are different from most animals—that is, there is a very large ebb and flow in the sexual part of their life. Birds do not sing the year round. Joyously the male bird's note rings out when his passion awakes, and wanes when his passion ends. Take the bullfinch of Europe, for instance, one of the birds that can be taught to whistle a tune most perfectly. If you have taught a bullfinch a particular air, and want him to retain it, you must, during the molting season, whistle that tune for him over and over, or he is likely to forget it.

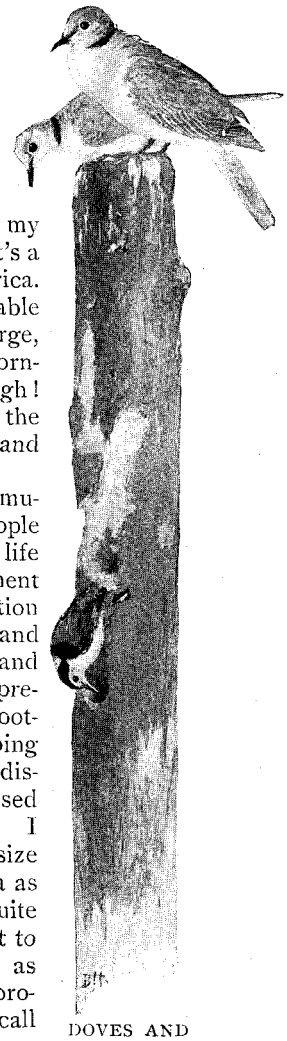
I do not believe there is any such thing as caste distinction among birds, but, if you will forgive the trite old remark, "birds of a feather do flock together." You can see for yourself. See those Japanese robins over there, four or five together on a branch—they look Japanese, don't they, with their soft gray breasts, the ivory tints, and that touch of red? Over there are the doves cooing together—although that little ground-dove keeps by itself; the robins, blackbirds, all seem to prefer their own kind.

Do you see that queer-colored, reddish canary over there in the cage with the plain yellow one? That's because I fed him in a certain way; but when he molts he will turn back into a plain yellow canary, unless I feed him with that special food through the molting season. A change of food has effected for a time a radical change in appearance. Conditions out-of-doors must have similar results.

You see I don't have to go to New York for my opera—I have it right here; here's my Wagner. This is an Indian bird—the shamah of India, and one of the best singers in the whole world; he not only sings, but composes his own music, and it's fine, too. Here's my Verdi, a bullfinch; he makes wonderfully sweet and pretty music, but he doesn't come up to Wagner over there for originality. Oh, Verdi, so you're going to whistle for us this morning! All right. Yes, I knew you would not believe that such notes could come from a bird's throat, with so much human tone in it; that's why I've been talking to you all the time, so you could see I wasn't whistling. He whistles a simple German air, taught him by some patient peasant in the Fatherland. As a wild bird he has little or no song.

No, they are not a bit afraid of me; this fellow is only playing with me, although he could take a piece out of my hand if he wanted to; it's a toucan from South America. This magpie is a sociable fellow. "Hello, George, how's your cough this morning?" Hear him cough! All that birds ask for is the right kind of treatment and they will respond.

I think in every community there are enough people interested in out-of-door life to co-operate in a movement to establish a kindly relation with wild creatures, and who, if they once understand conditions, will try to prevent, not simply the shooting of birds and the robbing of birds' nests, but the disturbing conditions imposed by well-meaning people. I should like to emphasize the fact that the camera as it is used at present is quite as disturbing an element to the birds of any region as the collector was. The process of getting what they call the life-history of the young



DOVES AND NUTHATCH

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bird is something like this. A man goes out with a camera, and finds, say, a wood-thrush's nest on a convenient low limb. But there is not light enough shining directly on the nest to enable him to make an instantaneous picture. So he erects his camera and coolly proceeds to trim and cut away enough of the environment to let in sufficient light for his purpose, and then he says he gives us a picture of what was there, whereas it isn't a picture of what was there at all. It is something different, because he has destroyed the frame. Unless working for some real scientific end—and few are so occupied—he does nothing but evil. In all probability he so frightens the mother-bird that she deserts her young; and if that is averted, the nest is so exposed that when the old bird leaves it for a minute the sun shines directly on the young ones, or the rain drenches them, and even when they survive you will see that such treatment will soon breed a very scared race of birds. The sportsman is kinder in some ways, for, in killing, it is all over at once, while this method is protracted agony. And this disturbance is not confined to one special case, but it alarms a whole neighborhood of birds. If you strike a nervous bird, she makes an outcry, so that a cat could hardly do more damage than a camera often does; or if you brought along an owl (and there is hardly anything which frightens a bird more), you could not have a bigger circus for the time being. The point I want to make is that the so-called seeker after the life-history of the young bird with his camera does much harm.

Another deplorable factor is the so-called "observation party." I always object to ladies coming in here with their hats on, because my birds would resent that as something they did not understand. Now, what is an observation party? Some one who knows something about birds goes to a school of girls, or perhaps a select school of both sexes, and gives some talks about birds in the early spring; then the next thing is the field excursion. When I want to observe birds, I never go out with more than one person at a time; and when you realize that parties of from ten to twenty young ladies and young men, with parasols and cameras, will march forth, and take long walks across the country to make observations, thinking that the more ground they cover the more they have seen (which is a great mistake, for he who wants to see and learn must move slowly), you will realize how little in sympathy these observation parties are with the things they go out to study. The person who really wants to observe birds should go alone, and the slower he goes the more he sees. In fact, I don't believe I would know half as much about birds as I do now if I had had two good legs instead of only one. The man who goes the slowest sees the most. One of the greatest observers the world has known was White, the country parson and field naturalist, who was content to stay in the little village of Selborne and tell the world what he saw there—a pastor, a classical field naturalist, who was perfectly satisfied to see what happened on his own grass-plot, and in this way has made himself and the friend to whom he wrote his letters immortal for all time.

It is probable that there are no new birds to be discovered in any of the Eastern States of North America; but how many people—well-educated ones, too—can tell you how long a robin or a chipping-sparrow takes for the incubation of its eggs? and yet robins and chipping-sparrows breed in everybody's back yard, and from your window you may be able to observe the early life-history with no disturbance to the birds. It isn't necessary to go afar to see; find out what is in your back yard first. Natural history can be studied in the streets of New York as well as anywhere. I remember, one afternoon, speaking to a boys' club on the East Side of New York; it was called the Edward Eggleston Literary Club, and was composed of about forty Jewish boys; and when I told them I thought natural history could be studied in the streets of New York as well as anywhere, they said they did not believe there was any natural history on Avenue A. I said, "Is there a tree in the neighborhood?" and, finding that there was an ailantus-tree in the back yard, I suggested that we should go out and study it, although the boys maintained that it was perfectly bare, it being February. It was an ailantus-tree—a very common tree in the city of New York, although it is not indigenous to America; it was originally brought

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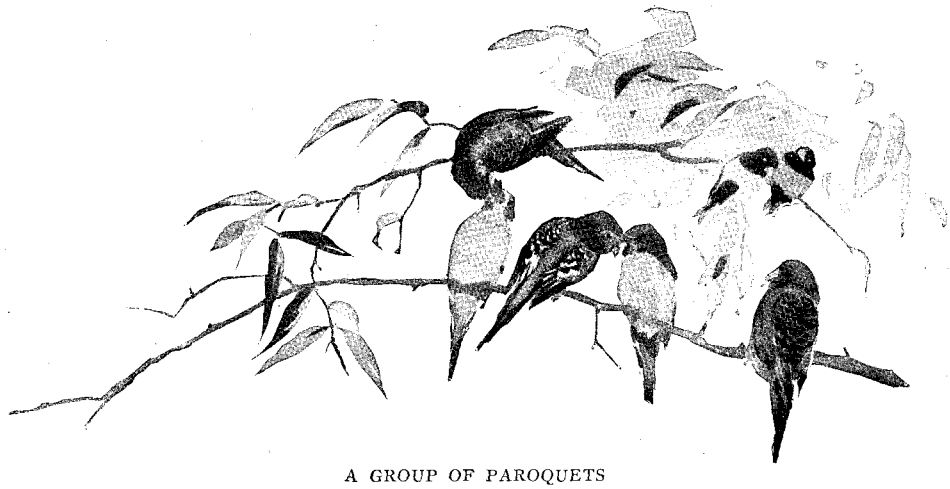

A GROUP OF PAROQUETS

from northern China. I looked at this tree, which seemed utterly bare to these boys, and saw hanging to it in many places cocoons of one of the Chinese silkworms. I pointed, and asked the boys if they had any idea what those things were, and one said they were strings with stones tied to the ends which some boys had thrown up there. Then I told them what they were and how they came to be there. Many years ago a man named Akhurst, a collector of insects, and especially of butterflies and moths, received from a friend of his in China some cocoons of this particular species of silkworm. He kept them in his room, but when they hatched out several moths escaped, and they attached themselves to these ailantus-trees, because they felt at home there; and so now this silkworm is about as common in New York and Brooklyn as in its natural environment. We then gathered a cocoon and took it into the club-house, and I told them to watch it, and that in a month they would have a magnificent moth, decorated with the most gorgeous colors. They were wild about it. I then told them that the cobble and paving stones, and all stone structures, would give them an opportunity of seeing different kinds of sandstone; and made them feel that under apparently the most unfavorable conditions there were things trying to be seen—things that they would tramp over the country to see and never find.

It is the same thing with birds. Before I moved here I had a place of about seven acres, and one afternoon last May—it was the 27th of May, to be exact—Mrs. Scott and I were sitting under the pine-trees with five or six of the college boys who were interested in birds. As we sat there talking, I suddenly said, "How many nests with eggs in them do you suppose there are on this place right now?" There were various guesses; and I went on, "Well, one of you take paper and pencil and we will go around and look, and, without climbing any trees at all, see how many we can find, and make a report to these people here." We did not go off the place at all, and we found sixty-three nests with eggs or young ones in them. I would have to refer to my note-book to tell you exactly how many different kinds were represented in that count. I do not think that was unusual for a place of that size, and I suppose in any ordinary yard five or six or eight pairs of birds breed every year, even in as unfavorable conditions as exist here; and where there is brush or anything of that kind, the number would be much larger.

I think that haste, or any "royal road," to attaining any end in knowledge is impossible. There is absolutely no short cut. You have got to breathe this thing, you have got to grow with it; and you must look for the things close at hand. It is eminently better that a man should know what is on his own doorstep before he studies his neighbor's fields; the first is what concerns him most.

I should also like to dwell a little on what is the ultimate end of this kind of study, as well as of all kind of study. It is not simply the acquisition of knowledge; it is not the assimilation of facts; but it is to establish a human relation with all these things out-of-doors, and to develop

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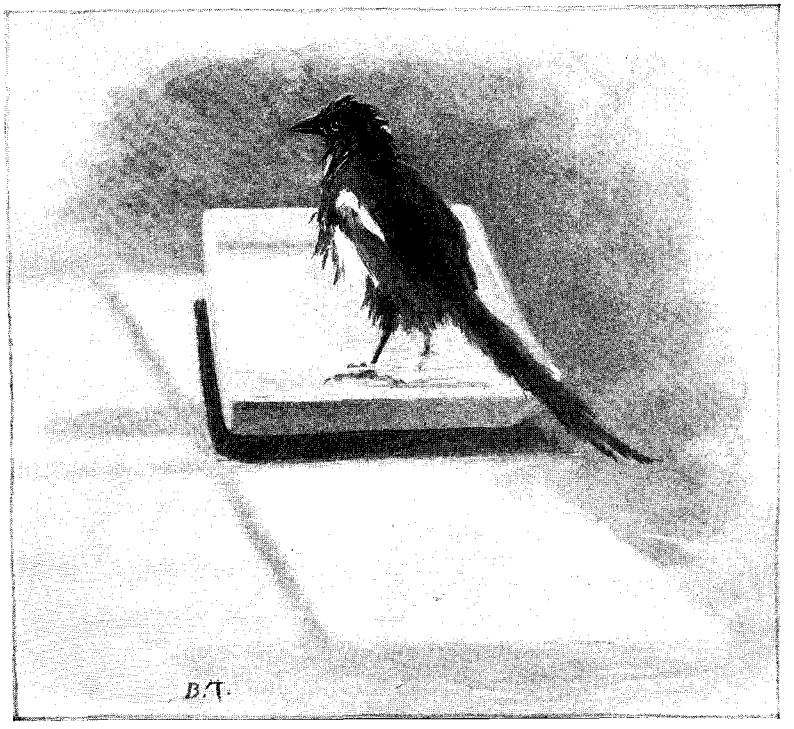
the sympathy and the love of the beautiful which is bound to come through a friendship established with any kind of organic life—I do not care whether that organic life be a plant or an animal. The moment you establish a friendship with a plant, care for it and minister to its needs, you feel that it is dependent on you, and you have a different attitude toward it altogether; you do not want any one to harm it, and it hurts you even to break off a twig unnecessarily. Now, how much more will this be the case if you establish a relationship with a live bird, or any animal? As soon as you grow fond of a particular dog or horse, you can never kick any dog or abuse any horse; and I think that the human side of this whole study is perhaps its most important part. The study of birds develops every kind of æsthetic sensibility; it is a pleasure and a benefit to see the beauty of their coloring, the grace and ease of their motions, and to hear the sweetness of their song; and when this is awakened in you, the more vital elements of love, sympathy, and helpfulness will naturally follow.



"GEORGE" TAKING HIS MORNING BATH

Pursue a method of this kind, and the only result that can follow is this: As soon as you know a thing well enough to say something about it and what your impressions of it are, then you will want a name for it. The only reason why you ever want to know a man's name is because he has made an impression on you in some way.

Some years ago there was a freshman at the college who was interested in birds, and his father wanted him to live with me, and he did stay with me during his freshman year. He was a nice young fellow and was treated like one of our own family. He said to me one day: "I don't want to know the scientific names of birds; I just want to look at them and observe them." "All right," I said; "go ahead and observe, and write down your impressions the best you can." So he went ahead on that basis. We talked a good deal about birds at odd times, and he made careful notes, and one day he said to me, "Mr. Scott, there are two kinds of titmice here, and the discrimination between them in the books is very slight; but I've got to record them in my notes, so I guess I'll have to know the scientific names." And

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I gave them to him; and this was repeated from time to time. He came to me in September and went away in June, and in one of the last talks we had together on the subject he said: "Mr. Scott, do you know that I am familiar with about one hundred and twenty different kinds of birds, and that I know the scientific names of all of them?" "I supposed so," I replied; "I've seen some of your notes." Now, without any special exertion, this boy had acquired all this knowledge about birds, and he did not neglect his other studies either. He graduated last June, and wrote for his graduating thesis a paper which he called "The Birds of Princeton and Vicinity." The Bird Club of Princeton considered it of sufficient value to publish it in pamphlet form and distribute it; and yet it was simply a technical account of the birds about Princeton, and not a picture in it. I understand that the Princeton Bird Club has sold enough copies of that book to pay for its publication. Now, that is an obvious lesson; if that kind of thing can be done in four years, fancy what a man can do in forty!

It is no excuse to be ignorant about nature because you happen to live in the city. I know of no better place than a city market to study natural history. In Washington Market you can see almost every kind of fish food found on the Atlantic coast, and besides you will see various kinds of foreign animals and game; there are deer, and I have seen bears; the man who studies Washington and Fulton Markets can always hope for a surprise of some kind; he never knows beforehand what he is going to find. Some of the best specimens in the way of rare organisms have come through Washington Market. For myself, I do not find dead things as interesting as live ones; but my point is, there is plenty of natural history to be seen if people only want to see it.

The long journeys that birds take are one of the most wonderful things in connection with their lives. For instance, take a bird like the ruby-throated humming-bird, a tiny little creature; it is common as far north as Salvador on this coast, and none of these birds spend their winters farther north than northern South America. They make the journey twice a year, and probably every humming-bird goes back to the immediate vicinity of the place where he was bred; and when you consider how small these beautiful creatures are and how delicately constructed, you have some notion of the miracle that migration is.

I want to give you an idea of what we do when we civilize a country, with the best intention in the world. I have already told you that the outside world is a piece of machinery so delicately balanced that, when any one of its parts fails to perform its full duty, it immediately suffers and is taken out of the machine.

What I mean is that the adjustment is so flexible and sensitive that, with a little thought, what wonders could be accomplished! The gradual settlement of the country from east to west has entirely changed the breeding habits of an entire species of birds, so that not one has preserved his original habits. Three hundred years ago there were no chimneys for the chimney-swallows to nest in; and if to-day you can find a chimney-swallow that breeds outside a chimney or building, you will find something that no ornithologist has seen recently. When Lewis and Clark in the year 1804 crossed this continent on a Government survey, they found on the Republican fork of the Missouri River, in what is now western Nebraska, a bird which nested on the face of the cliff, and they called it the Republican swallow, after that river. Civilization rapidly followed in the track of Lewis and Clark, and ultimately houses extended out as far as that region. When the houses appeared, the swallows which had heretofore nested on the cliffs made their nests under the eaves, and were then known as eave-swallows. They followed the houses to the Atlantic coast, whereas before that they had never been seen east of the Mississippi River; so the geographical distribution of this bird was entirely changed, without intent, through the settlement of the country (and to change the geographical distribution of a species is touching a fundamental characteristic not easily upset).

If you can do this sort of thing without intention, what cannot be done if you use your thought and exercise your mind to establish the right relationship with the life of the outside world?

I believe that anybody who wishes to attract birds around his place can do so.

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As has been suggested by many people who have written on the subject, certain trees bearing fruit which birds like can be planted. Retaining the dead limbs will attract woodpeckers, for instance, because they cannot bore for nesting in live limbs; and often, in ridding their place of a dead tree, people drive away the birds they are trying to attract. This can be supplemented by food and water tables for birds (I always have one in my garden), placed high enough to be out of the reach of dogs and cats. Put out a pan for them to bathe in, and all the birds in the neighborhood will come there to bathe instead of going to the nearest brook. All such things will attract birds. Last February, when we had that bad ice-storm, many birds suffered severely. I had scattered food in the yard, and the next morning, which was very severe, the little girl from downstairs came running up and said, "Mr. Scott, all your meadow-larks have gotten out-of-doors, and you will never see them again!" She thought they were my own birds that had escaped, for they were feeding fearlessly a few feet from the kitchen windows, whereas they were wild birds.

Results in this work do not come at once; one must always remember that. It may be a long time before you will see any appreciable advances from working along these lines, but if you persevere they will surely come.

"GOOD NIGHT"

Heat in the City

By Charles G. D. Roberts

Over the scorching roofs of iron
The red moon rises slow.
Uncomforted beneath its light
The pale crowds gasping go.

The heart-sick city, spent with day,
Cries out in vain for sleep,
The childless wife beside her dead
Is too outworn to weep.

The children in the upper rooms
Lie faint, with half-shut eyes.
In the thick-breathing, lighted ward
The stricken workman dies.

From breathless pit and sweltering loft
Dim shapes creep one by one
To throng the curb and crowd the stoops
And dread to-morrow's sun.

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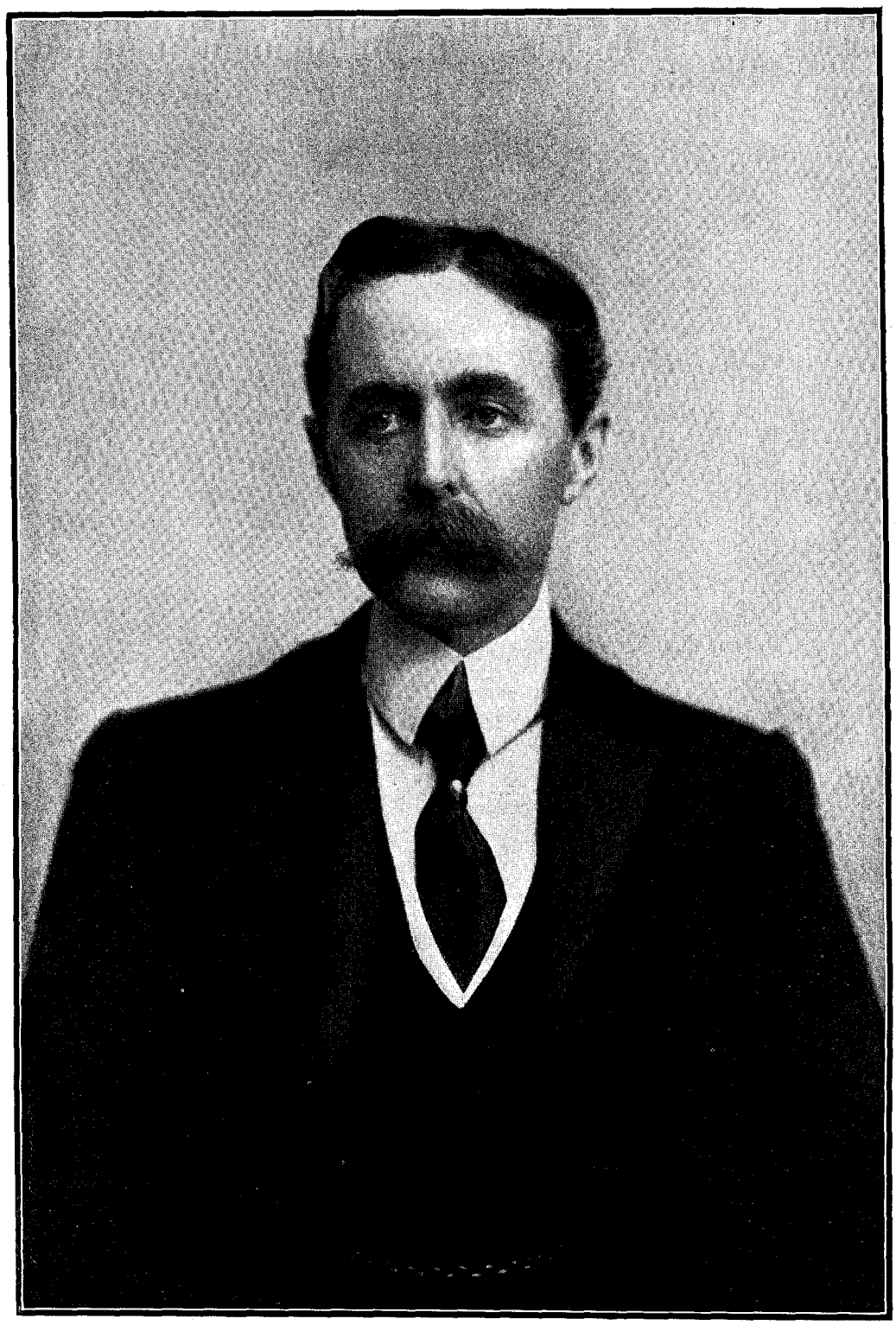

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALMAN, NEW YORK

THE HON. MICHAEL HENRY HERBERT
British Ambassador to the United States.

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Memories of a Hundred Years[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

IX.

THE HISTORIANS

IT was by rather a curious chance, as I believe, that a little coterie of historians was brought up in Boston, in the first half of the century. Dr. Palfrey, the oldest of the company, called my attention to the circumstances which seem to have led the earlier studies of these men.

He himself was born in Boston, in 1795. He was the successor of Edward Everett as the minister of Brattle Square Church, the fourth in age of the Boston Congregational churches. He afterwards became Professor of Sacred Literature at Cambridge, and a member of Congress. He devoted his later years to his history of New England.

He said to me that, from two or three causes, it happened that the Public Libraries of Boston and of the College were especially strong in the line of history. He said that on this account alone Prescott, Motley, and he himself were drawn, almost without knowing it, into historical research. You might almost say that there was nothing else they could read, except the Latin and Greek classics. Bancroft was born in Worcester, studied at Cambridge and Göttingen, and after some years at the Round Hill School, removed to Boston. Jared Sparks, who took to historical research as a duck takes to water, lived in Cambridge after he left the active ministry of the Unitarian Church.

And what built up these historical libraries, so strong in "Americana" even to this day?

In 1787 Jeremy Belknap, who had published his "History of New Hampshire" as early as 1784, came back to Boston, where he was born. With several Boston scholars, whose names are not wholly forgotten there, he established the Massachusetts Historical Society. The society made the first considerable public library, which was of course a historical library. It is now one of the most prosperous Historical Societies in the world, and its elegant library is one of the fine buildings in Boston. I am apt to say that the Dowse room is the most elegant room in Boston. It is, unless the Latin School parlor shares that distinction.

JOHN G. PALFREY

Dr. Palfrey, then Mr. Palfrey, christened me, on the first Sunday in May, 1822. I know the date, for I have before me the bill of the "hackman" who took my father, my mother, and the nurse who bore poor me—four weeks old—to the church. Alas! I was counted as nothing in the "hackman's" inventory. [Mem. to outlanders; hackman is New Englandese for coachman, if the coach be hired.] From that time until he died Dr. Palfrey was a kind and thoughtful friend of mine, and, to a generation which does not know him so well, I like to bear my little tribute to his great worth. He was proud of his Massachusetts descent from John Palfrey, one of four pioneers to pioneers, who were in the "Bay" even before Endicott. This is all Greek to all but the people of the Bay. But they, if they be of true metal, understand.

His father was among the early settlers of New Orleans, after the purchase of Louisiana, and thrived there. The son lived a life quite different as minister of Brattle Street and professor at Cambridge. When the father died, it proved that his plantations had many slaves upon them. If the property were equally divided among his children, forty or fifty of these slaves would "belong" to the Cambridge professor. The Louisiana members of the family knew that he would not like to own slaves, and proposed such a division of the property that the Louisiana heirs might keep the slaves, and our Dr. Palfrey receive something else. No! He would take his share, and in 1838 he went on to New Orleans, received his living chattels,

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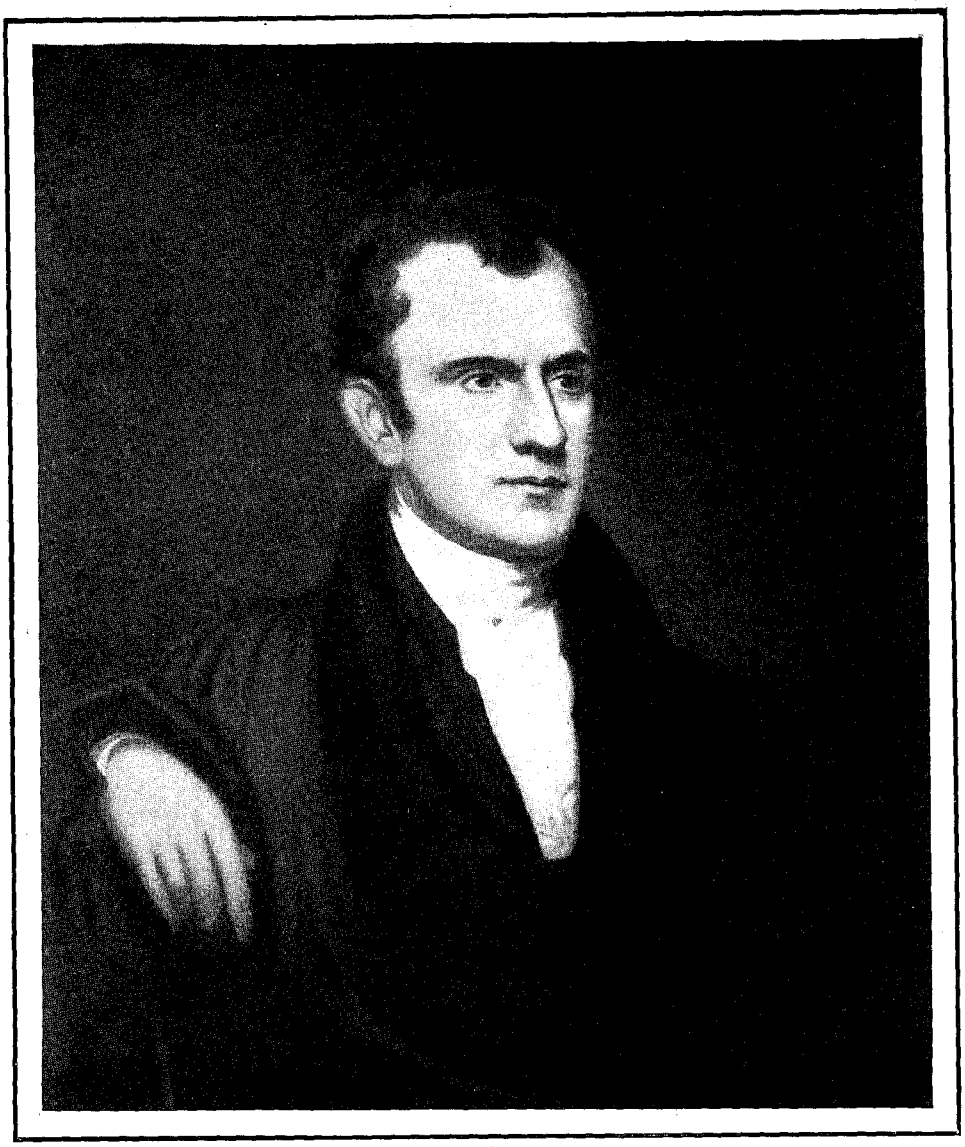

JOHN G. PALFREY
From a painting.

and brought them on to lands of freedom. He placed them, as he best could, with people in the West who would take care of them; but he had a few left with him when he arrived in Boston.

This was a practical, I might say wholesale, bit of abolition, at a time when "Anti-Slavery," so called, was not popular in the North, least of all among the people who surrounded Dr. Palfrey. He had himself borne his testimony against the methods of Garrison and the other leaders. But people believe in deeds more than in words, and, whether he was an "Abolitionist" or not in paper definitions, he became a leader in the counsels of the Free Soil people and the Republicans. He was one of the editors of the "Commonwealth." His history of New England is called dull, perhaps, but it embodies years of hard work, and no genuine New Englander is well equipped unless he has it at hand.

JARED SPARKS

Jared Sparks, a Vermont boy, was a Cambridge graduate of the year 1815 at Harvard College, of which he was Presi-

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dent afterwards, from 1849 to 1853. As early as the administration of John Quincy Adams, he was appointed editor of the "Diplomatic Correspondence" of the country, that first series which is now invaluable to students. My father was a printer, and printed one or two volumes of the book. And I suppose it was this which brought Mr. Sparks to the house often. Whatever was the cause, his presence was always a delight to us children. While he was in the room, books and slates and pencils and paper were pushed away, that we might hear him talk. It seems to me now that I have never seen a man's face which, while strong and efficient, had the same tokens of tenderness. Powers's bust gives some idea of this, and seems to me one of the best portrait busts I ever saw.

He was already collecting materials for his life of Washington. This meant that he was going from State to State, and from one capital in western Europe to another, to examine, and, if he could, to collect, original documents as to the days of Washington. He picked up anecdotes in this way which brought us, in the thirties of the lately defunct century, into quite close touch with the Revolutionary days.

Lafayette told Sparks this story, at La Grange, Lafayette's home, about the year 1828. Once when he had returned to France in our Revolution, two young princes came to see him, who wanted to join him here, really for the frolic of the adventure. Lafayette thought he ought to warn them that all was not sunshine here, and reminded them that they would have to rough it sometimes. "Certainly, certainly," said one of the princes. "But how little a man needs! With an omelette and a dish of soup, he has enough." The young nobleman thus named, as Lafayette observed, the two articles of diet which at that time could not be found in America between Maine and Georgia.

WASHINGTON IRVING
Painted by D. Wilkie at Seville, April 23, 1828.

When I was in college, Mr. Sparks was appointed Professor of History. I think he was the first Professor of History in any American college, and I have heard it said that at that time there was no such professorship in England. The Sparks professorship was named for a certain Mr. Fisher, and I am afraid that its first service to the cause of history consists in its preservation of that gentleman's memory. Ours was the first class which heard Sparks's lectures. Most entertaining they were, he had seen so many of the surviving actors of the generation before his own. At this moment, any one who wants to read American history of those times will do well to go to Cambridge and to get, in some proper way, permission to read the Sparks manuscripts. A key will be given to him, as erst to Bluebeard's wife. Then he will be directed to an elegant mahogany sarcophagus, modeled, I think, after the tomb of Scipio. Let him bravely open this tomb and read. After four or five weeks of such

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GEORGE BANCROFT
After a photograph by Fredricks.

joy, he will know more of some of the heroes of the Revolution than any one man of their times did.

Dr. Sparks employed a good many undergraduates in copying for him. I was not one of them, but I knew them all. It was to one of them that he gave the golden rule for young authors: "Read your proof before you send your manuscript to the printer." By this he meant, Let your manuscript be so perfect that no one can mistake what you want to say, and that you yourself shall be satisfied when you see yourself in type.

Let young authors know that this rule involves the great art of making yourself agreeable to editors.

GEORGE BANCROFT

My relations with Mr. Bancroft were intimate in many of the later years of his life, and even from my boyhood he was very kind to me. In the summer of 1834 I was sitting in the parlor, reading aloud to my mother, when my father came into the room smiling and said, "Here's Mr. Bancroft. The first volume of his history is finished, and it is to be put to press." Mr. Bancroft had called to advise with my father as to the printing of the first volume of his history.

He was a tall, black-haired young man, quick and active in his movements, and smiled with the same gracious smile which afterwards for more than fifty years I knew so well. The preface of the first edition is dated on the 16th of June, 1834; in it he says: "I have formed the design of writing a history of the United States, from the discovery of the American continent to the present time." And near the end he says: "The work which I have undertaken will necessarily extend to four or perhaps five volumes."

In fact, the work extended to twelve volumes, and then came down only to the

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inauguration of George Washington as President.

Five years later I came to see him and know him, as I have said, intimately. He had in the meanwhile removed his residence to Boston, where he had been appointed by President Van Buren Collector of the Customs. This is one of the truly serviceable ways which Mr. Van Buren's party discovered for showing their appreciation. Mr. Bancroft had loyally and courageously thrown himself into the Democratic balance while almost all of his old companions, the scholars and men of letters in New England, were opposed with the most deadly hatred to Jackson and what they called "his crew." It proved, however, that Mr. Bancroft was not a bad man of business, and afterwards, as Secretary of the Navy under Mr. Polk, he showed capacity for administration—for original administration.

I had enlisted in the service of my native town of Boston as under-teacher in her English and Latin School; and, in a very bright class of boys who were interesting to me, found the two stepsons of Bancroft, William Davis Bliss, who afterwards distinguished himself at the Bar in California, and Alexander Bliss, who was an active soldier in the Civil War, and is remembered with pleasure in Washington, which he made his after home. If I dared, I would print here Latin verses which the brothers Bliss wrote under my eye when they were in their teens.

Mr. Bancroft had an earnest and, I need not say, intelligent interest in the education of these boys, and from this interest it happened that he used to let me walk with him when he took his constitutional after his work was done. In those days people who had but little leisure, but who had some, used to "walk around the Common." This was an almost "standard constitutional." I remember one night, as we walked through the Charles Street Mall, the moon rose just when the sun was setting; and Bancroft repeated in German Schiller's fine lines where he describes such a moonrise.

It is now the fashion of the younger race of historical students to make fun of Mr. Bancroft, as if he did not rise to their heights or sink to their depths, and as if he did not handle with care the original authorities. For this ridicule or contempt there is really no foundation but that he does not like to be dull, as some men do; and undoubtedly he worked a good deal over the style of his writing. He told me once that when he had been digging among old manuscripts or public documents he never permitted himself to write until he had read a chapter or two of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." Now, you may be sure that Dr. Sparks never took any such trouble as that, nor Richard Hildreth. No! nor dear Dr. Palfrey. Prescott did, and Motley, and Irving, and who will may observe the difference. For one, I am much obliged to anybody who tries to make it easy for me to read. According to me, you might as well write with white ink on white paper as write anything in a language so dull that nobody wants to read it.

This is true, that Bancroft was an American from the end of the whitest hair on his head down to the end of the toe of his winter arctics. He believed that "the cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy."[1] He believed in the government of the people for the people by the people. It was very hard, therefore, in any special case to persuade him that the people intentionally did wrong. But he could give way to the evidence. And no grandson of a Revolutionary officer could cajole him or frighten him into saying that the grandfather did right on some occasion when Bancroft thought he did wrong.

Also, Mr. Bancroft believed in God, and that the Power who makes for righteousness takes an interest in human affairs. For instance, he really believed that there is a course in history, and that events are not in a state of constant happening; that there is a divine element of human life in history, of which a wise man, though he be only a small arc in the curve himself, can know something and can tell something. I believe that the fine exquisites of the modern school have no such faith. I believe that they think that events are not events, that everything happens, and you might as well read history from the bottom of the page to the top as from the top to the bottom. Mr. Bancroft had no such theory of human life.

Here is a little scrap from a private

[1] Lyman Abbott's prescription.

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WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT
From a stipple engraving.

note which is perfectly characteristic of the man:

Truth is the first object. If you detected any errors of omission or commission, I hope you will send me the list of them.

And let me ask if you met with any words which offended you as obsolete. One of my Eastern critics, mixing up praise of the book for "great vivacity and interest," adds: "I only regret that Little and Brown did not send out the glossary of obsolete words, which one requires almost as much as in Chaucer. These blemishes would sink an ordinary work. They are mere youthful affectations, and will, I have no doubt, disappear in the next edition." Tell me candidly if this criticism has a soupçon of justice to it. I am not aware of what gave rise to it; but if a justifying cause for it exist, I want to know it.

I had called his attention to his mistake in his original account of Bunker Hill, in which he cited a despatch of Burgoyne's. I had even told him that if he had given at the bottom of the page a reference to the despatch, he would have saved himself the mistake. I was at that time hardly half his age, and I would not tell the story now, but to say that to the

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happy accident by which I corrected a few trifling errors like this I owed the flow of a stream of friendship which I constantly enjoyed for all the rest of his life.

Mr. Bancroft from the first to the last was most generous in giving the use of his invaluable records to any one who wanted them. In this connection, in England, he had collected manuscripts which were simply priceless. One is glad to say that now they are the property of the United States, and anybody who is at work on any historical scheme may go into that matchless library of his and work an hour, or a day, or a week, as he likes.

I never heard Mr. Bancroft speak with regret of his inability to bring up his history to the period in which he was writing. As I have said, the preface to the first volume, in the first edition, expresses his hope that in five volumes he should bring up the history "to the present time." The present time was 1833. In fact, the twelve volumes of the history come to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. We who were younger used to laugh about its slow progress, though I do not remember that I ever dared call his attention to it. But, in fact, the great critical volume, the volume on the outbreak of the American Revolution, while it covers but eighteen months of history, was four years later in date than the volume which preceded it; and among ourselves we used to say that this fortune was like that of the frog who hopped up two feet every day in the well which was his prison and fell down three feet every night.

But, in truth, it is quite as well that Mr. Bancroft's attention should have been concentrated on the years to which he gave his life as a historian. Alas, we know so little of what passes in our own time! And Mr. Adams, with the resources open to him, has been able to write for us a much better history of the reigns of John Adams and Madison than Mr. Bancroft could have done twenty years before, with the resources open to him. Here I speak with some personal feeling. In the spring of the year 1880 I received from the editors of Bryant and Gay's History a somewhat urgent appeal, begging me to write at once for them their chapters covering the period from 1801 to 1812, because there had been a mistake in the arrangements for their history—which is one of the admirable composite histories invented in our later times, in which the different chapters are confided to different hands. In the very short

PRESCOTT'S HOME AT PEPPERELL, MASS.
From an engraving by J. Kirk.

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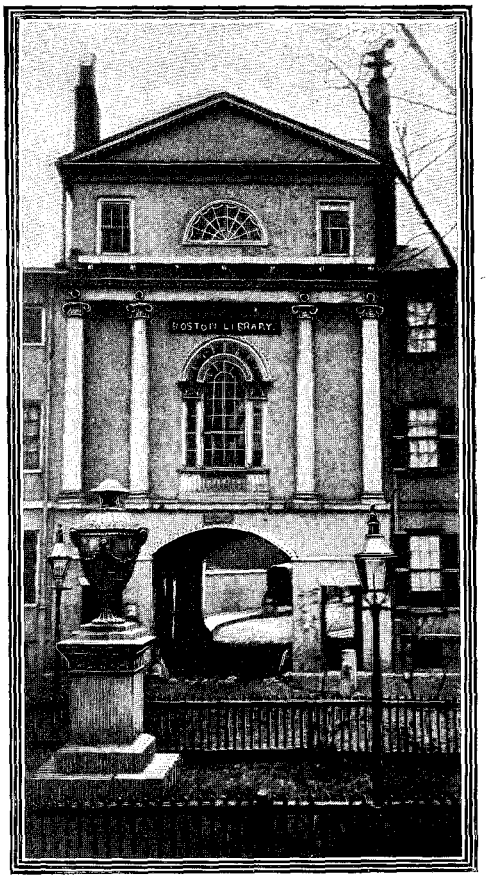
time assigned to me I did the best I could; and, as poor Pilate said, "what is written is written." But so soon as I had the good fortune to read Mr. Adams's volumes, I had the regret, I will not say the mortification, to see that about half of what I had written was all wrong. I had taken the outside view, that which men chose to print in newspapers and public documents. Now, in the cabinets which had been thrown open to Mr. Adams in England, in France, and in Washington, he had the daily photograph, the snap-shots, which reveal the inner motives of the men who acted.



THE FIRST HOME OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY
From an early photograph.

Mr. Bancroft was quite sure that it was he who made James Knox Polk President of the United States; and to the last he thought that he did the country good service by doing so. Indeed, it was a little curious to me to see that a man of his wide sweep—a man who was accustomed to generalize very freely—could persuade himself that Mr. Polk was an important person in any way; or, indeed, that his election was anything but a misfortune to the country. All the same, Mr. Bancroft did think so, and he would tell the story of the crisis in the nominating Convention, in which he introduced Mr. Polk—a "dark horse"—and rallied to this new banner the support of both factions, which had been in contention in the Democratic Convention. What followed, naturally enough, was a close and cordial intimacy between him and Mr. Polk, in whose Cabinet Mr. Bancroft was Secretary of the Navy. And I feel sure that he told me that, at Mr. Polk's request, he had prepared, or was preparing, a life of Mr. Polk. This, I think, has never been published. He showed me Mr. Polk's very full diary, written out neatly and elegantly, which will one day come to light, with some very curious views, I fancy, on the politics of the time.

There is an anecdote of the day, worth quoting, that when Henry Clay, who was the opposition candidate, received the news of Mr. Polk's nomination, he said, with an oath, "Beat again! A new man!" In truth, the election was very close. The defection of the Liberty party in New York to Mr. Birney lost the State of New York to Mr. Clay, and Mr. Polk was chosen.

I like to remember my visit at Newport to Mr. Bancroft in his beautiful summer home. We may say what we choose about fashion, but fashion is apt to choose well in its choice of its resorts. At Newport you have what for northern climates is to be called the kingdom of heaven upon earth, so far as physical conditions go—that is to say, you have your south wind off the sea. And at Newport one does not wonder that the hardly pressed Algonquin aborigines of New England conceived of heaven as a region in the southwest.

One of the pleasantest nooks of the eastern side of Newport was Mr. Bancroft's summer home, and here he had his roses. He was no mere dabster or amateur about roses, to go out in the morning and snip off some beautiful blossoms, of whose birth and growth he knew nothing. He was really a fellow-worker with God

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in bringing those roses to their perfection. Now, I regard a perfect rose as the most exquisite visible symbol which we have of what happens when man the child works with God the Father, and when together they bring about what they are working for. It is to me, therefore, always a pleasure to recollect that Bancroft and Francis Parkman, in the midst of their hard work that we might know something, had heart and time and insight and inspiration and determination and courage enough to help the world forward in the creation of perfect roses.

RICHARD HILDRETH

The country owes a great deal to the diligence with which Richard Hildreth collected the materials for his history of the United States, published between the years 1849 and 1856. But the book has never been what is called a popular book. It is one instance more of the failure of a brilliant story-teller when he comes down to hard-pan, as the ungodly say, and has to address himself to the business of narrative where he is, so to speak, chained by his facts.

As early as 1836 Mr. Hildreth wrote a very brilliant novel, "Archy Moore, or the White Slave." In Mr. Howells's "Reminiscences" he has told us the impression that that book made on him even in his boyhood. If anybody chose to look up my college themes, he would find my review of the book written at the time it was printed.

But Mr. Hildreth, like so many other men who hold a light pen, was chained to the galley oar of journalism through the greater part of his literary life.

He lived in Boston, and I should have known him personally but that he was the editor of the "Atlas," which was the rival daily to the "Advertiser," which was in our family.

When the novelist Smollett was set to the job of writing the history of England, he made one of the stupidest books which it has been the duty of people afterwards to read. Walter Scott did not fare much better when he wrote the "Life of Napoleon." Mr. Hildreth's book is much more readable than either of these, but it carries with it the fault that it is written while many of the men are alive whose work is to be explained, and the secrets are not unlocked which they have taken care to guard. At this moment we know a great deal more of the history of the Revolution, one hundred and twenty-five years ago, than Washington or Franklin or John Adams knew. They knew some things that we do not know and nobody ever will know; but we know many more which were hidden from them. It is for this reason that Mr. Hildreth's history almost necessarily presents itself to the reader as a digest of public documents, and we do not get the local color, or what the artists like to call the broken lines of the foreground.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT

I must not say that my own relations with Mr. Prescott were intimate, but they were cordial. Mr. Prescott, like Mr. Bancroft, had no jealousies, and always did a favor to another student if he could.

Of one of such favors I enjoyed the results, in a droll way, long after his death.

I was a youngster in my last year in college, when the President, Josiah Quincy, sent for me. He said, very pleasantly, that he thought I should like after I left college to earn my own living; or, as he put it, to be independent of my father in matters of money. I said that that was certainly my wish. Then he said that Mr. Prescott had told him he might offer me the position of his reader or amanuensis, a proposal which I received with joy. As the reader probably knows, Prescott was nearly blind. In some college foolery in commons some one struck his eye with a heavy crust of bread and wounded it so that, for the purposes of reading, both of his eyes were eventually useless. One likes to say in parenthesis that he would never tell the name of the fool by whose carelessness he lost his sight.

Now, Prescott had finished his "Ferdinand and Isabella" with only such aid in reading and writing as he had from an assistant who did not know the Spanish language. This man did not even take the pains to acquire the very simple rules for its pronunciation, and he read the Spanish words to Mr. Prescott as if they were English. When, in the winter of 1838–39, Prescott was well at work on his Cortes, he determined to have a reader who could understand and pronounce Spanish, and had permitted Mr. Quincy

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to ask me to fill the place. As I have said, I was delighted, and I said so. So I went to see Mr. Prescott, who was kindness itself and engaged me. I had to confess that I did not read Spanish, but I told him I would get it up at once, and in fact I went to dear old Francis Sales, my hope of seeing the Cortes in my own handwriting. Prescott was most kind and thoughtful in the whole business.

Now see what followed. Forty-three years after, I was in Madrid. I had gone there to make some studies and collect some books for the history of the Pacific,

JARED SPARKS
After the portrait by Sully.

the Spanish teacher at Cambridge, and entered with him as a special student.

But, alas and alas! that happy week was not over before I received a courteous note from Mr. Prescott to say that he found that a friend of his had definitely offered the place of reader to another person, and that this young gentleman had accepted it. There was nothing for me but to bear my disappointment and to give up which, with a prophetic instinct, I have always wanted to write. Different friends gave me letters of introduction, and among others the gentlemen of the Spanish Embassy here were very kind to me. They gave me four such letters, and when I was in Madrid and when I was in Seville it seemed as though every door flew open for me and every facility was offered me.

It was not until I was at home again

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that I came at one secret of these most diligent civilities. I still had one of my Embassy letters which I had never presented. I read it for the first time, to learn that I was the coadjutor and friend of the great historian Prescott through all his life, that I was his assistant through all his historical work, and, indeed, for these reasons, no American was more worthy of the consideration of the gentlemen in charge of the Spanish archives. It was certainly by no fault of mine that an exaggeration so stupendous had found its way to the Spanish Legation. Somebody had said, what was true, that Prescott was always good to me, and that our friendship began when he engaged me as his reader. And, what with translating this simple story, what with people's listening rather carelessly and remembering rather carelessly, by the time my letters were drafted I had become a sort of "double" of Mr. Prescott himself. I hope that I shall never hear that I disgraced him.

WASHINGTON IRVING

Washington Irving is the senior in the group of the American historians. He was one year older than my father. I might have known him earlier and better than I did but for an unfortunate fit of modesty, such as belongs, perhaps, to a man's twentieth year. In the summer of 1841 I had escaped from the daily duty of school-keeping, and four of us highly determined that we would take our vacation in what was then a long journey—I think to each of us the longest of our lives. We were to go to New York by the route through the Sound, we were to go up the North River to Catskill and West Point, and then from Albany we were to go by stage-coach to Springfield, and so by Springfield to Boston. Let the economical reader observe that my father, having built the railway from Boston to Springfield, could give us free passes home. I remember my brother said of the journey that we spent Sunday in Springfield because we had nothing else to spend there.

This is too long a preface, but it may stand as explaining how I came to be in New York for the first time, and, in a fashion, why I did not see Irving while I was there. My dear uncle Alexander Everett had been good enough to give me a cordial note of introduction to Bryant, who was editing the "Evening Post" in New York, and one to Irving, who was living at Tarrytown. When we came to New York my courage failed me, and I did not dare go to see Bryant. I knew, of course, that I could give him no pleasure; I knew also that I should take something of his time; and I kept the letter, not to present it to him until twenty-five years had gone by.

As to Irving, just the same difficulties presented themselves. The letter to Irving remained unused from 1841 to 1859. In that year I made my first visit to Niagara, and, by way of picking up a dropped stitch, I went round by New York and the Hudson and stopped at Tarrytown, provided with the letter of introduction, now eighteen years old, and with another one given me by Edward Everett. Irving was cordiality itself in his welcome of me and of a young friend who was my fellow-traveler. He showed us the places of historical interest around his beautiful Sunnyside, and, best of all, he talked with the greatest freedom of his work in history. I pleased him by telling him with how much pleasure I was reading aloud at home the closing volume of his "Life of Washington," and I said that he had the power, which few people have, of giving to diplomacy and matters of state the interest which is supposed to belong to adventure and to battle. This pleased him, and I remember he said that "rub-a-dub and roro-toro were more apt to catch the ear than more quiet discussions of the Cabinet and of the Senate."

Irving's relation to the literature of the country, and especially to its historical literature, make a very important part of any connected history of the century. His welcome to me in 1859 was an echo from a former generation. He had been living in London for a year or more when my uncle Alexander Everett wrote him from Madrid that Naverette's book on the original Columbus papers had been published, and that it would be a good thing if he would translate it or otherwise prepare it for American readers. Irving was well pleased at the suggestion, and came to Madrid, where Mr. Everett considered him as a Secretary of Legation, and there in that charming Spanish home Irving's career as a historian began.

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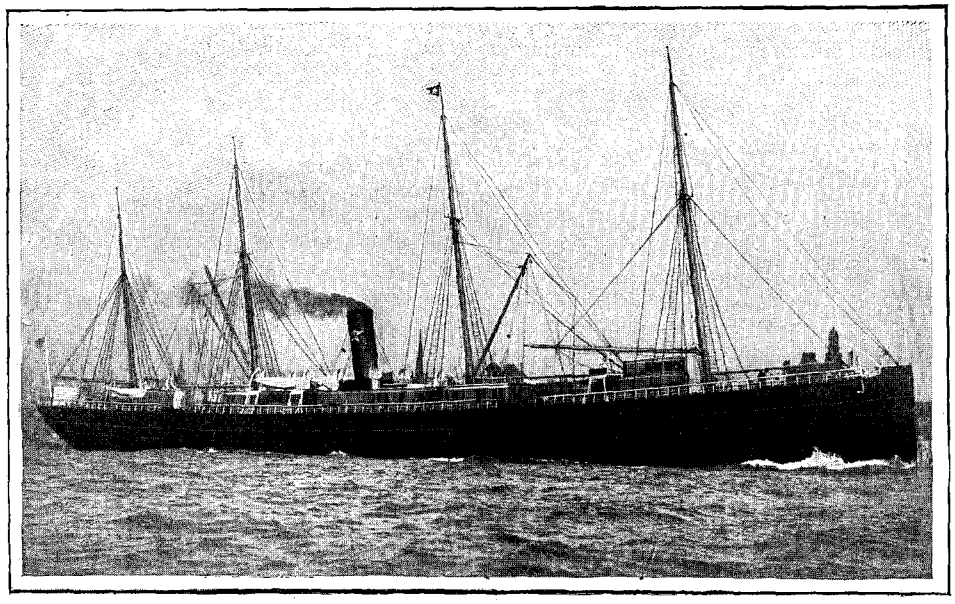

SOUTHERN PACIFIC MAIL STEAMER EL MAR
Built at Philadelphia.

OUR SHIPS OF THE SEA

BY JOHN R. SPEARS

FOR time out of mind the narrow street that winds along the eastern shore of New London harbor, Connecticut, has been a byway of unusual interest to the tourist. On the one hand were neat cottages, with well-kept flower-beds and truck-gardens about them that were typical of New England taste and thrift. On the other hand lay a thread of wilderness—a narrow strip of green, in the season, with inviting natural lawns; beds of wild carrots and jewel-weeds in bloom; goldenrod and yarrow in profusion, with here and there a meadow-lily and the flaming tongue of the cardinal-flower, and tiny thickets of cherries, wild apples, haws, willows, and elderberries; and beyond all lay the shining waters of the bay.

But at one place in this thread of wilderness a marvelous change has come. It is at the bend of the road where the wilderness was widest—was nearly one thousand feet wide. Where once trees and grass and plants invited the eye, and song-birds built their nests undisturbed, stout shops with acres of flooring have been erected. On the solid rock foundation keel-blocks for holding two immense ships at once have been placed. And above these rise the steel hulls of two ships so huge in size that, when completed and fully loaded, they will show a greater displacement by three hundred tons than even the mammoth Celtic, the greatest ship of the world now in commission.

Fifteen hundred men now flock daily to the spot that was within two years the haunt of birds and weasels, and, even if the boys of the neighborhood did not know it, the wary mink. Where once the voices of the song-sparrow and the robin and the Maryland yellowthroat rejoiced the wayfarer, the air is now ripped and

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torn by the whir of planers and the sputtering din of scores of pneumatic hammers. By the stroke of his pen an American capitalist has worked there a transformation as wonderful as any ever described in a fairy tale, and it is a transformation that is illustrative of recent events in the history of the American merchant marine.

But the size of these ships is only one of the features by which they are made notable. The designer understood very well that the crews of the ships with which these new ones must compete were paid less wages than Americans receive. The question of the wages of the firemen has been and now is of especial importance in the competition between American and European ships. Thus the American ship St. Louis employs 136 firemen at $4,860.75 per month, while the Oceanic uses 153 and pays them $3,676.59, and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse uses 179 and pays them but $2,879.80. This difference bears hard on the American owners, because their firemen are not more efficient in proportion to their wages, even though the best men do seek places where pay is highest.

To overcome this advantage which foreign ships have had, the designer of these new American ships has eliminated the firemen from the stoke-hole. The coal-bunkers are built something like chutes on a coal-pier, and are placed above the boilers, so that the coal by its own weight drops down to the mouths of the boiler-furnaces, as coal feeds down in a base-burner coal stove. On reaching the furnace mouth the coal is caught by chain grates which carry it automatically into the furnaces. Instead of a vast company of shovelers, these new ships will carry a few extra engineers who, standing by the automatic appliances, will regulate the supply of coal to the needs of the boilers.

Moreover, there are improvements in the machinery which cannot be described interestingly in detail, but it may be said that steam will be carried at a pressure of fifty pounds per square inch higher than any other ship engines ever used, and that the machinery as a whole is likely to develop an efficiency so much greater per ton weight of it that I hesitate to venture on a printed estimate. Suffice it to say that here are two ships that are in every way thoroughly American, as well in their quality as in their size.

Scarcely need it be said that these ships are intended for over-sea commerce; they are to run between our Pacific coast and Asiatic ports, in connection with one of our transcontinental railroad systems.

Many facts flock to the pen of one who would write of the present condition and future hope of our American merchant marine, but among them all none is of greater interest or significance than this building of steamships that are not only the largest in the world, but are so economical and efficient that they can compete in the foreign trade with the ships built in yards where the materials are cheaper, the price of labor is lower, and the forces, as a mass, have had longer experience.

But to tell of these two steamers is only the beginning of the story. During 1901 two steel steamships were launched at Newport News, for our Pacific-Asiatic trade, under the names of Korea and Siberia. In size (displacement) these two ships are larger by 3,000 tons than the newest steamers—brought out last year—of the French line to Havre, and they have a speed somewhat higher than that of the Celtic, which is the largest as well as the most recent notable product of the British ship-yards.

At yards in Philadelphia, Camden, and Sparrows Point some thousands of men have been at work during the past year building ten steel steamships, which, when completed, will carry the flag to foreign ports in a way to flush the American cheek with pride. The smallest of these is larger, by nearly 800 gross tons, than the famous Liverpool liners Etruria and Umbria; the largest is 450 tons larger than either the Campania or Lucania, the latest of the Cunard Liverpool racers. I trust that these comparisons will not seem offensive. I have used the names of the foreign ships because so many Americans have traveled on them, and such a comparison conveys a better idea of the facts than any other that can be made.

These ten unnamed ships in the hands of builders, with the two at New London, and the Korea and Siberia already in trade, make a fleet of fourteen American steel steamships, varying in size from

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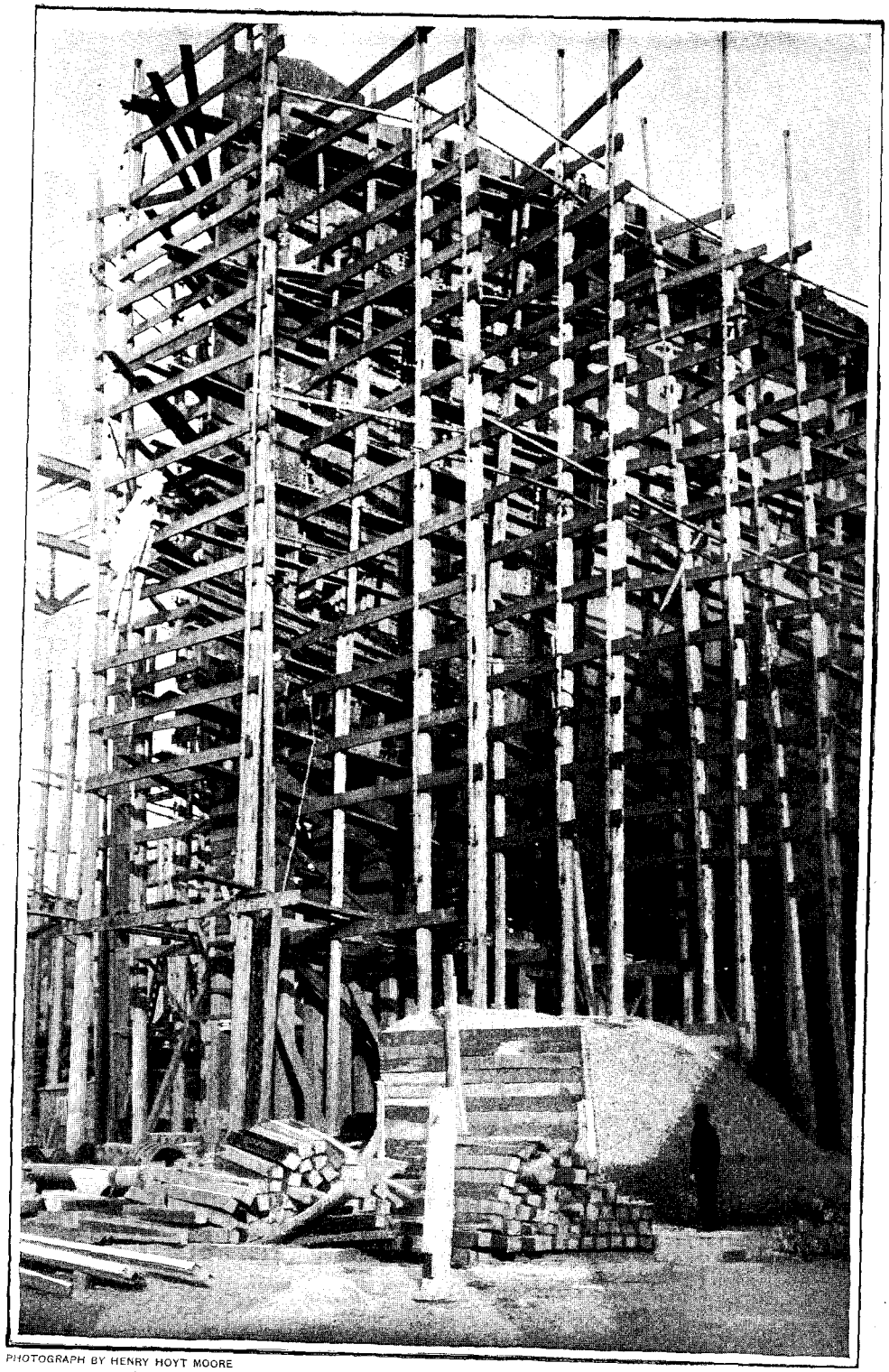

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

BUILDING THE FINLAND AT THE CRAMPS' YARD

The Finland and the Kroonland are built for the American Line.

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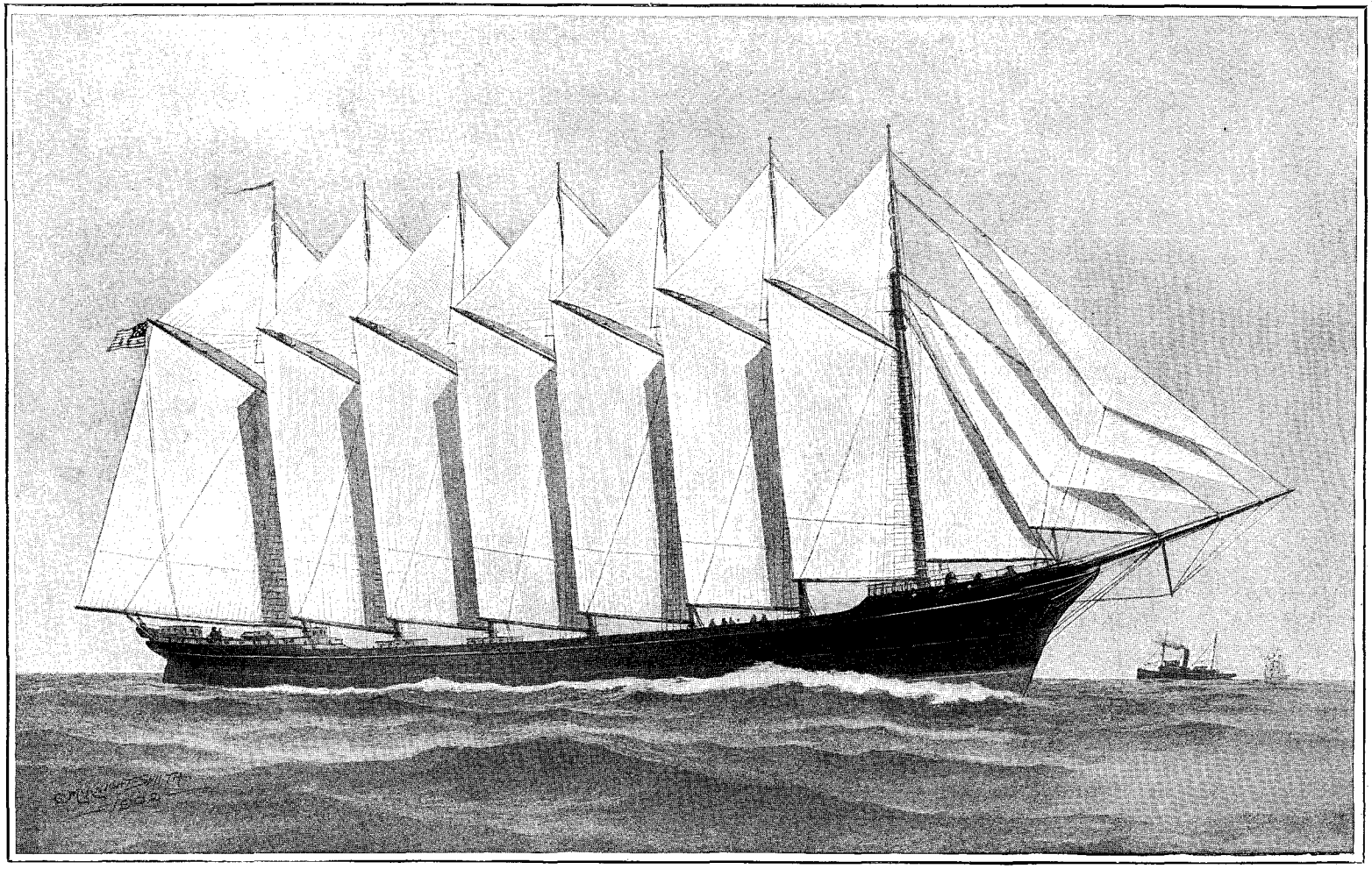

THE LARGEST SAILING VESSEL IN THE WORLD

The new seven-masted steel schooner built at the Fore River Yards, Quincy, Mass.

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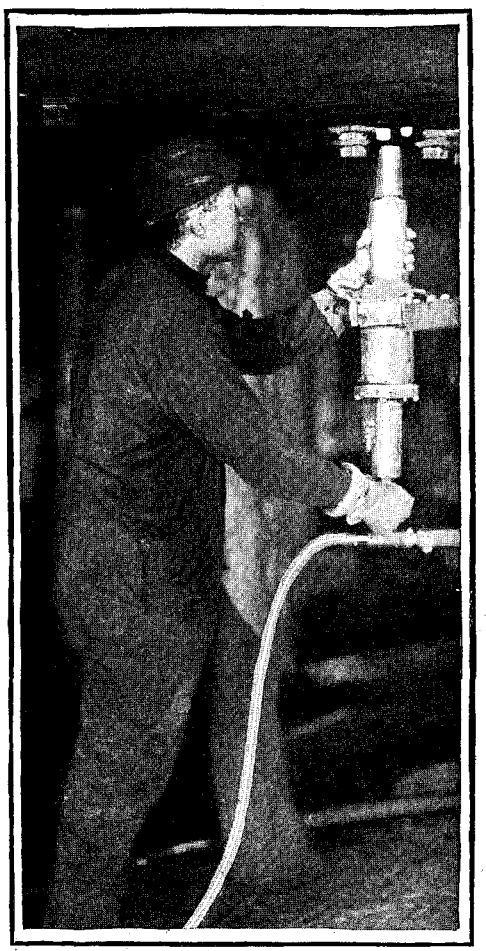
about 9,000 tons, custom-house measurement, to 21,000 tons. Germany had on hand on June 15, 1901, but eight ships of similar size, and in 1900 Great Britain turned out but twelve of the class. It may here be noted, too, that the tonnage of our steam fleet has been doubled since 1894.

This is not to compare the total product of our yards with that of either Great Britain or Germany, for the European yards turn out scores of steamships of medium size. The point to be made is that we are able to build steamships of the largest and best class, and we are at present building as many of that class as any other nation. We are reaching out for the best oversea trade.

It is now nearly four years since the ship-builders of the United States noted an improvement in their business that had in it something hopeful for the future. The origin of this improvement will be considered further on, but it is to be noted here that the percentage of our exports and imports carried under the American flag continued to decrease at that time. In fact, this percentage was in 1900 the lowest ever known to the history of the Nation; it was but 8.2. In that year Great Britain had a steam tonnage eleven times as great as ours, even including our lake and river steamers. But that year marked the last drain of the ebb-tide, and a flood-tide has set in that will not be easily checked by any kind of competition.

In any portrayal of the present condition of the American merchant marine the huge steamer, that is more than an eighth of a mile long and twice as wide as an ordinary country road, must occupy the center of the canvas. But there is one other American ship-yard product for foreign commerce that is, from several points of view, as remarkable as the big steamers we are building. That product is the American schooner.

It is a most interesting fact that, with the improvement of the steamship-building industry just noted, came a new era in the development of the American ship with sails. There is no more interesting story in the history of American commerce than that of the Yankee schooner—the one distinctive American rig—but it must suffice to say here that in 1899 the owners of our schooners had learned that their largest vessels could compete in the coasting trade with the very best and most economical steam coal-carriers. The best part of the coastwise coal trade was in the hands of companies owning strong sea-going tugs that towed from two to four big barges—barges large enough, in some instances, to carry as much as 2,000 tons each. A small crew handled the tug, and



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

BOLTING THE PLATES BENEATH THE GREAT FREIGHTER AT NEW LONDON

The white-hot bolt is riveted by a pneumatic hammer.

a still smaller and much cheaper crew handled each barge. The barges were usually old ships that had been purchased at a low price. It was believed that nothing in transportation could be found cheaper than the string of tow barges. But when, in 1899, the five-masted schooner Nathaniel J. Palmer, with a cargo capacity of more than 3,000 tons,

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went into commission, it was found that she could make big profits on the lowest freights paid for alongshore coal transportation. The profits were so large that another five-master, with a capacity of 4,000 tons, was immediately built. And no sooner was she off the stocks than a schooner to show six masts to the wind, and carry 5,000 tons of cargo, was placed on the ways. A second schooner of similar size was completed in 1901.

These facts are simply bewildering to an old-fashioned marlinespike sailor; for until near the end of the nineteenth century a square-rigged clipper ship that could carry above 3,000 tons of cargo was called a monster. With one exception, our most famous old-time clippers carried less than 2,000 tons of cargo; the Grand Republic—unique among wooden ships—carried 4,000 tons, but it was not until 1899 that a square-rigged ship was built that would carry more cargo than the Grand Republic. In that year the Arthur Sewall, of Bath, was out in commission, and she carries 5,000 tons dead weight of cargo. But in that year the six-masted schooners George W. Wells and Eleanor A. Percy were designed, each to have a capacity greater than that of this proud four-masted, square-rigged clipper. The first year of the twentieth century will, therefore, be noted in the history of commerce as the date when American schooners first led all other sailing ships of the world in carrying capacity.

But the whole story of the American schooner is not yet told. The Percy and the Wells are built of wood. They float as the limit of size in wooden sailing ships. But the profits realized out of their voyages were at once so great that capital was readily found for a still larger schooner to be built of steel.

During 1901 Captain J. G. Crowley, of Taunton, Mass., who had been active in developing the largest schooners up to that date, secured from B. B. Crowninshield, the well-known designer of yachts, the plans for a steel schooner so far surpassing anything ever seen that her dimensions are well worth giving in some detail:

Length over all, 395 feet.
Extreme beam, 50 feet.
Depth, 36 feet.
Height of masts, deck to truck, 150 feet 6 inches.
Total sail area, 40,620 square feet.
Cargo capacity, 7,500 tons dead weight.
Draft, when fully laden, 26 feet 6 inches.
Displacement, fully laden, 10,000 tons.

This schooner is now on the ways at Quincy, Mass. An engineer is likely to note that she carries in cargo three times her own weight. The best steel square-rigged ship afloat carries but two and a half times her own weight. A freight-car, built to roll at slow speed over smooth steel rails, weighs 27,500 pounds and carries 60,000 pounds of wheat. These figures are significant, for it is by carrying cargo, not in driving her own weight, that the ship earns profits. In fact, this relation between weight of ship and weight of cargo is one of the chief factors warranting men of capital in building large schooners. Another interesting fact is the ratio of cost. To build a square-rigged ship of 5,000 tons capacity will now cost $180,000. The schooners of 7,500 tons capacity will cost something less than $250,000. But the most important comparison between the schooner and the ship is found in the numbers of their crews. For the ship needs thirty-eight men and boys, all told, while the schooner will carry, at most, fifteen or twenty.

The sail spread of the schooner is somewhat less than that of the ship, but it does not follow that she will require more time for passage from port to port. For while the big schooner is at a disadvantage when sailing dead before the wind, she is able to lie a point and a half or two points nearer her course than the best square-rigged clipper when the wind is ahead. In fact, in a famous race between the big schooner Governor Ames, from Port Blakely, Oregon, against two British and one American square-rigged ships, bound around Cape Horn to Liverpool, she beat the best of them by several days. In short, the schooner can carry 7,500 tons for less money than the ship can carry 5,000.

I have given these facts in considerable detail, partly because the schooner rig is an American invention and has alone in this country received adequate development, but chiefly because the big Yankee schooner is the most remarkable vessel afloat. It is frequently said that the steamship will soon destroy the trade of all sailing ships. But more schooners and sloops can be found on the Hudson River

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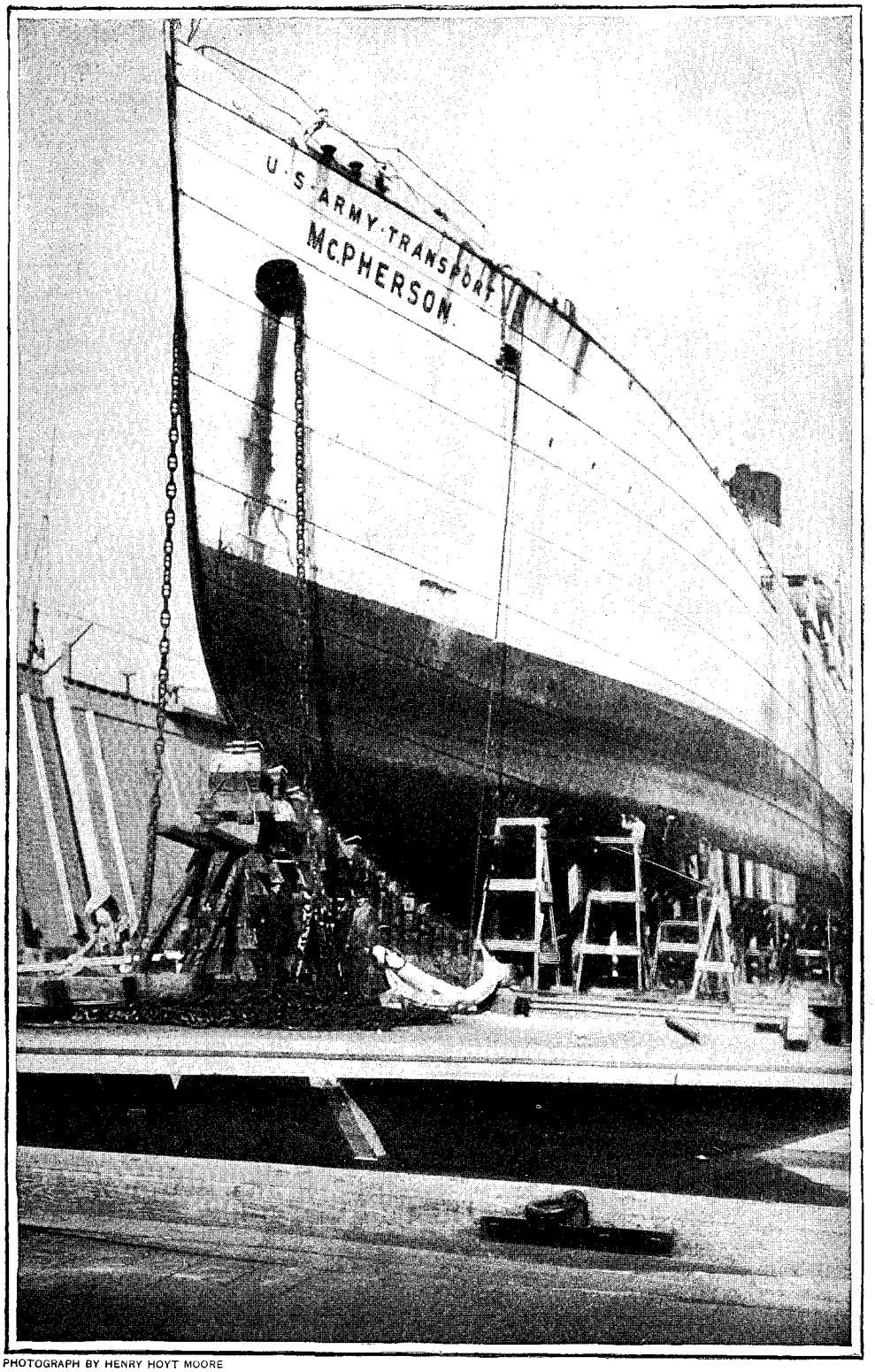

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

THE GREAT LIFTING-DOCK AT BROOKLYN

Supporting the U. S. transport McPherson.

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to-day than when Fulton made his first trip in the Clermont, while, as already noted, the schooner is found to be the best-paying carrier in the coastwise trade. These facts indicate that in certain lines of over-sea traffic the Yankee schooner is to have a leading part. That practical seafaring men see a future for the schooner is apparent from the fact that a list of stockholders in these fore-and-afters shows the names of some of the very foremost builders of steamships. Alongside the huge steam liner we must place the multi-masted schooner when we are portraying the American merchant marine.

I said that we have a flood-tide in the American merchant marine. It is a curious fact that this flood began to run beneath the surface while to all appearances the ebb was still on—a peculiarity of sea tides well known to sailors. As long ago as 1894 the Commissioner of Navigation called attention to the fact that American capitalists owned a greater iron and steel tonnage under foreign flags than they owned under the American flag. It appears now that the investment of American capital in foreign ships was an under-surface current of the flood-tide of prosperity in our merchant marine. It was and it is a matter of the utmost importance to that prosperity that capitalists should turn to the sea for investment. By investing in foreign ships they did undoubtedly add to the prosperity of a foreign merchant marine, but they acquired the habit of looking to the sea for profit; and they acquired the habit of controlling sea-going ships.

As the statistics show, the American owners of foreign ships in 1894 made a profit, and other Americans came to invest with them in other foreign ships. In 1900 the foreign tonnage (iron and steel) owned by American capitalists had increased to twice that of all the iron and steel American merchant marine. This proves that ships were growing in favor among American capitalists. In 1901 this favor was shown in the most striking manner by an event novel in the history of sea commerce. Mr. J. P. Morgan, representing American capitalists, purchased the Leyland Line, of London, including forty-four ships aggregating 277,279 tons measurement. That was a most extraordinary transaction in ships. It appears that at the present time Americans own at least 136 foreign steamships of 672,455 gross tons, all engaged in over-sea commerce. That they own many shares in Canadian sailing ships is also well known.

But even the purchase of that steamship line was only the beginning of a most interesting expansion of American interests in ships, for within recent months the financiers who bought the Leyland Line have managed a deal by which the leading lines of British and German ships are brought into one huge combination, and in this combination an American hand grasps the tiller.

And if, in connection with this very cheerful fact, we remember that the United States is the greatest exporting nation of the world, it is not too much to hope for a time when we shall own the greatest tonnage in oversea commerce.

We have often heard that "commerce follows the flag." It is true; and it is also true that the flag follows commerce. Thus the Atlantic Transport Company, of Baltimore, which owns seventeen British steamships, has been building eight of the huge American steamers of which mention is made above. Two of them register 13,400 tons gross each, and they are admirable specimens of the American ship-builder's art. The largest of them cost $1,846,000 each. An English ship of the same size and speed, built at the same time, cost $1,419,120. Nevertheless there is a profitable place for the American ship, or it would not be built. But what is of more importance than the building of these eight ships—what is of more importance than the building of all the new American ships now in hand—is that flow of American capital toward the sea which the purchase of foreign ships as well as the building of new American ships portrays. American capitalists are once more acquiring the habit of investing in ships.

A glance along the Atlantic seaboard shows a condition of affairs that is quite as hopeful as any consideration of the ships afloat under the flag. And if the eye turns inland, as far as the steel-mills, for an instant, hope becomes stronger still. The ship-yards of the coast may well excite the pride of the Nation. I have seen in an old-fashioned ship-yard seven

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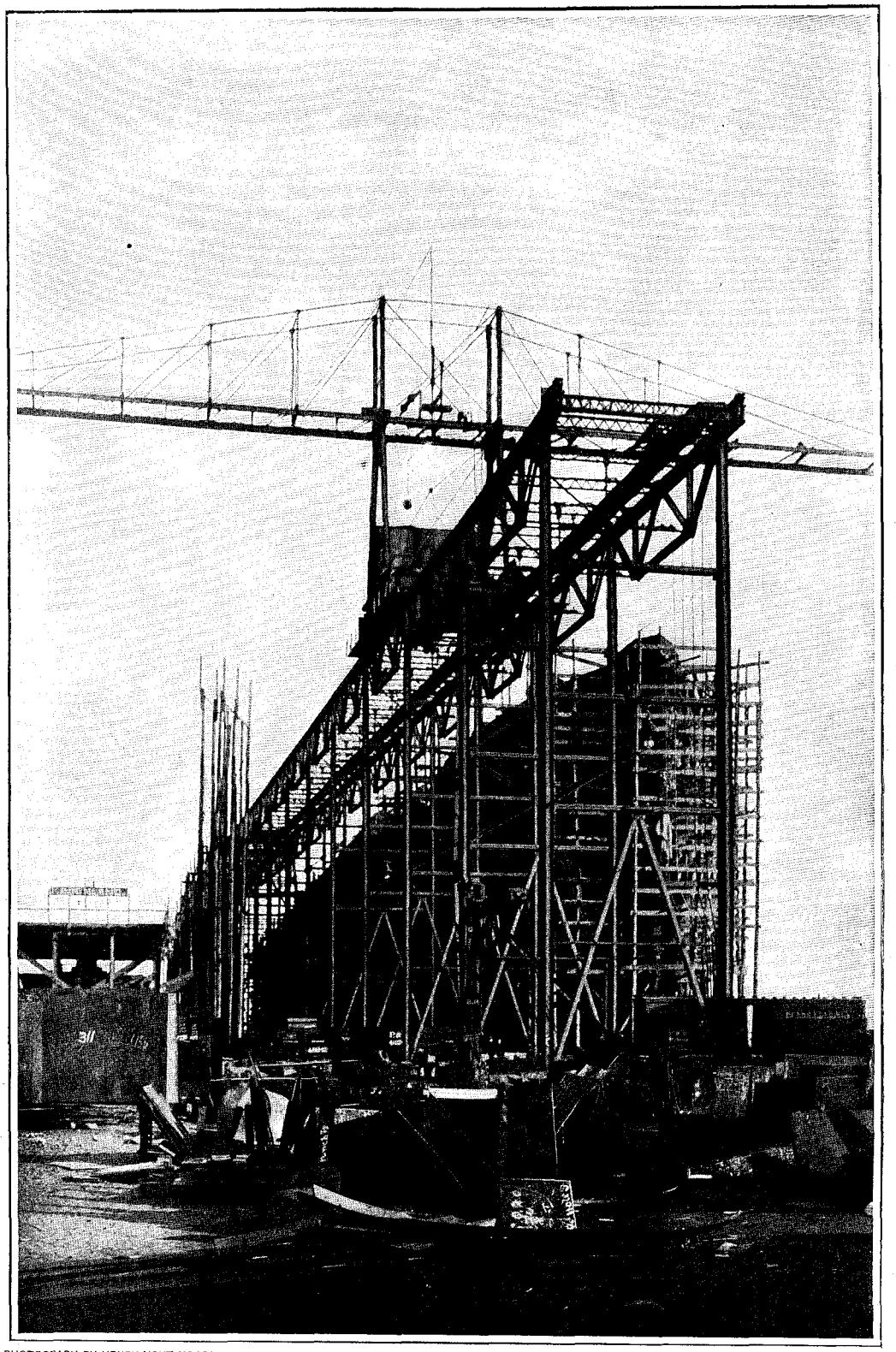

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

THE OVERHEAD ELECTRIC TROLLEY AT THE CRAMPS' YARD, PHILADELPHIA

At the left the Kroonland stood before launching, at the right is the Finland still on the stocks.

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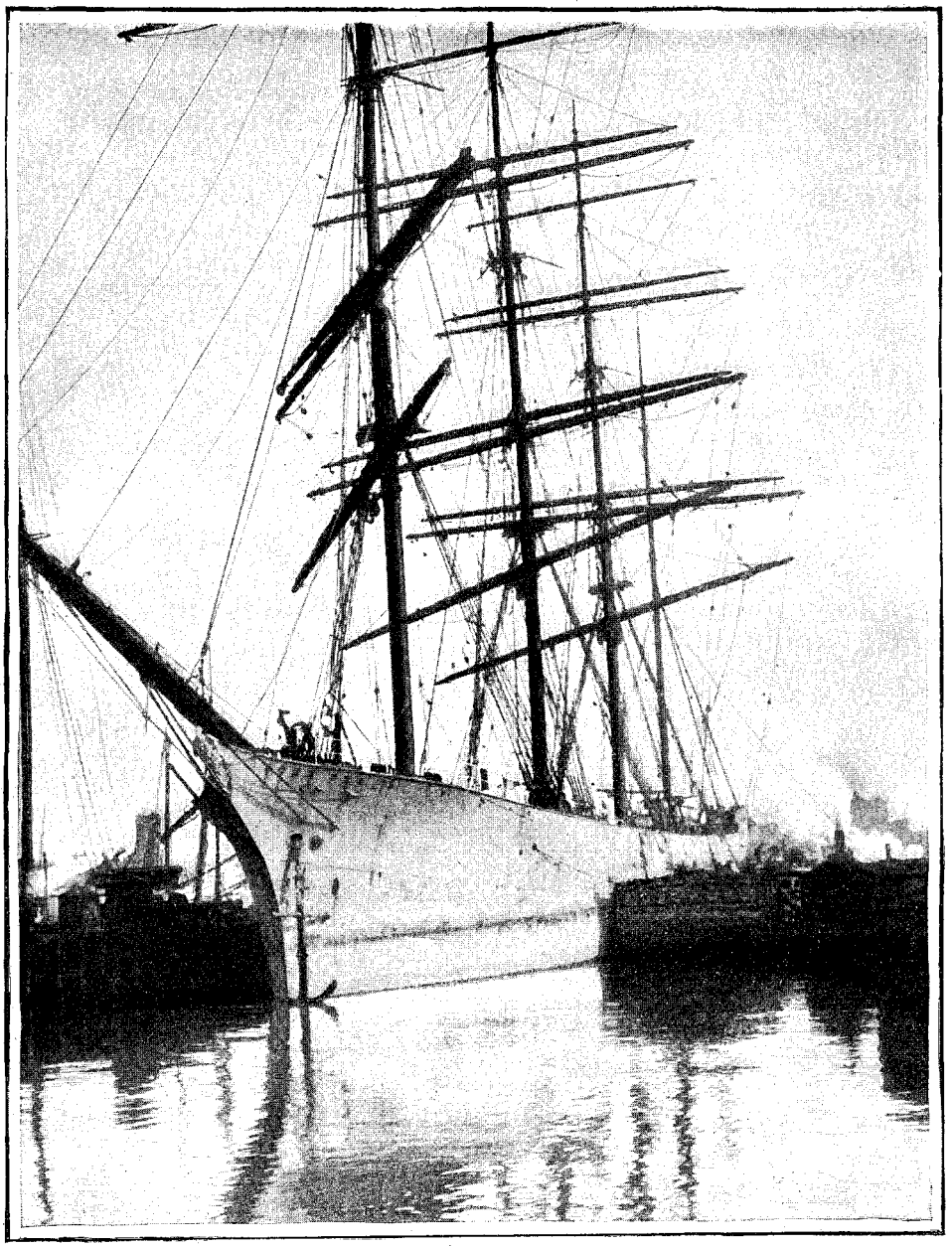

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

A FOUR-MASTED GRAIN BOAT

Carrying 4,700 tons of Barley.

men pick an iron plate from beneath the punch, load it on a truck, and wheel it seven hundred feet to the side of the ways on which the ship stood. In a modern yard I have seen two men secure an identical plate to the tackle of an overhead trolley, and then run away with it (for the trolley had an easy grade) for fifty yards, to the ways of the new ship. The seven men by main strength lifted their plate from the truck when the ship was reached and carried it across the floor to the place where it was needed. The two hooked an electric tackle, suspended high above the ship, to their plate, and a man in charge of that tackle swung the plate across to its place while the two men were turning to go back for another one.

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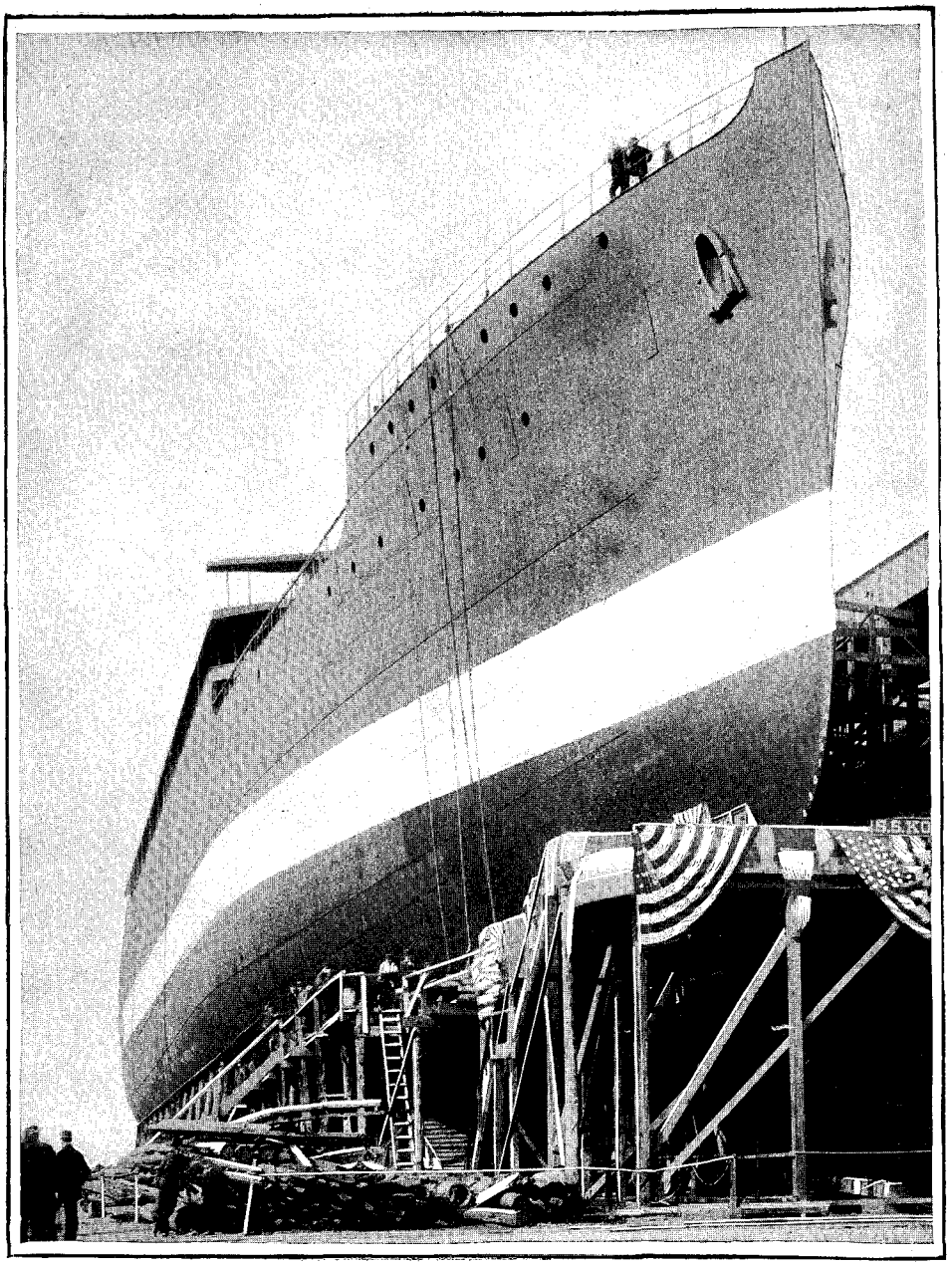

THE KOREA, READY FOR LAUNCHING

The Korea and Siberia will be Pacific Mail steamships. Each is 576 feet long.

The handling of materials in a ship-yard is, in a way, like the handling of coal in the stoke-hole of a steamship. It is dead-lift work for human muscles. The most readily seen improvements made recently in our ship-yards have had in view the relief of this class of laboring men. Railroads have been laid from the shops where plates are shaped and frames bent to the ways where frames and plates are assembled. That was an improvement, but another followed. Beside the growing hull or hulls was erected an elevated railroad on which a movable steam crane traveled to and fro the whole length of the hulls. This crane picked plate or frame from the railroad car and carried it forward or aft as needed. Last of all

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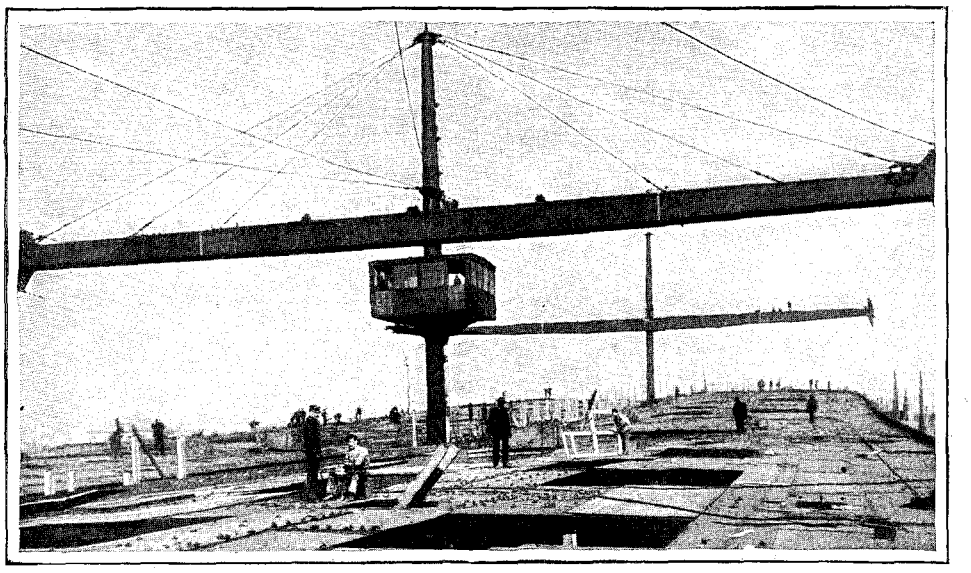
was invented the overhead trolley for carrying parts of the ship to the ways, and the electrical lift for distributing them about the hull. The electric lift is a simple matter. Huge masts are erected at intervals between the growing hulls. On each mast is a yard that reaches out across the hulls. Then, from yard to yard, four heavy steel ropes are stretched above each hull, and on each rope is a stout trolley driven to and fro along the rope by electric power. From each trolley hangs a grasping tackle, and so, as each trolley works independently of the others, all may be working at once, carrying four pieces of metal to four points in the hull, and that, too, at a speed unknown to steam cranes, not to mention the hand work common in European yards.

Last year a German expert was sent here to make a tour of our ship-yards. When he had finished the round, he told a reporter of the New York "Evening Post" that the best American ship-yard was the best in the world. In the relative location of shops and ways, and of mechanical devices for handling frames and plates, our best ship-yards are unequaled. The fact that we have now in the United States forty-six ship-yards, with capital actually invested amounting to more than $68,000,000, is not to be overlooked.

The growth of the ship-building capacity of the country in recent years has exceeded the growth of our mercantile fleet. A dry-dock large enough to hold a ship of 20,000 tons measurement was built in this country (Newport News) before such a ship had crossed the sea. And a lifting-dock large enough to take out of water a ship of that size has recently been provided at New York, although lifting-docks have been used heretofore for vessels of medium size only.

Our portrayal of the new American merchant marine has for a widespread background a ship-yard wherein steam and electricity have been called to the aid of human muscles in marvelous fashion.

A brief reference must be made to our steel-mills. The reader will remember that our ancient supremacy in the merchant marine was founded in part on our forests. Live oak, white oak, hackmatack, and locust, not to more than mention tall pines for masts, were then abundant and cheap. We do not forget that intelligence and skill were of more importance than cheap materials in producing the ships, but the materials at a low price were important factors in our success. The steel ship now commands the sea trade as the oak ship did of old, and the steel-mills of America are able to export their products at the rate of millions of dollars' worth a month. An American maker actually sold a foundry outfit to a firm in Berlin, Germany, within a year.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

AT WORK ON THE DECK OF THE BIG FREIGHTER AT NEW LONDON

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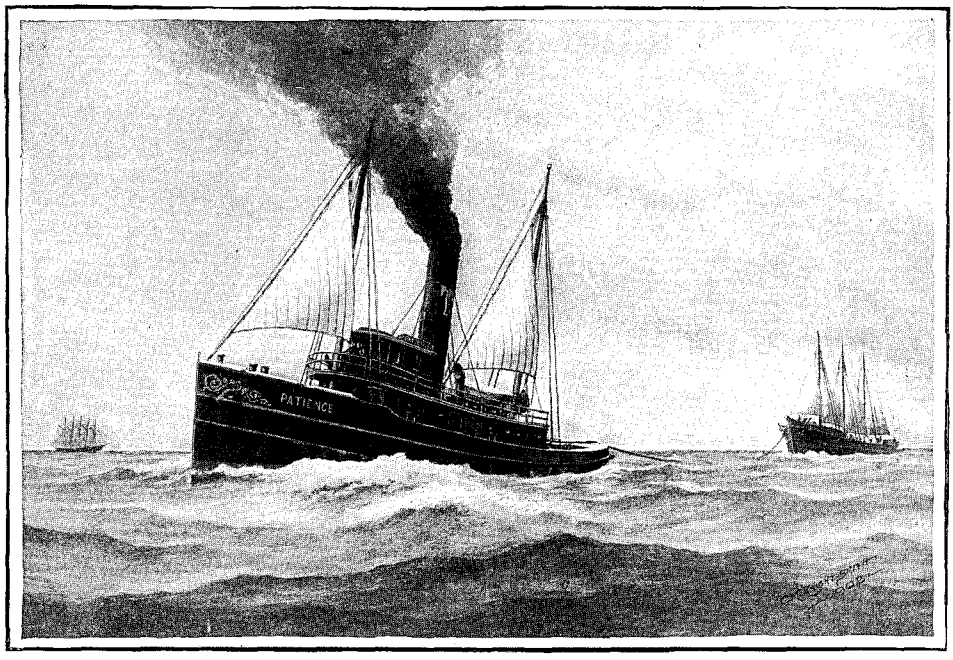

DRAWN BY C. M'KNIGHT SMITH

ONE OF THE GREAT SEAGOING TUGS AND A TOW BARGE

The sails are to steady the boats in the heavy seas.

And although at this writing British steel plates for ships are, I believe, somewhat lower in price than American, the American plates were lower by $14 a ton in October, 1900, and they are sure to be lower in the future.

The origin of the recent growths in investments in ships has already been suggested in part. Americans, after finding profits in foreign ships, have begun to build American ships, even though American ships cost more. It was a natural thing to do, but one can trace the growth further—even to the great land transportation interests. The consolidation of railroads has given certain corporations control of traffic extending across the continent. It was entirely natural that these corporations, after having brought their freight to the coast, should seek to carry it across the sea to its final destination. The purchase of foreign ships has been made, to a large extent, in the interests of these land carriers. The new American steamships built last year, and now building, for the Pacific trade are to run in connection with railroad lines and carry their through traffic to and from Asiatic ports. The transatlantic American lines connect with railroads. Having extended their railways with the frontier until there is no frontier left to cover, the railroad men are now compelled to turn to the sea to find room for a further extension of their transportation interests.

The briefest consideration of the conditions now prevailing shows that we are at the beginning of the new era in the history of the American merchant marine. The changes made and making for the establishment of this new era are natural transitions and developments, and they are the outgrowths of the enormous American industrial expansion of recent years. The men who understand that "the All of Things is an infinite conjugation of the verb *To Do*" are at last flocking down to the beach. Let the patriot who, for half a century, has been humiliated by seeing the gridiron flag at the fore truck of the ships of the sea, possess his soul in patience, for he shall see it at the taffrail hereafter. The future prosperity of the American merchant marine is at last assured.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE CONFEDERACY
By F. Wellington Ruckstuhl.

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"The Spirit of the Confederacy"

By Charles de Kay

FOLLOWING the impulse of the age toward realism, which grew in strength during the latter part of the century that has closed, American sculpture also turned her face that way, and by so doing gained in technical power. The pendulum shows a tendency to swing back again toward the symbolical and the ideal. One of the American sculptors who by word and deed has tried to bring his art back to the expression of general ideas is Wellington Ruckstuhl, of St. Louis, a sculptor whose marble nude statue "Twilight" must be known to all who have visited the Metropolitan Museum in recent years.

He is the first to persuade those who erect monuments to the combatants in the Civil War to depart from the ordinary figure of the Boy in Blue or the Boy in Gray, and accept a group which, while less realistic, affords the artist a chance to appeal to wider and, æsthetically considered, higher sentiments. A Boy in Blue or Gray means much to a limited number of people; but to the world at large it is more and more a thing that explains the uniform. Eventually it must sink to the level of a historical document, which is interesting up to a certain point, but necessarily lacks the elements that rouse the emotions through its artistic value. The far more difficult field of the ideal is rarely attempted, though we have eminent exceptions in America, like the "Nirvana" at Washington by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and the "Death Arresting the Hand of the Sculptor" at Boston by Daniel C. French.

Missouri is the first among the Southern States to demand a group which shall symbolize the affection and admiration with which the fighters for the Lost Cause are regarded by the present generation, as well as those who lived during that period of upheaval and storm and stress. "The Spirit of the Confederacy" crystallizes, in one group of a supernatural being and a youth, the Lost Cause itself and the feelings of a large part of the South more than a quarter of a century after the war closed. The power of art to speak that universal tongue dreamt of, but fortunately never realized as yet in actual language, is seen in this dignified and impressive group. The artist has eliminated the temporary and relatively less important, leaving the large facts prominent. It is a monument to the loser in a struggle, but to one who fought to the last. The appeal to the universal sentiment of pity for those who bravely contend and bravely fall goes out just as effectively to men who believe the South was wrong as to men who still hold that she was right. Concessions are made to locality in the realistic clothing of the wounded soldier, who wears the ordinary garb of the young farmer, which tells by its tatters and patches the tale of hardship in a campaign that ends in failure. But observe that this touch of realism does not jar with the supernatural in the other figure. Why is this?

Because the face of the fallen Boy in Gray is not realistic but generalized! As the face is the most important thing in men and women, it carries more weight than the figure and dress. In order to prove this to satisfaction, imagine the face a portrait—even by so much as a mustache. The effect would be lost, the idea conveyed being some individual combatant, and at once something less general and so unsuited to close contact with a supernatural being.

In his figure of the Spirit the sculptor has embodied the Consoling Angel of the losers in a struggle that shook the earth and changed the face of history, little as the participants may have realized its magnitude at the time and the far-reaching effects it would have. One needs only to recall the withdrawal of France from Mexico, the destruction of the colonial power of Spain, and the changes which have taken place in the attitude of the Great Powers toward the United States. This "Victory for the vanquished" holds out a laurel wreath in token of the fact that there is a consolation for the conquered which has a finer, more spiritual side than is offered by the material results attained by the conqueror. In this sense

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it is that the sculptor has made the Messenger of Comfort a powerful figure, with the large and simple features of a classical statue, so far as it is possible to make modern work similar to classic and not copy the antique. The pinions are large in order to suggest the ease with which she stoops to the battlefield, while her abundant drapery curls and swings to indicate the motion of her oncoming as she catches the falling soldier to her bosom.

The difficulty of so placing two figures that they shall look well from all points of view has been solved by the sculptor with no little skill. From the front and sides the group explains itself at first sight, while from the rear the management of the drapery is such as to present a solid mass on the lower levels, and at least excite interest in the beholder who shall approach from that direction.

The combination of soldier and supernatural being has been carried out by Reinhold Begas in his monument to the Emperor Wilhelm at Berlin; but in that case there are no wings to reinforce the idea of a more than human being, while the draped female figure, neither Victory nor angel, leads the horse of the conquering Emperor by a chain attached to the bridle of the horse. The Shaw Monument at Boston by Augustus Saint-Gaudens has above the column of negro troops and their heroic leader a symbolical figure in relief, flying in the same direction as they march. Saint Gaudens has solved the same problem even better in his equestrian monument to General W. T. Sherman, which is to stand on the Plaza at Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth Street, Manhattan. His figure is a Victory flying before the horse of the General, but so near that the wings and drapery fill the space between the head and left fore foot of the horse. Such combinations have to be managed with the nicest feeling and the most consummate art lest they suggest incongruous ideas—particularly so when the element of portraiture must enter with regard to one of the figures, as is the case with the Begas and Saint-Gaudens monuments. It is a bold sculptor, and one with all the resources of art at his command, who can hope to mix successfully portraiture and symbolism in a big monument. In this case, nothing by way of portraiture introduces that difficult element.

Mr. Ruckstuhl began his life in art at a comparatively late date in St. Louis, where he was in business, his parents having emigrated from Alsatia. Growing up in that city, he has been able to sympathize with the feeling of the South. After showing proofs of his aptitude to art, he went to Paris and studied under Tholenaer and Mercié. His group of Mercury teasing the Eagle of Jove—"Un Dieu s'Amuse"—shows the classical tendency of the teaching of sculpture in Paris. The heroic seated figures of "Wisdom" and "Force" at the portals of the Appellate Court on Madison Square, Manhattan, and his figure of "Solon" in the series on the gallery of the reading-room in the Library of Congress, tell the same story of a tendency toward the classical as opposed to realistic work. More in the latter vein is the equestrian monument to Governor Hartranft at Harrisburg, Pa., which is a portrait pure and simple, the General being shown in fatigue cap riding home after the Civil War was over. As in the Solon, so in the horse of the Hartranft monument, he has modeled for distant effect and by so much departed from realism.

Mr. Ruckstuhl was appointed last winter Director of Sculpture for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, which will open two years hence at St. Louis.

When the idea of a National Sculpture Society was broached in New York, Mr. Ruckstuhl threw himself into the movement with characteristic energy, was made Secretary of the organization, and contributed more than any other sculptor to the success of the Society.

From the start this Society admitted lay members. It has had a number of remarkable exhibitions, in which architecture, trees, shrubs, flowers, and running water have been introduced to make the sculpture effective, and simulate conditions such as might be managed in private dwellings or public parks. The educational value, in an æsthetic sense, of these exhibitions cannot be easily overrated.

The plane on which "The Spirit of the Confederacy" has been conceived will, it may be hoped, establish a standard for monuments to be raised hereafter to the men and principles engaged in the Civil War.

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The First United States Minister to Cuba

A fact that goes to show how widely American interest and American activity are now distributed over the whole globe is the appointment as the first United States Minister to Cuba of a man who won distinction in military affairs in China. Herbert G. Squiers was Secretary at the United States Legation in Peking when the Boxer outbreak occurred, and was shut up in the besieged city with the other foreigners. He had previously had some slight knowledge of military affairs, and this he exercised so ably in the defense of the Legations that the slight fortifications proved sufficient to keep the besieged from the attacks of the enemy long after it seemed as if they must be doomed to destruction. Mr. Squiers's conduct in this affair was so efficient that he was complimented in the reports of all the foreign delegates made to their governments Mr. Squiers was born in Canada, but has long been an American citizen. The new post to which he has been sent will require in an unusual degree tact and ability.

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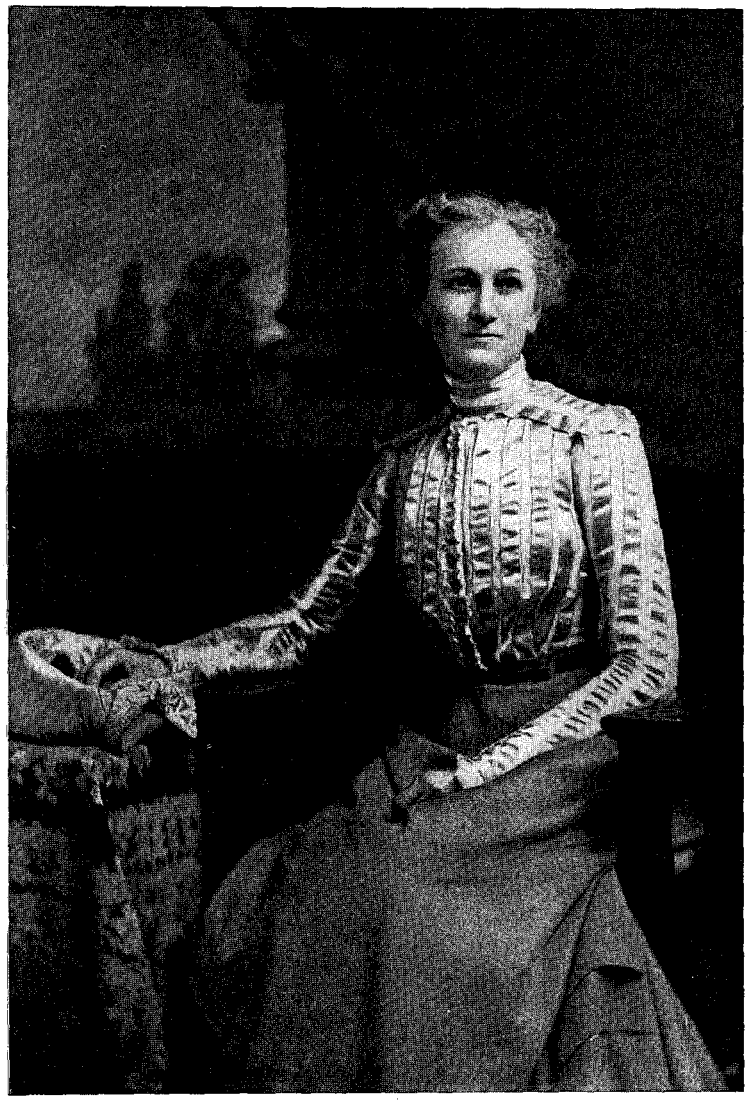

The New President of the Federation of Women's Clubs

The large number of associations of women that send delegates to the General Federation of Women's Clubs is an indication of the wide extent and interest in the principle of association. At the recent meeting held in Los Angeles, California, the representation was large, and the discussions and action of the Federation were followed with intense interest by club-women in all parts of the country. The choice of Mrs. Charles H. Denison, of New York City, as President of the General Federation for the ensuing year has been received with the fullest approval everywhere. Mrs. Denison in many capacities and in connection with many societies has shown her ability, her tact and knowledge. She has long been one of the most popular and energetic members of Sorosis, has filled offices of importance in connection with the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, and is a speaker of magnetic force and a club worker of great efficiency. Mrs. Denison is a musician, a writer of verse, and a woman of fine culture.

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The Work of Dvořák

By Daniel Gregory Mason

ON an October evening in 1892 there was given in New York City a "Grand Concert" in exploitation of the "Eminent Composer and Director of the National Conservatory of Music of America," Dr. Antonin Dvořák. There was an orchestra of eighty, a chorus of three hundred, and an audience of several thousand; the ceremonies, partly hospitable and partly patriotic, included an oration, the presentation of a silver wreath, and the singing of "America" by the assembled multitude. Outwardly picturesque as the occasion doubtless was, it must have been even more striking in its suggestion of the extreme contrasts in life which accompany the turning of fortune's wheel. Here was a man, originally a Bohemian peasant, a village butcher's son, who for years had endured the most grinding poverty, the most monotonous obscurity, the most interminable labor for power and recognition, coming at last, a famous musician, to hear his works performed and his genius extolled in a great, enthusiastic country that wanted, and was "willing to pay for," a school of music. Even statistics are eloquent when character is behind them; at a salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year the National Conservatory of America had engaged as principal the composer who, less than twenty years before, had been pensioned by the Austrian Ministry of Education just one hundredth of that sum. Dvořák's reception in New York was an appropriate outward sign of a victory achieved over peculiarly indifferent destiny by peculiarly indomitable pluck.

As one looks back from this imposing event over the course of Dvořák's laborious, persistent youth, one's attention, no matter how much it is at first engaged with the changes of his outer life, with his progress from obscure poverty to comfort and fame, soon dwells even more on the underlying identity of the man through all changes, on his unswerving simplicity of nature and steadfastness of aim. More remarkable than the diversity of his career is the unity of his character. From first to last, whether in Mühlhausen, Prague, London, or New York, he is essentially a peasant. His deepest moral trait is the dumb persistence, the unthinking doggedness, of the peasant. His mental atmosphere is the peasant's innocence of self-consciousness, his unintrospective candor. Not like the sophisticated man, who weighs motives and foresees obstacles, does he pursue his troublous way. He is, on the contrary, like an engine placed on the track and started; through darkness and day, through failure and success, through weakness and strength, he steams ahead, ever propelled by irresistible inner force, insensible and unamenable to circumstance. And his musical impulse is of the same sort. His aims in music have always been simple, definite, unsophisticated by intellectualism. Taking keen delight in the sensuous beauty of sound, gifted with the musical sense in its most fundamental form of physical susceptibility, from his earliest days he set about learning to produce pleasant effects of rhythm and consonance, with utter sincerity, with no reference to derivative and secondary musical values. When, as a boy, he heard the villagers playing their native dances, his blood stirred in sympathy, and as soon as he was able he took a hand. When he was older he invented similar pieces, gradually refining them, but always cherishing the brightness of tone, the vigor of rhythmic life, that had first won his devotion. And when, in New York, an experienced and honored musician, he was expected to advise our composers, it was highly characteristic of him that he recommended them to pour their ideas into the negro molds. Here was a music simple, sensuous, highly rhythmic; he looked no further, he was disconcerted by no ethnological problems, nor even by the incongruity that any man of the world would have seen between negro song and our subtly mingled, highly complex American character. Bohemian folk-melodies had expressed him; why should not plantation tunes express us? But perhaps his curious simplicity reveals itself most of all in his perfectly uncritical fecundity as a composer. He writes with

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extreme rapidity, and indefatigably. The great Stabat Mater is said to have been completed in six weeks, and his opus numbers extend beyond a hundred. He writes as if nothing existed in the world but himself and an orchestra waiting to play his scores. He is never embarrassed by a sense of limitation, by the perception in others of powers he lacks. Though he has studied the masters, he is not abashed by them. The standards of scholarship, those academic bugbears, have for him no terrors. Indeed, of all great composers he is perhaps least the scholar, most the sublimated troubadour, enriching the world with an apotheosized tavern-music. In reading his life we must never forget these things: his peasant nature, his sensuous rather than emotional or intellectual devotion to music, and his immunity from the checks and palsies of wide learning and fastidious taste.

There is in a rural district of Bohemia, on the Moldau River, a quiet little village called Nelahozeves, or, in German, Mühlhausen,[1] where, in 1841, was born Antonin, eldest son of Frantisek Dvořák, the village innkeeper and butcher. The Dvořáks were people not without consideration among their fellow-townsmen; not only was mine host of the tavern a widely acquainted man, but his wife's father was bailiff to a prince. One may imagine the potency, in a small hamlet, of such a conjunction of prominence and prestige. Nevertheless, as social distinction has no direct effect on a man's income, and as the butcher's family grew in the course of years inconveniently numerous, it happened that Antonin, the eldest of eight children, was looked to in early youth to learn his father's trade and contribute toward the family support. Unfortunately, he wished to be a musician. Such a desire, indeed, chimerical as it may have appeared at the time, was natural enough in a boy of musical sensibility who had been surrounded from his earliest years by a people passionately devoted to music. Not only is music a part of the instruction in the Bohemian public schools, but it is the adjunct of all the occasions of life. As many as forty dances, prominent among which is the polka, invented by a Bohemian serving-maid,[2] are said to be practiced by the peasants, and we have it on Dvořák's own authority that laborers in Bohemia sing at their work, and after church on Sunday begin dancing, which they "often keep up without cessation till early on the following morning." Taking advantage of his opportunities, the boy had learned at fourteen to play the violin, the organ, and the piano, and to sing. It was a year later that, summoned by his father to surrender his dreams of musicianship, he performed an exploit well worth mentioning, as an early example of his indefatigable persistence and his blundering methods. Hoping to enlist his father's sympathy, he wrote, scored, and had played by the village band, an original polka. Mr. Hadow tells the story at length; its point is that Dvořák, whose ambition was more robust than his learning, failed to write the trumpets as transposing instruments, and, of course, made a distressing fiasco. "There is some little irony in the disaster," comments Mr. Hadow, "if it be remembered that among all Dvořák's gifts the instinct of orchestration is perhaps the most conspicuous. He is the greatest living exponent of the art; and he was once in danger of forfeiting his career through ignorance of its most elementary principle." He did, indeed, give up music for a year, but in October, 1857, was allowed by his father to enter the Organ School at Prague.

Had Dvořák been of an introspective turn of mind, he might now have wondered rather dismally, as the months went by in Prague, the paternal allowance ceased, and the tuition at the Organ School proved narrow and technical, whether he had really benefited himself. Fortunately, he was not given to metaphysical speculation; he got what training he could from the school, and joined a band. In Mühlhausen he had often taken a viola part in the village band that played for weddings and on holidays; now he turned his skill to account in the restaurants of Prague. In this way, and by playing also in a church orchestra on Sundays, he managed to amass about nine dollars a month, and to acquire an instinct for the way instrumental parts

[1] A graphic picture of the sleepy little place is given in the essay on Dvorák in "Studies in Modern Music," W. H. Hadow, Second Series. Macmillan, New York, 1894.

[2] See Soubies, "Histoire de la Musique: Bohême" (Librairie des Bibliophiles, Paris, 1898), p. 60.

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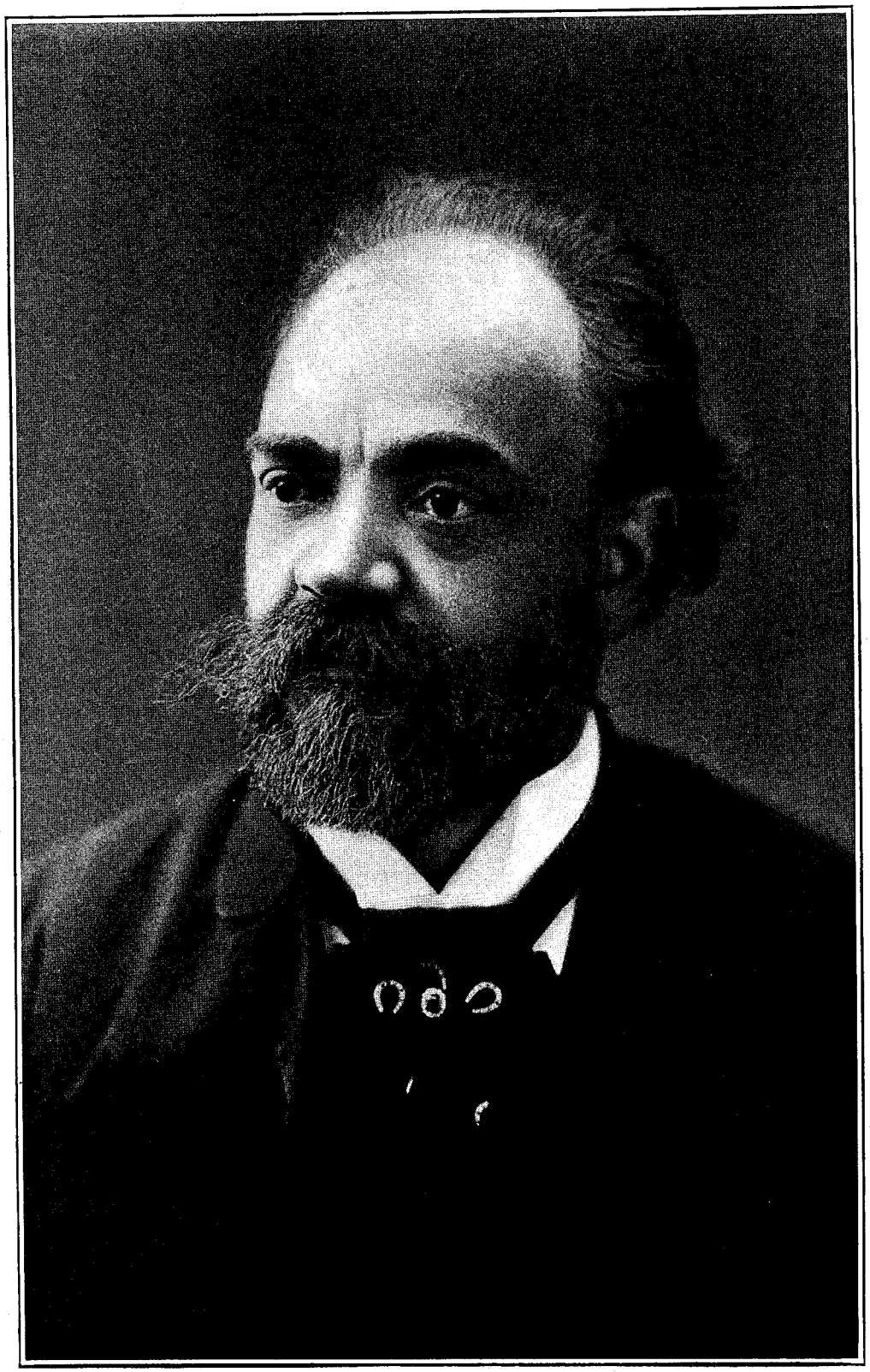

ANTONIN DVOŘÁK

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should be written. The only obvious advantage of this trying period was the intimate knowledge of instruments it gave him. He lived, so to speak, cheek by jowl with them, watching them, handling them, seeing what was written for them, and hearing how it sounded. His is no book-knowledge of orchestration. On the other hand, his extreme poverty, the limitations of the school, and his lack of friends to lend him scores or the use of a piano, cut him off cruelly from that equally essential part of education, familiarity with classic masterpieces and the traditions of academic learning. His band played only popular overtures and the usual pot-pourris. Sometimes he coaxed a kettle-drummer to let him crouch behind the drums and hear a concert. He once had an opportunity to hear "Der Freischütz" for the modest sum of four cents, but the four cents was not forthcoming, and "Der Freischütz" went unheard. He could afford to buy no scores, and there was no library where he could read them. Such were the meager advantages of which he made good use; such the heavy obstacles he gradually surmounted.

After his graduation from the Organ School in 1860 his situation, both practical and musical, slowly ameliorated. From Smetana, who gave him a position in the orchestra of the Interimstheater, a home for Bohemian opera founded in 1862, he received what was of even more importance to him, the loan of scores and encouragement in composition. Already twenty-one, he acquainted himself for the first time with Beethoven's and Mendelssohn's symphonies and chamber-works, of which he became a passionate student, and with Schumann's songs. For almost ten years he labored steadily and silently. It was the period of apprenticeship, the period of arduous, slow mastery of technique and thought through which every creative artist must pass. The mere mass of his exercises is bewildering; he composed and destroyed an opera and two symphonies, to say nothing of many other sacrifices on the altar of skill of which not even the names survive. Peculiar to himself, to be sure, and scarcely a model for other students, was his method in this long self-evocation. Not like Beethoven did he meditate and revise his themes, spending infinite labor on sixteen bars of melody, and not quailing before a dozen revisions so they were needed to pare away the marble and reveal the perfect form. Not like Brahms did he install a systematic training, day by day winning strength and plasticity of thought on the chest-weights and dumb-bells of contrapuntal exercise. On the contrary, he forged ahead, and somehow, without knowing where he was going or what he was doing, made himself a master. He took Parnassus by storm, as it were, overran rather than scaled it, and was victor more by quantity than by quality of performance. Yet in all this blundering progress he was protected by a genuine elevation of aim. Lacking the sense of tradition and the safeguards of scrupulous taste, he was not without his own rugged idealism. And so, although he doubtless had every external inducement to join the ranks of the national movement in music, then just acquiring momentum, he maintained his conscientious silence for nearly a decade. His compositions saw the light neither of the concert hall nor of the printing-press; written with ardor, they were burned without regret. Dvořák showed in his *lehrjähre* the self-respect of all really great artists.

It was early in the seventies that he finally emerged from his studious reserve and appeared before the world with an opera, "The King and the Collier," which he was commissioned to write for the National Theater. So clear was the patriotic intent of this commission, so entirely was the popular interest enlisted in Smetana's effort to build up a Bohemian school of music, that it is hard to conceive how Dvořák could have fallen into the error he now made. He prepared for his fellow-countrymen a Wagnerian music-drama. The situation is comic. The good Bohemians, come to hear folk-tunes, were given leit-motifs and "infinite melody." If they failed to sympathize with his adoration for the Bayreuth master (and it seems indeed to have been but a calf-sickness, afterwards bravely outlived), if "The King and the Collier" was a flat failure, Dvořák had no one but himself to blame. At this point, however, as at so many others in his career, his unfailing energy saved the day so nearly lost by what one critic has called his "brainlessness." He set to and

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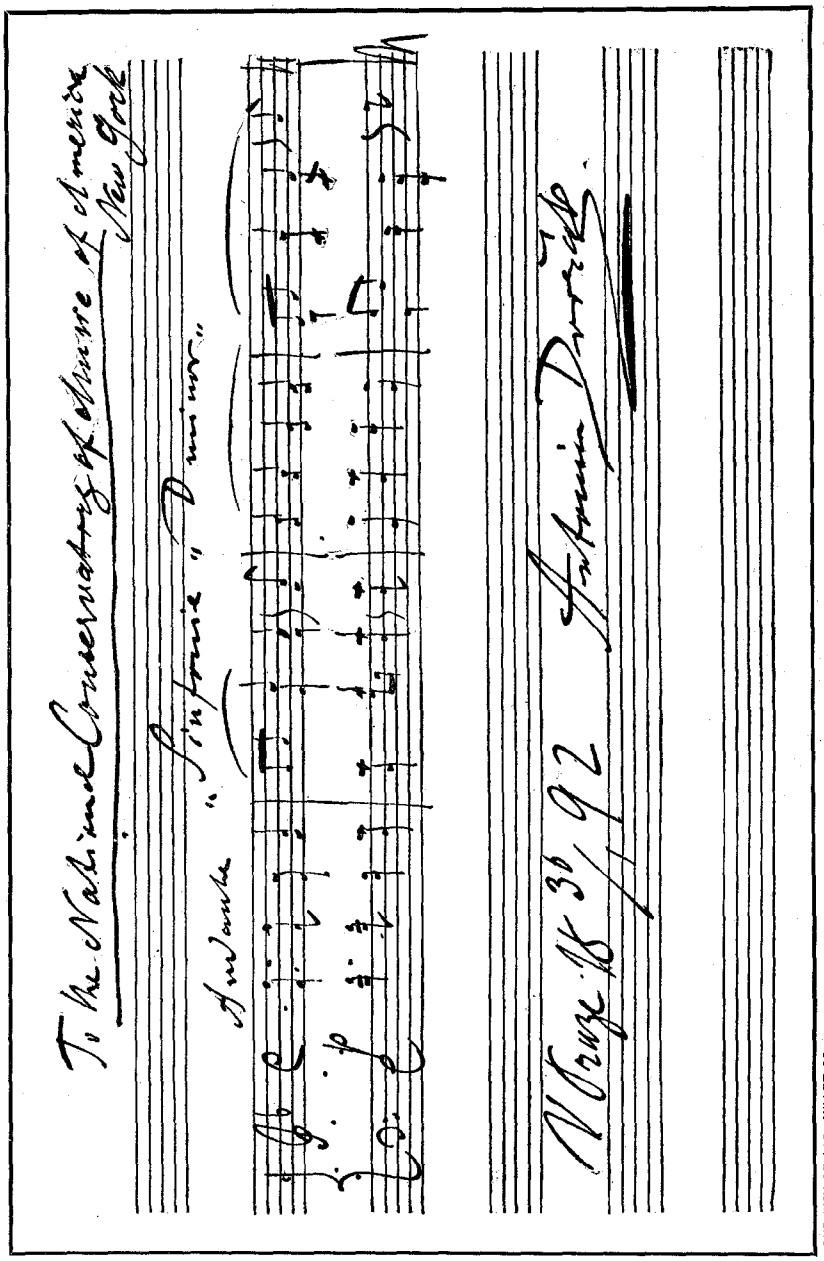

A MUSICAL AUTOGRAPH OF DVOŘÁK

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rewrote his work entire, leaving not a single number of the unhappy music-drama. But now the libretto, which had at first been spared a disapproval all concentrated upon the music, proved worthless and flat, and the opera was damned afresh. Still Dvořák persisted. Getting a poet to set an entirely new "book" to his entirely new music, he made at last a success with an opera of which Mr. Hadow well says that "the Irishman's knife, which had a new blade and a new handle, does not offer a more bewildering problem of identity." No one but Dvořák would have so bungled his undertaking; no one but he would so have forced it to a successful issue.

By 1873 Dvořák was well started on the career of increasing power and fame that he had worked so hard to establish on firm foundations. That year was marked not only by his installment as organist

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at St. Adalbert's Church, with a comfortable salary, and by his marriage, but also by the appearance of a composition which made his name at once widely known in Bohemia—the patriotic hymn entitled "The Heirs of the White Mountain." Four years later his reputation began to spread beyond the border. It was in 1877 that the approbation of Brahms, then a commissioner of the Austrian Ministry of Education, to which Dvořák had submitted some duets, induced Joachim to introduce the young Bohemian's works into England and Germany, and the house of Simrock to publish them. In 1878 the Slavonic Dances made their composer's name immediately known throughout the musical world. His great Stabat Mater, produced in England with acclaim in 1883, was the first of several choral works given there in the next few years, all very successfully. In 1889 he was decorated by the Austrian court. In 1890 he received an Honorary Doctorate from the University of Cambridge, was made Doctor of Philosophy at Prague, and was appointed Professor of Composition at the Conservatory there. The welcome accorded to him in America has already been briefly chronicled. His sixtieth birthday was celebrated by a musical festival in 1901, at Prague, where he now makes his home. In Dvořák's varied life a youth of unusual hardship, of an almost unparalleled severity of struggle both for livelihood and for education, has been crowned with years full of a prosperity and honor rarely allotted to composers.

That time-honored tool of artistic criticism, the distinction between thought and expression—or, as the critics say, between *ethos* and technique—is one that constantly tempts the critic of music, and always betrays him. Very seductive it is, because analogy with other arts is so plausible a device for exploiting music; but push it to its logical outcome and it inevitably vanishes—the form proves to be not the investiture, nor even the incarnation, of the thought, but the thought itself. Change the expression and you annihilate the thought; develop a technique and you create a system of ideas; mind and body are ultimately one. Now, the case of Dvořák is strongly corroborative of such a theory of the identity, in music, of *ethos* and technique. What is seen from one angle of vision as his love of exotic color, his devotion to curious intervals of melody, sudden excursions in tonality, and odd molds of rhythm, appears from the other, the technical side, as mastery of orchestral sonority and inheritance of a peculiar musical dialect. It is therefore difficult to account exactly for the genesis of any given quality in his work. Is it the result of an outer influence acting upon a peculiarly plastic nature, or does it spring rather from deeply rooted individual traits that have dominated the course of his development and shaped his style? Did his early experiences in a village band, for example, awaken and evolve his sense of tone color, or would his music have been primarily sensuous even if he had had the training of Brahms, Tschaikowsky, or César Franck? It seems probable that here as elsewhere inner endowment and outer influence have reacted with a subtlety and complexity that defy analysis, and thought and style are but aspects of one essence. Consequently, the distinction between *ethos* and technique, however serviceable as a means of getting over the ground, as a tool of investigation, will mislead us unless we constantly remember how partial is its validity. We may indeed, for the sake of clearness and thoroughness, speak first of one aspect, then of another, but the man we are studying, like the shield in the allegory, remains all the time one.

To approach the technical side first, there can be no doubt that the rich quality of Dvořák's tone, a quality so striking that Mr. Hadow places him with Beethoven, Berlioz, and Wagner in the class of supreme masters of orchestration, would never have been attainable to one who had not had his peculiar experience. He has the practical player's exhaustive knowledge of instruments, which enables him, by disposing the parts always in effective registers, to get a rich and mellow sonority in his *ensemble* writing. Examine any chord in his scores, and you see that each player gives a tone that he can sound fully and advantageously, and that each choir of instruments—the strings, the wood, the brass—gives in isolation an effective chord. The resultant harmony is a well-balanced, thoroughly fused mass of tone. But far more important than the power to write effectively disposed

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single chords is the power to weave a fabric of close texture and firm consistency, to make the orchestra sustain, ramify, and reinforce itself, so to speak. By far the best way to secure this solidity of texture is to write coherent and well-individualized melodies in the different parts, which serve as strands to bind the whole. Such is the method of Beethoven among classic and of Tschaikowsky among romantic composers, and so efficient is good polyphonic or "many-voiced" writing as a means of sonority that it has been truly said, "Pure voice-leading is half an orchestra." Yet great skill is required for such polyphonic writing, since all the independent melodies must co-operate harmoniously; and Dvořák, who got little academic training as a boy, is not a great contrapuntist. Just here, however, his band-experience coming to his aid, he was saved from writing lumpish, doughy stuff—in which one poor tune in the soprano vainly attempts to hold up a heavy weight of amorphous "accompaniment"—by his extraordinary knack of vitalizing his entire mass of tone through rhythmic individuation of the parts. Taking a skeleton of simple harmony, he manages to write for the different voices such salient and individual rhythms that they stand out with almost the grace of melodious contrapuntal parts. It is a sort of metrical yeast to keep his bread from being soggy. Numerous examples will at once occur to students of his scores, particularly from the Slavonic Dances and Rhapsodies. A third form of his orchestral mastery might be pointed out in the well-calculated special effects for single instruments, such as the oboe duet that concludes the first movement of the Suite, opus 39, which occur everywhere in his scores. But that is, after all, a commoner form of skill, whereas rich sonority, and life in the fabric as the result of rhythmic individuation of the parts, can be found in few scores so highly developed as in those of Dvořák.

As regards structure, Dvořák is felicitous but eccentric. He does not lay out his plans with the careful prevision of one to whom balance and symmetry are vital. His scheme is not foreordered, it is sketched currently. Thus, for example, his modulation is singularly radical, impulsive, and haphazard. He loves to descend unexpectedly upon the most remote keys, never knows where he will turn next, and when he gets too far from home returns over fences and through no-thoroughfares. Often, with him, a change of key seems dictated merely by a desire for a particular patch of color; he wishes to brighten the tonal background with sharps or mollify it with flats, and plump he comes to his key, little caring how he gets there or where he is going next. His use of contrasts of tonality is thus characteristic of his love of color-effects for themselves and his willingness to subordinate to them purity of line. Again, it is probably not forcing the point to see in his use of uneven rhythms, such as five and seven bar periods, another instance of the same tendency to license. Undoubtedly in part a legacy from Bohemian folk-song, which is particularly rich in them, his uneven rhythms seem to be also in part due to a certain fortuitousness of mind. It is as if he closed his phrase, without regard to strict symmetry, wherever a good chance offered. The theme of the Symphonic Variations, opus 78, is an example. It is interesting to contrast this rhythmic trait of Dvořák's with Grieg's accurate and sometimes almost wearisome precision of outline. Both men derive from folk-music a love of incisive meter—their music has a strong pulse; but Grieg, who is precise, lyrical, sensitive to perfection of detail, is really finical in his unfaltering devotion to square-cut sections, while Dvořák, more wayward, less perfect and exquisite, strays into all sorts of odd periods. His somewhat arbitrary treatment of tonality relations and of rhythm is thus illustrative of a general laxity of method highly characteristic of the man. In contrast with a jealously accurate artist like Grieg, he is felicitous more by force of genius than by wisdom of intent.

Dvořák's childlike spontaneity is in no way better exemplified than by his attitude toward folk-music, and here again he may profitably be contrasted with Grieg. Both devotees of local color have enriched art with unfamiliar lineaments and unused resources, yet their modes of procedure have been quite different. Grieg, traversing the usual mill of German musical education, turned consciously to Norwegian

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folk-song to find a note of individuality. Struck with the freshness of the native dances, he transplanted them bodily into his academic flower-pots. His courtship of the national Muse was conscious, sophisticated, and his style is in a sense the result of excogitation. Dvořák, on the contrary, growing up in his small Bohemian village, unable to get classic scores, assiduously fiddling throughout his youth at village fêtes where the peasants must have a scrap of tune to dance by, became thoroughly saturated with the rude music. It moved in his veins like blood; it was his other language. Thus the two men were at quite polar standpoints in relation to nationalism. With Dvořák it was a point of departure, with Grieg it was a goal of pilgrimage. And so, while the Norwegian has tended to immure himself in idiosyncrasy, the Bohemian has rubbed off provincialisms without losing his inheritance. His music, while retaining the sensuous plenitude, the individual flavor, the florid coloring, with which his peasant youth endowed it, has acquired, with years and experience, a scope of expression, a maturity of style, and a universality of appeal that make it as justly admired as it is instinctively enjoyed.

Imperceptibly we have passed from technical analysis into personal inventory. And indeed, all Dvořák's peculiarities of style may be viewed as the inevitable manifestations of a nature at once rich and naïve. His music makes a delightfully frank appeal. It is never somber, never crabbed, never even profound. It breathes not passion, but sentiment. It is too happily sensuous to be tragic, too busy with an immediate charm to trouble about a remote meaning. Even when he is moving, as in the Largo of the New World Symphony, is it not with a gentle, half-sensuous pathos, a wistfulness more than half assuaged by the wooing sweetness of the sounds that fill our ears? To him music is primarily sweet sound, and we shall misconceive his aim and service if in looking for something deep in him we miss what is, after all, very accessible and delightful for itself—the simple charm of his combinations of tone.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—Dvořák's fecundity is surprising. He has written cantatas, oratorios, a mass, a requiem, and hymns for chorus and orchestra; five symphonies, five overtures, four symphonic poems, the well-known Slavonic Dances and Rhapsodies, concertos for piano, violin, and violoncello, the inimitable Suite, opus 39, the Symphonic Variations, opus 78, and other orchestral works of smaller proportions; seven string quartets, a sextet, three trios, a terzetto for two violins and a viola, two string quintets, a piano quintet, a piano quartet, a sonata for violin and piano, and a serenade for wind instruments; and, finally, many piano works and songs. He is at his best in his orchestral and chamber works, of which the following are typical: the Slavonic Dances, opera 46 and 72, the Slavonic Rhapsodies, opus 45, the Suite, opus 39, the Symphony, "From the New World," opus 95, and the Scherzo Capriccioso, opus 66; the Sextet, opus 48, the Quartet and Quintet on negro themes, opera 96 and 97, the Piano Quintet, opus 81, and the Piano Quintet, opus 87. Though these compositions lose much in transcription, they are all obtainable in four-hand piano arrangements. The piano music is somewhat unidiomatic except the later things, but the Mazurkas, opus 56, the Poetische Stimmungsbilder, opus 85, and the Humoreskes, opus 101, are worth knowing. Of the Songs, nine of the best are published separately by the house of Simrock, and the two most popular ones, "Gute Nacht" and "Als die Alte Mutter," are to be had in Schirmer's series entitled "Gems of German Songs." A study of these will probably arouse a desire for more, and the student may buy the Gipsy Songs, opus 55, and the Love Songs, opus 83. The duets, "Klänge aus Mähren," not very well known, are characteristic.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Abner Daniel. By Will N. Harben. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 312 pages. $1.50.

This story of life in the mountain regions of North Georgia is full of human interest. The character who gives title to the book has been called "a David Harum of the South," but the phrase conveys an erroneous impression, as two or three other characters have at least equal interest with Abner. Without being a great book, the story is certainly an interesting one, with vivacity of action, variety in character, and originality in plot and incident.

Ancient History. By Professor Willis Mason West. Illustrated. Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 5×7¾ in. 564 pages. $1.50.

Buried Temple (The). By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 335 pages. $1.40, net. (Postage, 12c.)

Reserved for later notice.

Colonial Government. By Paul S. Reinsch. (The Citizen's Library.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 386 pages. $1.25, net.

An illuminating essay upon a subject of the greatest present importance. It is not a publisher's aftermath of the studies first harvested in Professor Reinsch's "World Politics," but itself the first harvest from new and rich fields of exploration. Part I., containing six chapters, is a critical analysis of the motives and methods of modern civilization; Part II., containing seven chapters, describes the different forms of colonial government, from direct administration through officials supported by military power to the merely moral influence exercised in the self-governing colonies; and Part III. deals with the legislative, judicial, and administrative institutions in the colonies, or representing the colonies at the court of their sovereign. The fact that Dr. Reinsch is not entirely in sympathy with the modern movement to extend the power of the stronger races over the weaker makes his comments the more discriminating and enlightening.

Girl of Virginia (A). By Lucy M. Thruston. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 306 pages. $1.50.

The scene of this story is at and about the University of Virginia—most decidedly a charming locality for a love tale. The book shows very obvious evidence of crudeness and amateur writing, but is not without some redeeming qualities in the way of simple and truthful rendering of Virginia life.

Highways and Byways in Hertfordshire. By Herbert W. Tompkins, F.R.Hist.S. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 348 pages. $2.

Hertfordshire has even more than its share of delightful villages with straggling streets and gabled houses, of solid ancient churches with square towers showing above the tree-tops, of rambling green lanes, and of historical mansions and manors. These are described in this well-named volume by Mr. Tompkins, and are illustrated by many pleasing drawings made by Mr. Griggs. Perhaps the author has, from love of his subject, been led into more minute detail than the general reader will care for; but to those who have already visited this shire, or who may think of doing so, the book will be altogether acceptable.

Holy Bible (The). Translated from the Latin Vulgate. (Douay Version.) Published with the Approbation of His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. The John Murphy Co., Baltimore. 5½×8 in. 1,400 pages.

In general appearance this edition of the Bible, issued under the imprimatur of Cardinal Gibbons, resembles very closely a teachers' edition of the King James Version. In many important respects, however, it differs from the editions familiar to Protestant readers. In the first place, the text is that of the "Douay Version," which is the only English translation recognized by the Church of Rome as suitable for general use by Roman Catholics. This version, as is well known, was made, not from the Hebrew and Greek, but from the Latin Vulgate. Roman Catholics do not find in this any defect, because the Bible is to them only "a supplementary source of divine revelation," subject to the tradition of the Church—and this tradition, they hold, is preserved better in the translation of Jerome than in the extant form of the original. The Douay Version, as Roman Catholics themselves admit, lacks the beauty of diction that is characteristic of the version of James I.; it is, of course, also less accurate. Then, too, a more noticeable difference from the usual English versions consists in the titles of the various books. Intermingled with the books of the Old Testament are books commonly called Apocryphal, such as Baruch, Judith, Tobias (which, being a translation of the version which Jerome affirms he made in one day, differs considerably in text as well as title from that made familiar by the translation of 1611), and the two chapters—the thirteenth and fourteenth—added to the Book of Daniel. Books of the Hebrew Canon also appear with Greek names: Josue, 1 and 2 Paralipomenon (1 and 2 Chronicles), Osee, Aggeus, Sophonias, and Abdias (under which guise the Protestant reader will scarcely recognize Hosea, Haggai, Zephaniah, and Obadiah). The Twenty-third Psalm here appears as the Twenty-second, and begins, in literal translation of the Latin, "The Lord rules me." Indeed, all the Psalms, from the Tenth to the One Hundred and Forty-seventh, appear with a numbering reduced by one. A minor difference is seen in the use of italics for quotations. The translations of some familiar passages strike the Protestant reader as almost grotesque; for instance, "Do penance; for the

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kingdom of heaven is at hand." The Lord's Prayer, as it appears in the First Gospel, has the petition "Give us this day our supersubstantial bread"—a clear reference to the Blessed Sacrament, a foot-note declares. Similar foot-notes are appended to almost every page for the enlightenment of the faithful. Such foot-notes are essential to any edition of the Bible issued for Roman Catholics, for does not the infallibility of the Scriptures rest upon the interpretation of an infallible Church? Much of this interpretation is of the sort familiar to the traditionally orthodox among Protestants; for example, "Under the apple tree I raised thee up" (Song of Songs, here called Canticle of Canticles, viii., 5) is interpreted as meaning "that Christ redeemed the Gentiles at the foot of the cross." Naturally, however, the Protestant reader will be interested in the interpretation of passages that bear especially on the teachings of the Roman See. The following passages, selected almost at random, may serve as illustrations: Matthew xviii., 20, has the comment, "This is understood of such assemblies only as are gathered in the name and authority of Christ; and in unity of the Church of Christ." Matthew xvii., 32, serves as evidence for the truth of the doctrine of purgatory. 1 Corinthians xi., 28, containing the phrase, "drink of the chalice," bears this qualification (in the interest of communion in one kind), "where and when it is agreeable to the practice and discipline of the Church." 1 Timothy iii., 2, is explained by a note to the effect "that no one should be admitted to the holy orders of bishop, priest, or deacon who had been married more than once." Revelation (here Apocalypse) v., 8, includes the phrase "the prayers of the saints," on which the comment is this: "Here we see that the saints in heaven offer up to Christ the prayers of the faithful upon earth." The publishers of this edition of the Bible have prepared a "Bible Number" of their quarterly, "The Tablet," containing a number of articles by eminent Catholics on the Bible. The purpose of this number of "The Tablet" is to disprove the assumption which, say the editors, "is generally accepted by the Protestant world, and we regret to say by many Catholics as well, that Holy Mother Church forbids her children to read the Bible." We wish for this edition of the Bible a large circulation among Roman Catholics.

India and Its Problems. By William Samuel Lilly. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×7¾ in. 324 pages. $3, net.

An extremely interesting, popular, compact account of India from the standpoint of an ex-official, who has a more than Tory contempt for the Liberal creed regarding the political rights of the natives. Even the universities established by the British Government for its Indian subjects are regarded as an evil—their graduates being characterized as a "spuriously educated proletariat." The proposal to throw open the higher grades of the Indian civil service to the people of India by competitive examinations held in their own country as well as in England, the author denounces as visionary in the extreme. "For the great administrative offices in India," he says, "other qualities are absolutely necessary besides industry and zeal in the pursuit of an object, intellectual suppleness, business capacity, and knowledge of Indian manners and customs. The quality wanted above all is virility, physical and mental, and that is a quality lacking to many quick-witted but utterly effeminate Indians who would gain admittance to the civil service if the proposed change were made." Nevertheless, the author believes that by other means than competitive examinations competent native rulers should be sought out and associated with Englishmen even in the highest offices, and he believes that such rulers can be found, especially among the Mohammedans of northern India. Upon many points the author is decidedly in sympathy with the Indian people, and upon all points his observations, clearly and frankly put, are full of interest, even to those who reject utterly his political philosophy.

In the Days of Giants: A Book of Norse Tales. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 259 pages. $1.10, net.

King in Yellow (The). By Robert W. Chambers. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 272 pages. $1.50.

These stories were among Mr. Chambers's early work, but they are not inferior, in artistic quality at least, to his later and better known books. Those tales which are connected mysteriously with a supposed book having the title "The King in Yellow" are painfully and repellently horrible, but the skill with which the grotesque motive is carried out cannot but be admired. The other stories are of Paris in the time of the siege and of the Latin Quarter, the latter being an attempt to modernize Murger, not altogether with success. Decidedly the purest and finest piece of imaginative writing in the book is the story called "The Demoiselle de Lys."

Life of John William Walshe, F.S.A. Edited by Montgomery Carmichael. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 266 pages. $2, net.

For its literary art, if for nothing else, this sketch of the life and character of an English Roman Catholic is well worth reading. Imaginative in a high degree, full of picturesque description and vivid characterization, it reads almost like a work of fiction. It is certainly far from being sober biography. Yet there can be no question that sober biography would fail, as this succeeds, in giving a picture that is almost visual of a mediæval personality in the midst of a modern environment. At the beginning of the book the contrast between the frigidity of formal Anglican surroundings, the sentimentality of the mother, the brutal commercialism of the father, and the impulsive mysticism of the boy is effective and almost dramatic. The story of the life at school, with an account of the boy's temporary excursion into the religious excitement of the "Methodies," and the consequent persecution by schoolmates and the tyrannical clerical pedagogue, is realistically told, with fanciful reproduction of the shouts of the boys and the admonitions of the head master.

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Then follow the days in the counting-house, the sudden flight to Italy, and the romantic *rencontre* with a wealthy English Catholic. As he and his new-found patron entered a cathedral (the Duomo at Pisa), the people were singing the Te Deum. "Why, it is Latin! he said to himself, exultantly, Latin! Latin! . . . and there were people, there were peasants, who praised God in Latin!—The Rex Gloriæ Christe. Christe! then Jesus of the orchard, Jesus of the 'laura' on the San-hills, Jesus of black Manchester, was praised by living human beings in Latin! . . . Here all the people rose, and my father," writes the biographer, "rose with them, a changed man. The people and the peasants of Lucca had taught him in a brief quarter of an hour that which he had blindly sought from infancy: how to praise, in spirit and in truth, the Lord God of Hosts. . . ." Before long he turned Catholic. The rest of the book relates the life at Villa Fabriani and at Assisi. In the former place it was given up to religious devotion, courtship, logic, and heraldry; in the latter place to study of St. Francis and other saints, to the subtlety of mediæval philosophy and the practice of asceticism, self-mortification, and "rapts," until, as his son declares, he "died of the love of God."

Literature of American History (The): A Bibliographical Guide. Edited for the American Library Association by J. N. Larned. Published for the American Library Association, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 7×10 in. 588 pages. $6, net.

Some forty or fifty contributors have supplied the critical notes attached to the formal bibliographical titles of the works here included. The result is to furnish the historical student with an almost invaluable indication of the scope, comparative importance, and method of treatment of several hundreds of books relating to American history. The general division of this work takes up separately the sources of our history, America at large, the United States as a whole, the United States by sections, Canada, Spanish America, and the West Indies. The volume will be followed by a supplement which will add titles selected from books on American history published in 1900 and 1901. All scholars will recognize in a work of this kind, carried out systematically and intelligibly, the best possible aid to future historians.

Little Chief (The). By Eliza F. Pollard. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 236 pages.

Maid of Bar Harbor (A). By Henrietta G. Rowe. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 368 pages. $1.50.

This is a gentle, sweet-natured story of village and rural life in Maine in the days just before the incursions of the summer pleasure-seekers. There is some creditable character-study in the novel; but the author writes prolixly and does not understand the art of keeping her story-interest continuously in hand.

Marie Antoinette. By Clara Tschudi. By E. M. Cope. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 303 pages. $2.50, net.

We are glad to see that this essentially human and dramatic biography has reached a new edition in its English form. The Norwegian author possesses in an unusual degree the faculty of selecting the picturesque and interesting, and of weaving her material into a continuous story without departing from the truth of history.

Mystery of William Shakespeare (The). By His Honour, Judge Webb. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 302 pages. $4.

Reserved for later notice.

Newcomes, The. (Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray.) Edited by Walter Jerrold. The Macmillan Co., New York. In 3 vols. 5×7¼ in. $3.

Olympian Nights. By John Kendrick Bangs. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 4½×7 in. 224 pages. $1.25.

Mr. Bangs's comic genius formerly ran riot in Hades, and now ascends to the heights of Olympus in the person of a frivolous American newspaper man. Comic extravaganza of this kind is sure to pall if much is taken at one dose; but some episodes at least excite the risibilities. Notable among these is the story of the great game of golf played by Jupiter and the reporter all around the planet Mars. If not always equal in amusing qualities to "The Houseboat on the Styx," it may at least be said that no one but Mr. Bangs could have told of these remarkable Olympian nights as he has done.

Poems. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 222 pages. $1.

Reserved for later notice.

Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths (The). By Walter H. Page. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 153 pages. $1.

Reserved for later notice.

Rise of a Soul (The). By James I. Vance, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 241 pages. $1, net.

This is a strong and stimulating book. Its conception of religion is broad and manly. Its tone is earnest. Its pointing is to the divine possibilities of human nature, and its urging is to the aspiration and the struggle which gain the goal.

Savings and Savings Institutions. By James Henry Hamilton, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 436 pages. $2.25, net.

A more comprehensive work than Miss Brown's "Development of Thrift," but not so well written. It is essentially a compilation of the work of others in special fields rather than an original or critical study. The author offends in his introduction by emphasizing the "judicial" character of his own work, and this provokes his readers to note his own errors in judgment as he proceeds. Of these errors the number is large, as is illustrated by his insistence that "if the bank deposits could be made to earn for the depositor an interest rate of 10 per cent., it would be more than four times as effective an educator as a 3 per cent. rate," by his recommendation that State savings banks loans in America should be largely upon real estate security, "which might average a gross interest of about six per cent.," and still better, perhaps, by his finding the reason for the relative infrequency of savings bank deposits in the West and South, "first, in the absence of any religious motive for immigration into those sections;

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second, in the exclusive economic motive in the West; and, third, in the preponderance of agriculture among the employments." As to the first of these illustrations, it may be noted that according to most observers the rate of interest paid upon savings bank deposits has less to do with the development of thrift than the security of the deposits, and according to all ten per cent. interest is less than "four times" as attractive as three per cent.; as to the second illustration, it may be noted that State loans on real estate at six per cent. interest would be ultra-hazardous from nearly every point of view; and as to the third of the illustrations it may be noted that the opportunity for individual investments in homes, farms, and business in the West and South explains the infrequency of savings deposits in those sections better than the unreligious motive of the immigration thereto, or the economic motive now animating the people. In Utah, for example, there is only one savings bank deposit for every eight families, while in New York there is a deposit and a half for every family; but in Utah two-thirds of the families in the State have invested savings in real estate, while in New York barely one-third have done so.

September Days on Nantucket. By William Root Bliss. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 145 pages. $1.

This little volume is in the form of a diary; but it is really a pleasant collection of incidents in the local history of the island. A brief quotation will serve as an example: "Although the town was a great warehouse of illuminating oil, the Quaker merchants who owned it refused, year after year, to sell it for street lights, because, as they said, the price of oil is either high or low; if high, the select men of the town must not increase our taxes by buying it; if low, the owners cannot afford to sell it." Those who like the smell of salt water will enjoy a stroll, or rather a drive in the "red-wheeled, rubber-tired runabout wagon," through Nantucket with the author.

Spenders (The). By Harry Leon Wilson. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 512 pages.

State of Rhode Island and Province Plantations at the End of the Century: A History. Edited by Edward Field, A.B. Illustrated. In 3 vols. The Mason Publishing Co., Boston, Mass. 6½×10 in.

The editor of these volumes rightly regards history as something more than past politics, and has treated it as the record of the past life of the people in almost every field of activity. The volumes possess, therefore, exceptional value to people of widely differing interests, and their value is by no means confined to Rhode Islanders, but extends to students in all parts of the country. It is somewhat singular how few political histories give anything like so clear an account of the growth of the public-school system, or the development of charitable and penal institutions, for these things are of legislative creation, and their importance ought to impress the most conventional observers of the life of to-day. But in these volumes we not only have these subjects treated in chapters which are little volumes in themselves, but we have other elaborate chapters upon the history of the bar and the judiciary, the history of epidemics and medical institutions, the history of the various religious societies, the history of public and private finance, and the industrial history of the State, both in its general outlines and in its more important branches. The editor is to be congratulated upon the ability of the corps of collaborators he has been able to enlist, and the publishers upon the handsomeness of the volumes in which the most interesting records of the State are made accessible to the reading public.

Tales of Destiny. By Elizabeth G. Jordan. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 293 pages. $1.50.

Those Delightful Americans. By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). D. Appleton & Co. 352 pages. $1.50.

In a way, this is a counterpart to the author's "An American Girl in London," her first book, we believe, and one which has not been surpassed in cleverness and good-natured international banter by her later stories, readable as they have been. Now Mrs. Cotes brings two agreeable and fair-minded (but sometimes just a bit dense) English people (man and wife) to America, and records their impressions. Thus we have a rather peculiar viewpoint; an author of American antecedents, who has lived long in England and India, tells us how she thinks American ways and people would seem to English eyes. It is all very jolly and lively; one feels that the English visitors are portrayed even more exactly and delicately than their American friends; but sometimes the American types (if they are types) seem to be of a generation ago rather than of this summer—that good millionaire's wife, for instance, who worked in the kitchen in the morning and in the afternoon sat in a rocker and read the "Christian Union"—surely she was not of the new century! There are two pretty love complications which greatly mystify the English guests, thereby adding to the entertaining qualities of a decidedly enjoyable book.

Trees in Prose and Poetry. Compiled by Gertrude L. Stone and M. Grace Fickett. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 184 pages.

Westward Ho. By Charles Kingsley. In 2 vols. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 50c. per vol.

White World (The). Issued under the Auspices of the Arctic Club. Collected and Arranged by Rudolf Kersting. Illustrated. Lewis, Scribner & Co., 125 East Twenty-third Street, New York. 5¾×8½ in. 386 pages. $2, net.

This volume, issued under the auspices of the Arctic Club, is a fascinating collection of stories of adventure within the Arctic Circle. Among the contributors are Admiral Schley, who was at the head of the successful Greely rescue expedition, Major Brainard, who accompanied Greely in his terrible experiences, Walter Wellman, who led "dashes for the pole" during the last decade, and a dozen more of the most famous living explorers. Besides stories of adventure there are interesting accounts of the life, customs, superstitions, and even the music of the people who for ages have lived within "the white world."

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Correspondence

Is Deception Ever a Duty?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Outlook for June 7 contains a very interesting inquiry and reply on the question of deception—whether it is ever justifiable. The answer amounts to this: that under ordinary circumstances it is not; for physicians it is sometimes a duty.

This question is often answered for the physician, pro and con. Would you be interested in hearing what they have to say for themselves? The writer cannot answer for all, but is certainly not alone in maintaining that honesty is the best policy for the physician as well as for every other man. The physician is not required to lie any more than an editor or a merchant or a minister.

To be sure, deception is not considered a very heinous crime in the early stages of human development. Abraham practiced it in regard to Sarah, and gained cattle thereby. Some uncivilized races consider it a disgrace to be caught at it, but are rather proud of a successful lie. Lower in the scale of development many examples could be produced, none better than those given by your correspondent. But deception is the refuge of weakness. Truth is difficult of attainment, the product of a high type of evolution. "Stoop to deception" expresses a feeling that is becoming almost instinctive from a long period of culture.

The physician in his scientific training learns to search for truth; anything else is a cloud and a hindrance. In his practice he is constantly searching for truth in regard to his patient, and demands it from him. He is disgusted and dissatisfied until he has attained it. But it is impossible for him to obtain truth from others while enveloping himself in an atmosphere of deception. Even the occasional lie, apparently recommended in your answer, is impossible to him. A person to lie successfully must keep himself in some degree of practice.

Even if it were possible, it is absolutely unnecessary for a physician to lie. One is not required to answer all questions; it is impossible, and would perhaps be unwise, to tell all we know and suspect. But to answer a question of a patient with a falsehood shows a bad reversion to early ancestral traits. Such atavism is out of place in the progressive medical science of this century, which is tracing disease to its innermost recesses and subduing it.

It might be claimed that the harmful reflex influence upon the physician must be endured if the patient is benefited. Physicians in actual practice do not see cases so benefited, or in which they would have been. The mind has some influence upon the other functions of the body, it is true. But the day has gone by when we conceal from a patient the fact that he has tuberculosis, hoping that his life may be prolonged by living in a fool's paradise. We tell him the whole truth at the very earliest stage, and one-half the cases are cured by proper treatment and regimen. Even in heart disease it is far better to inform the patient, that he may regulate his life accordingly. Long life to him will come, not from telling him an untruth, but by pointing out the pitfalls that await him, and how to avoid them.

It is sorrowful to see a frail mother eking out life with a disease that she has learned is incurable. But it is wonderful to see how courageous and quiet and resigned she is when the worst is known, as it is sure to be, even if she is cursed with a lying physician. A much more pathetic sight is a poor woman spending her last savings and wasting her diminishing strength in travel to some charlatan who has told her that she can be cured.

H.

[The Outlook approves of the tone and tenor of this letter, though the writer does not seem to have carefully read, or at least digested, The Outlook's statements. These have not discussed the question whether deception is ever "justifiable," but whether it is ever "a duty." Medical practice was mentioned as affording cases of this—not as if cases do not occur elsewhere. In the crisis of exhausting disease a terrible calamity befalls the family of one whose flickering life may depend on kind deception till strong enough to bear the truth. The term "lie," as The Outlook has expressly stated, is not applicable to such cases of legitimate deception,

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but is to be restricted to culpable falsehoods. If there is ever such a thing as a righteous war, then the spies and stratagems necessary in any war are required, with all the deception they involve. So also the warfare against criminals as domestic enemies cannot be successfully prosecuted without at least the occasional employment of deception by those who are hunting them down. In doubtful cases the right road will generally be opened by the inquiry, Is deception in this case a *duty?*—not, Is it justifiable? —THE EDITORS.]

Day of Prayer for Public and Private Schools

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Executive Commission of the Alliance of the Reformed Churches throughout the World holding the Presbyterian System, at its recent meeting, Pittsburg, Pa., April 16 and 17, 1902, adopted a resolution requesting the supreme judicatories of the Presbyterian and Reformed Churches on the American continent to appoint the second Lord's Day in September as a day of special prayer for private and public schools, and for preaching on education.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, at its meeting in New York in May, 1902, cordially approved of this recommendation, and directed that the second Sabbath of September be observed as a day of prayer for private and public schools, in all our churches.

This day of prayer falls this year on September 14, about the time when the public and private schools throughout the United States begin their sessions. The day is quite different from the day of prayer for colleges and universities in January of each year; the constituency is enormous, for while college students number about one hundred and ten thousand, the school children number 16,783,135; and the interests are of incalculable importance, for they have relation to the entire rising generation. The day should be generally and earnestly observed.

(Rev.) W. H. ROBERTS, Stated Clerk.

Notes and Queries

Professor Toy, of Harvard, in a monograph on "Modern Biblical Criticism," published by the American Unitarian Association, Boston, 25 Beacon Street, page 9, says: "The march from Egypt through the wilderness, and the exploits of Moses and Joshua, must be regarded as a mass of legend, whose kernel of history, if there be any, we are not able to extract. This reasoning applies with still greater force to the stories of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph in Genesis." Kindly answer if the above expresses the opinion of a majority of the *evangelical* Bible critics and scholars. Also what work will give me the views of the last-named critics on the points touched upon by Professor Toy in the quotations? F. A. D.

Whether the quotation represents the present view of a majority of those reputed to be evangelical critics or not, it points in the direction in which expert scholars without distinction of creed are moving. Among accessible works touching upon the subject are: "Early Syria and Palestine," by Professor Paton, of Hartford Seminary, "Biblical and Semitic Studies," by Professor Curtis and others, of Yale, "Theology and Ethics of the Hebrews," by Professor Duff, of Bradford, England (C. Scribner's Sons, New York), "Old Testament History," by the Rev. Dr. Wade (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York)—all of them classed as evangelical scholars, but all concurring more or less with Professor Toy.

Kindly direct me to the best writers who have treated the question of the getting of the soul from the standpoint of evolution. This is the place in the scheme of thought which I have not been able to clear up so that the doctrine of evolution can be made to stand. G. E. H.

Professor Royce, in Chapter VII. of the second series of his lectures on "The World and the Individual," has expounded from the evolutionary point of view of an idealistic monist "The Place of the Self in Being." It should be borne in mind that what we regard as the "soul" of any individual is the result of the evolution of the life *of that individual.* What is transmitted from parent to child is simply *life*, with all its potencies involved. In connection with the subject read also Dr. McConnell's "Evolution of Immortality." (Both books by the Macmillan Company, New York, $3 and $1.25.)

In the abandonment of the idea that the material flesh will be raised, what remains of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body? What is there which "at the last day" will come up from beneath the floor of Westminster Abbey? As held by the more intelligent, wherein does the Christian doctrine of the "rising from the dead" go beyond the heathen doctrine of the immortality of the soul? X. Y. Z.

The heathen doctrine dropped the body out of account. The spirit, or "shade," was conceived as disembodied and bodiless. The Christian idea of "the resurrection [literally, the *rising up*] from the dead" contemplates more than the mere survival of life. Life as known to us is essentially a body-builder, building bodies of many kinds according to its environment. That life, in passing over from the present stage of being to the future, retains this characteristic must be presumed in lack of evidence to the contrary. The rising up from the dead is therefore a rising embodied; not, indeed, in any reconstitution of the body which life builded for itself here, but in the new body which life there builds in correspondence with its new environment.

Where can I find the following poems and who are the authors?
(1) City just out of sight.
(2) He sees when their footsteps falter.
(3) The good grandmother. F. P.

"Live and Let Live" was written by Catherine Marie Sedgwick, born 1789, died 1867. She wrote eight or nine other stories—"Linwood," "Married and Single," etc., and other literary works. B. L. B.

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